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VANCOUVER: A GREAT SEA-PORT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE sea-port of the twentieth century! the Constantinople of the West! are the names which suggested themselves to me the moment I set eyes on Vancouver.

Nature and circumstance have been prodigal to Vancouver. Nature has given her the situation of Stamboul—the Turkish part of Constantinople—with the deep waters of Burrard Inlet to replace

the Sea of Marmora, and the False Creek to rival the Golden Horn as a natural dock. Like Stamboul, the City of Vancouver stands on a peninsula, with the cypress groves of the Seraglio Point represented by the forest primeval of Stanley Park, and with a “hog’s-back” running the whole length, on which it is to be hoped that the public buildings will break the sky-line, as it is broken



REAL-ESTATE OFFICE IN VANCOUVER, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 13TH, 1886.

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by the domes and minarets of the mosques in the capital of Islam.

Across the Golden Horn of False Creek there is not only the slope (reminding one of the lie of Galata and Pera) comprised in the Canadian Pacific Railroad grant, but roads leading across to the rich alluvial lands at the mouth of the Fraser, which will be occupied in the immediate future by countless fruit and hop ranches, pouring their produce into Vancouver for the consumption of its growing thousands, and for transportation to the ungardened cities of the prairie; while by sea all the booming cities of the Sound, from Seattle and Tacoma downward, act as feeders to the traffic of Vancouver, as witness the crowds traveling over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to and from them and the Eastern States, and the steamers connecting them with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and acting as tenders for the China mail-ships trading from Vancouver.

So much for the south side. On the north side, across Burrard Inlet, are myriad islands and inlets destined to be the seat of a fishery trade as important as the bone of contention owned by Eastern Canada, not to mention lumber and minerals.

All these places, north and south, find their natural focus at Vancouver, the head of navigation and the terminus of the only transcontinental line of the continent—belonging to a single company—the Canadian Pacific.

But I must not forget that I am starting with the natural advantages of Vancouver. Its site is really exquisitely beautiful. It is planted, as I said, on a gentle hill, between two arms of the sea, and this peninsula terminates in a promontory ten miles round, still covered with the forest primeval, over the depths of which tower giants 200 or 300 feet high, cedars and spruces and Douglas firs. One cedar measured to be 56 feet in girth round the bole proper, above the roots. This is the public park, named after the present Viceroy, and presented by the Province to the City—one of the most delightful parks imaginable, with its gigantic trees and ferns, and undergrowth and moss so luxuriant that the effect is semi-tropical. This is the day of small things, and in its little coves still float flocks of duck and teal and diver, and auk, while on the Bay and Narrows, between which it lies, are little flotillas of Indians in their quaint Squamishe and Chinook canoes, trolling for salmon, or deep-fishing for the famous black cod, called *skil* by the Indians, and becoming an article of commerce, as *becirel*, by the labors of Captain Lundberg and the score or two of hardy Norsemen who have formed themselves into a colony under him.

All round are mountains. Far away south is the magnificent white mass of Mount Baker rising from American territory with an English

name, as a monument of boundary negotiations. Across English Bay are mountains, right ahead are mountains, and across Burrard Inlet are the noblest heritage a city could have, range beyond range of mountains rising thousands of feet high and coming almost down to the shore, covered with forest to their peaks, with a fund of wild life that could not be exhausted in half a century, if Vancouver grew as large as San Francisco, where for many a year yet the Vancouverite, going a day's journey into the wilderness, will be able to chance bear or goat, deer or panther, and wild fowl galore.

At one point this range draws in toward the peninsula, making the salmon-haunted Narrows, picturesque with the lofty precipice of the Observation Point and the steamer slain upon the rocks below, a mere skeleton now, but historical as the first steamer which ever plowed the Pacific—that *Beaver* which rounded Cape Horn before the long Jubilee reign began, three and fifty years ago—breaking up now with decay and storm, but I hope, ere its final dissolution, to be removed to the city and made the nucleus of a Vancouver Museum.

But the most picturesque object in this noble harbor lies on the other side, behind the mountains which make the Narrows. For on their shoulders, as bold and distinct as on the granite plinths in Trafalgar Square, seem to couch The Lions, the most perfect resemblance in nature to the couchant lions of the statuary. I say seem to couch, because these Lions in reality are peaks of a range many miles behind, showing over the front range. The resemblance is not a far-fetched one. It strikes every observer before it is pointed out to him, and it was this which made the late Judge Gray suggest to Mr. O'Brien "The Lions Gate."

"The Lions Gate" is, certainly, an admirably apt name for the harbor of Vancouver. Its Narrows, fenced in on one side by the precipice of Observation Point, and on the other by the mountains encroaching on the shore, are a gate, and on a larger scale Vancouver itself is the gate at the end of the pass through the terrific mountain ramparts of British Columbia, and on a yet larger scale the few degrees of latitude in which British Columbia touches the sea are the only gate of the British Lion between the barriers of Alaska on the north and the United States on the south—in fact, the only gate on the American side of the Pacific. Besides, with the United States finding their "Golden Gate" at their great Pacific port of San Francisco, it is appropriate and epigrammatic for England to find "The Lions Gate" in her great Pacific port of Vancouver.

The traveler steaming through the "Lions

Gate" need not stop at Vancouver; he can steam eighteen miles up, past Vancouver, and past Hastings, but leaving Port Moody on his right, into the majestic fiord of the North Arm—an exquisite fiord, hardly to be equaled in Norway, with its two grand water-falls, its black and fabulous depths, its precipitous mountain walls, clad with forest to their lofty plateaux, imbosoming lakes on their summits, and populous with the antelope-like mountain-goats. It is just as if a Valley of the Selkirks had been filled half-way up with the deep sea, terminating in a fine river, and a vista almost as beautiful as the far-famed Valley of the Bow at Banff. It is sublime, this fiord, so long, so deep, so deeply sunk; and as Vancouver and Tacoma and Seattle expand, its gray granite used in their principal buildings will make it important in commerce.

Commerce! At present we talk of the scenery of Vancouver, but in a few years all the world will be talking of its commerce. Even now it has several avenues of commerce defining themselves.

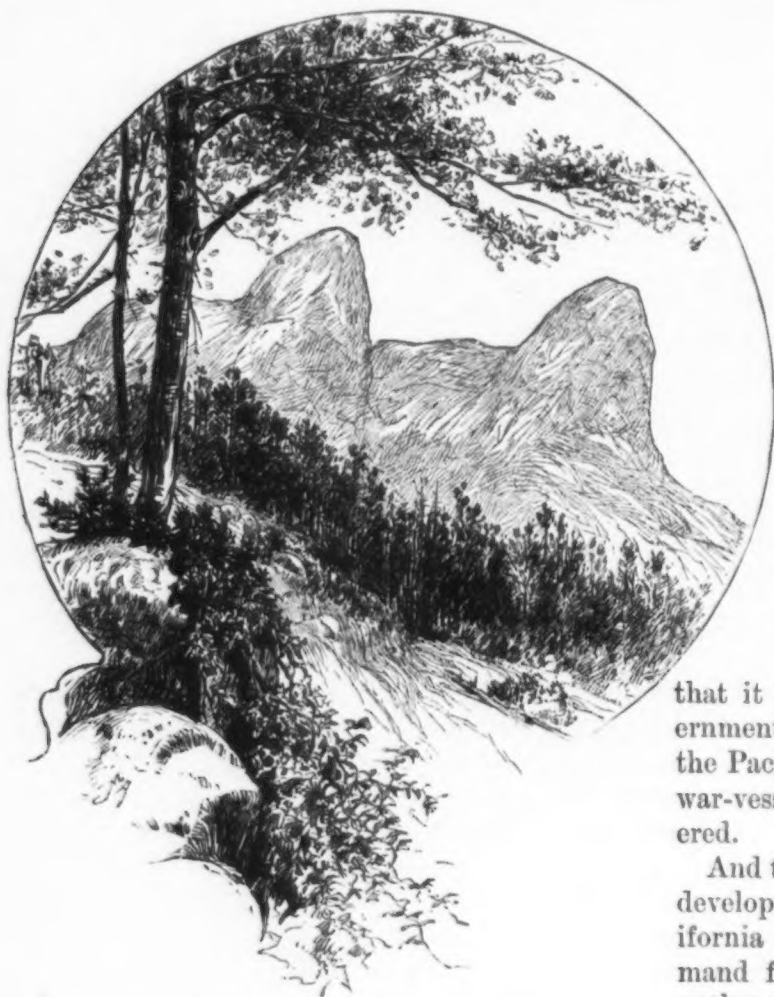
What a marvelous town it is! Where Vancouver now stands was on March 1st, 1886, the forest primeval. Thanks to the magician which has transformed British Columbia—the Canadian Pacific Railroad—by June 12th, 1886, the town, in spite of paying \$300 per acre for clearing, had grown to the very respectable dimensions given in our cut showing "A General View of Vancouver, from the South," from a photograph taken early in 1886. But on the 13th the whole town was obliterated by one of those wholesale fires without which it seems impossible for a town in the West to become first-class. But the inhabitants, nothing daunted, set to work to rebuild it, and in 1887 it had 3,000 inhabitants, doubled to 6,000 in 1888, and again doubled to 12,000 or 15,000 in 1889. The City-hall and the Real-estate Office, of which we give engravings, show the spirit in which Vancouver faced its uphill task, and the kind of charred timber which had to be cleared away. But in spite of the population doubling itself every year, the growth of Vancouver has been steady; there has been no booming of the Tacoma and Seattle type. While good business properties in either of these towns are worth \$1,000 to \$1,250 per foot, modest Vancouver, to quote the figures supplied me by the politeness of an American, Mr. H. T. Ceperley, of the firm of Ross & Ceperley, real-estate agents, Vancouver only requires the following rates: Cordova Street, best inside business properties, 120 feet deep, price \$450 per front foot; corners, \$550. Hastings Street, best inside business properties \$350 to \$400; corners, \$450 to \$500. Granville Street (North), \$350 to \$400; corners \$450 to \$500. Granville Street (South), \$125 to \$150; corners,

\$200 to \$250. Residential: *Best*, \$40 per front foot, 132 feet deep. Suburban: \$100 to \$500 per acre.

This, with similar frontages in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, realizing up to \$6,000 per frontage foot, and in New York up to \$20,000 per frontage foot, presents an astonishing field for investment. Why is this? Because of the attitude of the principal land-owners, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, who, determined to avoid the prostration which followed the boom at Winnipeg, have prevented the speculative buying of land by requiring buildings varying up to \$10,000, according to the lot, to be erected within twelve months, and the following severe payments: One-third cash, one-third in six months, one-third in twelve months, with interest at six per cent. per annum. Though, if the buildings are erected on plans approved of within the time agreed, the liberal discount of from 20 to 30 per cent., according to the handsomeness of the building, is remitted by the Land Commissioner, who is liberal in extending the time for *bona fide* reasons, though the buyer binds himself either to forfeit his lot or pay the company the value of the house agreed upon if not erected within the given time. To the Canadian Pacific Railroad's honor, this forfeit has never even been mentioned, though frequently incurred. It has fulfilled its object by scaring off dishonest speculators. Some idea of the business buildings may be formed by the cut given of Cordova Street. Solid brick stores are going up all over Vancouver. Wood is not allowed within certain limits. Inside of city limits there are 46.33 miles of graded streets, 24.09 miles of sidewalk, 4.80 miles graveled, 5.5 miles of planked, 6 miles of culverts, 5,280 feet of bridging, and 10 tanks.

Some idea of the progress of the city may be formed from the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railroad alone have spent on the city, chiefly on labor, over \$745,000 in 1888, and \$844,000 in 1889. For these statistics and those that follow I am indebted chiefly to Mr. J. M. Browning and Mr. D. Oppenheimer, the Mayor, who is the Sir John Macdonald of Vancouver—that strange mixture, the youngest city of the young West, but with good society, and free from saloon rowdyism as Montreal itself.

Some idea of the commerce of Vancouver may be formed from the single item of tea. From Liverpool to Hong Kong *via* Quebec and Vancouver is 11,548 miles; from Liverpool to Hong-Kong *via* New York and San Francisco is 12,753—1,205 miles in favor of the northern route; from Liverpool to Yokohama *via* Quebec and Vancouver is 9,946 miles; *via* New York and San Francisco, 11,151 miles—1,205 miles in favor of the northern route. Now, in the tea-trade, in



"THE LIONS," AS SEEN FROM VANCOUVER.—FROM
A SKETCH BY MISS L. A. LEFEVRE.

the sale of the first new teas, a start of a few hours makes a great difference; therefore it is quite certain that Great Britain and the countries supplied through her will transport all the first choice teas of both China and Japan through Vancouver, and as Vancouver is nearer to New York by 109 miles than San Francisco, and by 73 miles nearer than Portland, Ore., which has no trans-Pacific steamers, and as she is nearer to Boston by 275 miles than San Francisco is—not to mention the 516 miles she saves by sea—the natural channel for the first teas to reach New York and Boston, and the places supplied through them, is the Vancouver route. Last year 15,000,000 pounds were conveyed to the United States by this route, and only 6,000,000 pounds to all other destinations. When slower-moving Great Britain awakes, as the United States began to last year, this trade will assume gigantic proportions.

Then, take coal. There is nothing builds up the prosperity of a country like coal, as witness the carboniferous portions of England and Scotland. British Columbia and the neighboring Territory of Alberta abound in coal. Alberta has no less than three prosperous coal centres already working—Lethbridge, Canmore and Anthracite. From the last, to quote the *Vancouver World* of October 27th, taking the year round, more than 100 tons a day are already being sent over the Canadian Pacific Railroad through British Columbia to Port Moody (on Vancouver Harbor), to be shipped thence to San Francisco, while estimates show that in the near future the quantity of anthracite sent by this route alone is likely to reach 1,000 tons per day. It is also intimated

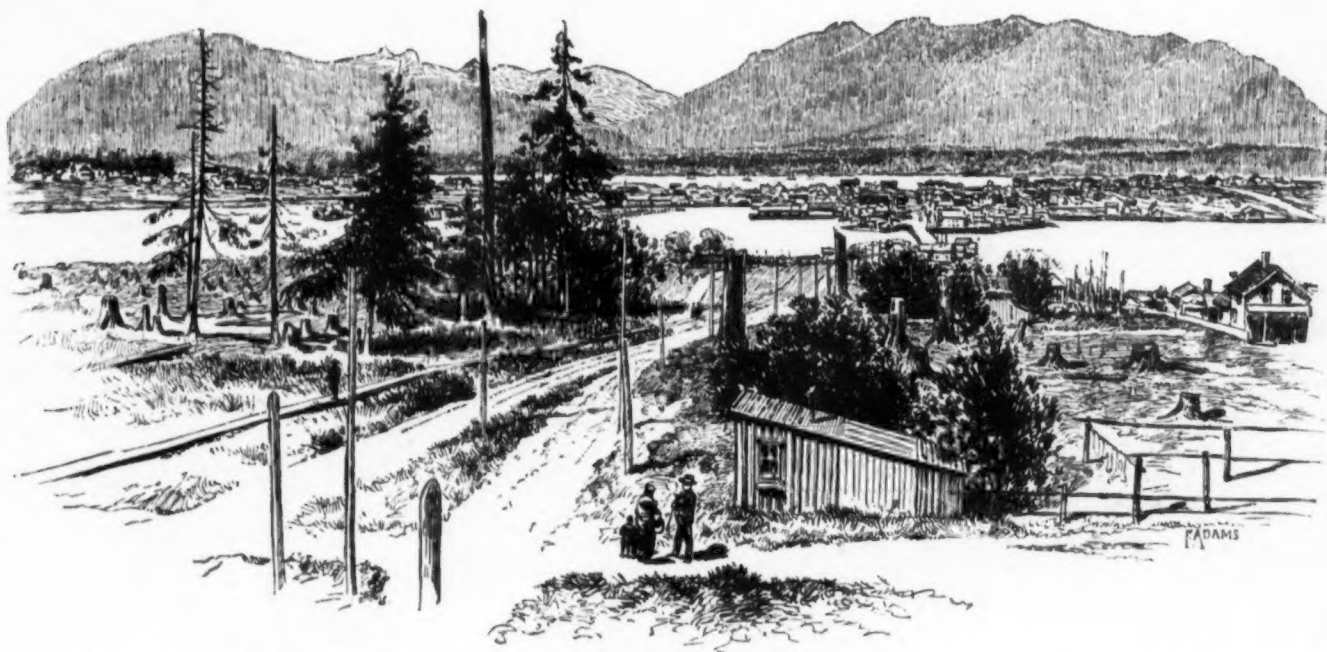
that it is not improbable that the Imperial Government will now establish a coaling-station on the Pacific Coast, seeing that a coal suitable for war-vessels to consume has at last been discovered.

And the same paper points out that "the rapid development of manufacturing enterprise in California necessitates a continually increasing demand for smokeless coal, and this the Canadian anthracite fields are, on account of their geographical proximity, far better qualified to supply than are those of Pennsylvania."

The same remark applies to the rapidly developing States of Washington and Oregon, which would also be supplied through Vancouver; and to Minnesota, with its enormous milling industries, Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming and Idaho; which would not affect Vancouver, except by increasing the wealth of the great railway line whose interests are identified with it.



VIEW ON THE NORTH ARM, BURRARD INLET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
BAILEY & DEELAND.



GENERAL VIEW OF VANCOUVER, B. C., FROM THE SOUTH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. S. BAILEY, VANCOUVER.

But we have not done with coal yet. Experts have pronounced Vancouver itself and Port Moody to be situated on a coal-field. Were this true the results would be multiplied, but in any case, having coal so accessible on the line of a great and patriotic railway company, anxious to develop Vancouver in every way, she has huge advantages for a shipping and manufacturing

and mining centre. And she will be all three, without any doubt.

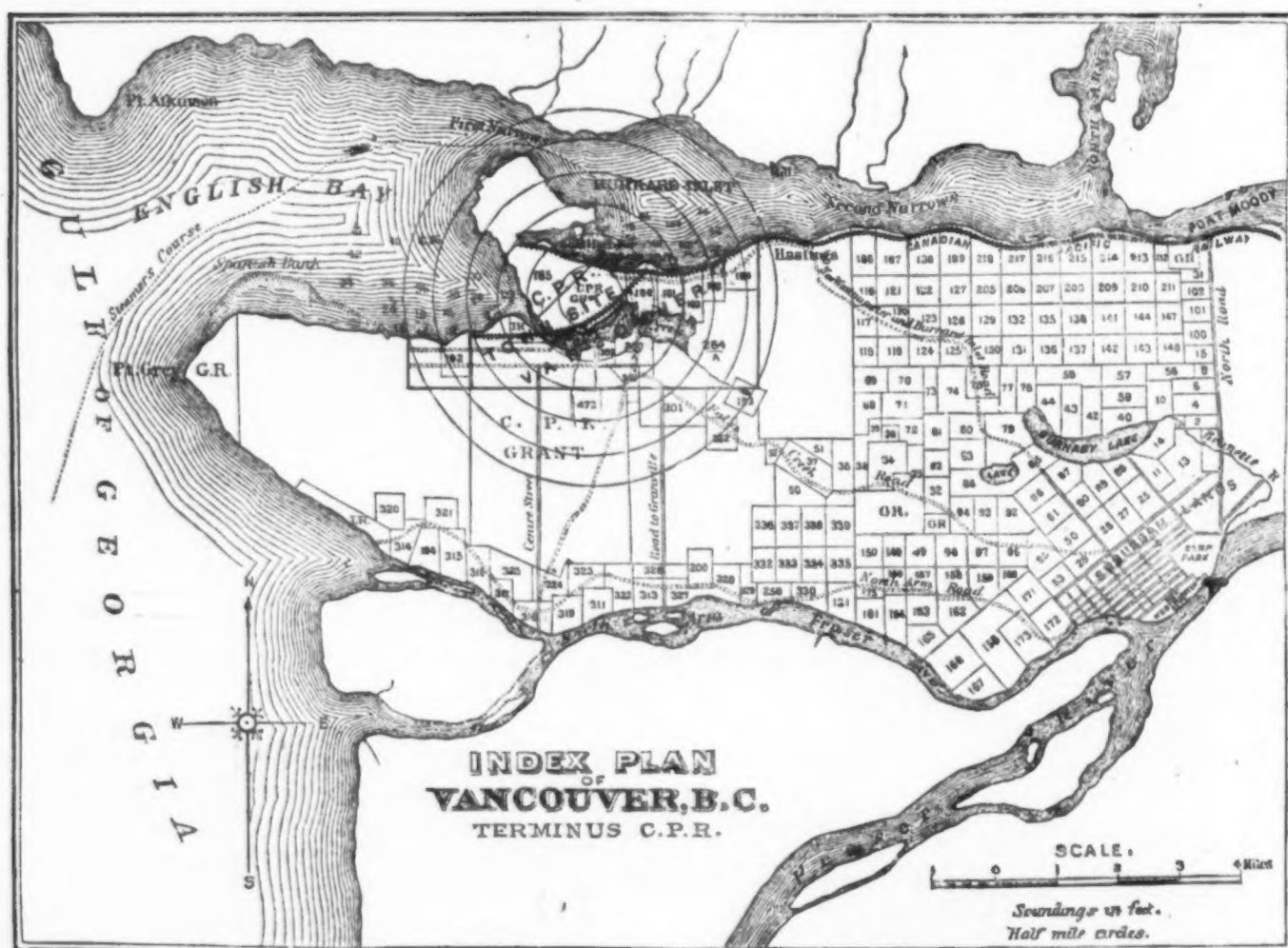
Already the Canadian Pacific Railroad are running a line of mail-steamers to Japan and China, doing the distance from Vancouver to Yokohama in thirteen to fifteen days; but the Canadian Pacific Railroad have ordered three steamers to be ready—in December, 1890; in January, 1891; in



VANCOUVER AFTER THE FIRE, JUNE 13TH, 1886.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANLEY BROS.

February, 1891, respectively—of 6,000 tons, and a speed of eighteen knots. Any month now a line may be started between Canada and Australia for the vast prospective trade mentioned below: and it will not be long before Canadian manufacturers of cheap cottons, etc., and the United States manufacturers who find the Canadian Pacific Railroad and Vancouver the natural outlet to China and Japan, will want direct communication for putting them on a better footing to get a share of the vast consumption of the 250,000,000 subjects of the Queen in India—the ships bringing, among other return freight, the teas, silks and curios of

The import business of Vancouver will also be vastly increased as soon as the steamers begin to run to Australia—part of the Canadian mail system for which the Imperial Parliament recently voted £60,000 a year. For Canada already imports large quantities of wool from Australia—much of it carried over the Canadian Pacific Railroad—and when the direct service is established making transport cheaper, this will multiply itself; while, if the great woolen industries of Massachusetts desire to receive the prime of the new Australian clip as early and punctual as possible, they, too, will swell the trade of the



India, as they already bring those of China and Japan.

The tea business with India and Ceylon bids fair to be gigantic. These teas have already established themselves against China in the markets of England and Australia, and it will not be long before their shippers try to tap the enormous markets of New York and Boston. And the natural route for their "first" teas—in which time means money—will be through Vancouver, transhipped from the P. and O. at Hong-Kong, and not by the longer route *via* the Suez Canal and England. And already in Boston there are two fine stores for East Indian curios and wares, which will naturally travel by the same route.

Canada-Australian line and Vancouver, Vancouver being nearly 300 miles nearer than San Francisco, and the Canadian Pacific Railroad rates lower.

Australia, too, has another trade to whose expansion there seem to be no limits—kangaroo-hides for boots and shoes, Americans and Canadians preferring this leather to all other.

Last year Queensland produced raw sugar to the value of \$3,500,000, and refining is so profitable a business in Canada, that when once the Australian line is running, it is only a question of months before sugar refineries will be established at Vancouver, importing the raw material direct from Rockhampton, about the last port of call in Aus-

tralia for the new line, and saving cost of carriage in crossing the mountains by sending the refined article instead of the raw, and supplying the whole of Canada west of Lake Superior.

Canada is beginning to use Australian furs—"opossum" and "native bear"—in considerable quantities, cheap, warm coats being a scarcity since the extinction of the buffalo. At present she buys these in the world's fur mart—Leipsic—but it cannot be doubted that as the consumption increases they will be imported direct—through Vancouver. So with oranges, of which there are thousands of acres round Paramatta, N. S. W. So with Australian wines—one firm in Bordeaux gave a single order to a firm in Australia for a thousand hogsheads of its generous, fragrant claret. So with Australian hard-woods, which will be brought to Vancouver, made up into furniture, and resold in Australia, as soon as the Ontario furniture-makers establish branch factories in Vancouver to save the cost of railway carriage over the mountains. And Vancouver will have to import vast quantities of the impregnable jarrah-wood for the teredo-haunted waters of Puget Sound and the innumerable inlets to the north of it, as settlement increases on this coast-line of 3,000 to 4,000 miles though it is contained in so few degrees of latitude, to make the necessary wharves and bridges. So much for imports, tea, silks, curios, rice, and other Oriental products from India, China and Japan; wool, kangaroo-hides, wines, hard-wood, oranges and raw sugar from Australia.

As for exports, Australia and the East alike require the deals, doors, sashes and other soft-wood exports of British Columbia. Japan, with its progressive ideas, requires much machinery. What Australia wants in this way may be gauged by the fact that the Masseys in Toronto recently sold 150 of their huge reapers and binders and seventy tons of wire in one order to one firm in one single colony of the Australasian group. This year British Columbia has produced 422,000 cases of canned salmon, each case containing two dozen cans. Australasia alone could consume twice as much as this in a single year, while, on the other hand, this catch was only limited by the canning capacities of the canneries. The run of fish was illimitable. The export of furniture and machinery and refined sugar from Canada to Australia may expand to any extent when the manufacturing are at Vancouver, by the water's edge, worked with coal water-borne just across the strait from Vancouver Island, instead of being handicapped by the great cost—\$390 per car-load—of transportation of the finished article across the mountains, and by the distance of Ontario from the coal-fields.

And the vista is limitless if the special envoy

sent from Canada to Australia early this year, the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, can arrange reciprocity between Canada and Australia. This would give Canada a discrimination, amounting in some cases to 35 per cent., against all other countries in supplying Australia with machinery, hardware, woodware, wheat (if there were another failure in Australia's crops), canned fruits, apples, etc., and would give Canadian wool industries an enormous impetus by supplying them with free wool of the finest quality, and with cheaper kangaroo-hides for their shoe factories, while it would give an equal impetus for the Australian exports to Canada of wool, wine, hides, oranges, canned meats (such as one now sees in every Canadian grocer's from Chicago), by putting Australia, or such of the Australasian colonies as might enter into the treaty, on the most favored footing. The volume of trade which this would pour into Vancouver may easily be imagined.

And Vancouver has much more to hope for from Australians; for when the Canada-Australian steamers begin to run, this will undoubtedly become one of the favorite routes, if not the favorite, for Australians to Europe. They will be attracted by the chance of seeing a sister-colony, and especially a sister-colony whose resources have hardly begun to be developed, where great fortunes are yet to be made by colonists who understand how to wrest its secrets from a new and wild country. As soon as the mining speculators of Ballarat and Sandhurst and Stawell begin to pass over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, they will recognize that British Columbia is one of the most promising mining regions in the world to men with large capital, who look as much to the extent and permanency of a lead as to its immediate richness; others, again, knowing the vast quantities of soft-wood used in Australia, every bit of which has to be imported, will be drawn into speculation by the sight of the British Columbian forests; while others, noting the inexhaustible and hardly touched deep-sea fisheries, and knowing the import demand in Australia for fine cured fish, will put the much-needed capital into the sea-fisheries.

If reciprocity is established between Canada and Australia, it is Australian capital that will develop British Columbia into what nature designed her for—a great mining and manufacturing and shipping province. And the *entrepôt* of British Columbia must be Vancouver, the most convenient head of navigation, and the natural terminus of the great railway artery from England to the East.

I fancy that I can see Vancouver when her hour has come, as Melbourne's hour came. Great docks lined with ocean steamers fill the mouth of the False Creek, and front the future terminus of



CORDOVA STREET.

the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the heart of their broad transpontine grant, on which the tall forest primeval will have given place to the huge chimneys of the manufactories of machinery, furniture, woolens, cottons, refined sugar, woodware, hardware, fruit-canneries for the produce of the Fraser delta, smelting-furnaces for the reduction of the iron and copper ores of the islands, saw-mills, foundries, yards for building and repairing the iron shipping of the Pacific, and a score of other industries at present un-

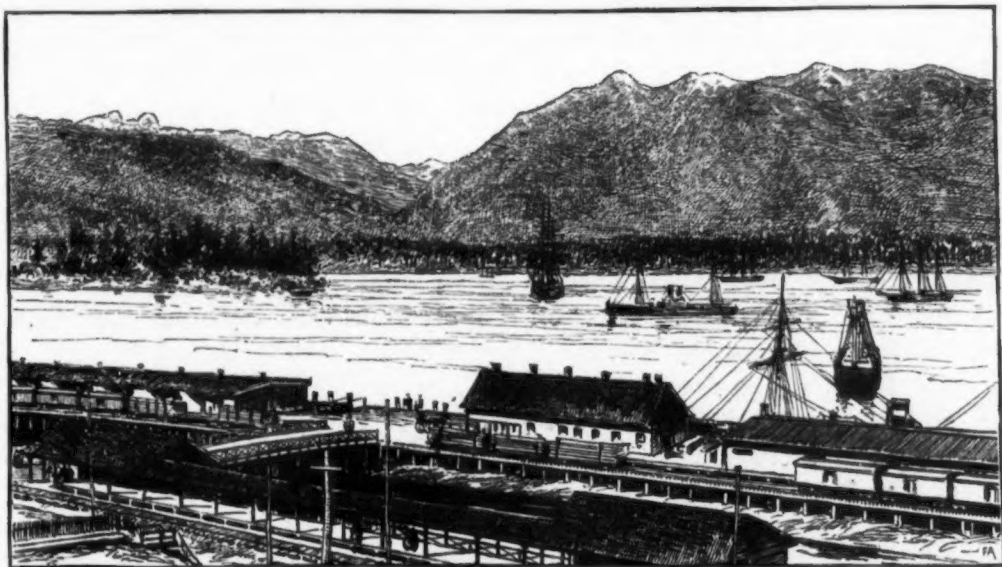
guessed. I see the whole delta of the Fraser and its tributaries one vast orchard and hop-garden, smiling like Kent or Sussex. I see the residences of the well to do crowded out of the narrow limits of the peninsula and spreading, some down the opposite side of Burrard Inlet from Moodyville to Howe Sound, some through a chain of suburbs enveloping Hastings and Port Moody; some through a chain of suburbs replacing with their neat gardens the whole forest between Vancouver and New Westminster. Street railways, suburban railways, and many ferry-boats, give rapid communication with the heart of the city—the original city on the peninsula, where are the cathedral, some of the finest churches, the finest hotels, the clubs, the theatres, the banks, the wholesale warehouses, the boarding-houses, the Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets, with their magnificent stores, a part of the city too expensive for ordinary folks to have houses there, not private or select enough for the very rich except in the remoter part facing English Bay, with its



CITY-HALL, AFTER THE FIRE.

fine sandy beach, and its proximity to the park. Here there is quite a colony of them—an aristocratic suburb. But many of the very wealthy prefer to have villas on what plateaux can be found amid the precipitous shores of that peerless fiord, the North Arm, or on the foot-hills of the grand mountains which line the

north side of Burrard Inlet—the north side made beautiful by its avenue, miles long, alongside of the water and planted with beautiful maples, whose carmine leaves in the Fall show up gloriously against the dark spruce and cedar of the primeval forests. Nothing could be finer than the City Park in the twentieth century. Follow-



TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AT VANCOUVER.

ing the water, a drive of ten miles long encircles it. Round the water's edge are growing famously the maples, sumachs, cherries and oaks, birches and poplars planted to make it brilliant green in Spring and brilliant flame-color in the Fall. The forest is left untouched, with its stately trees, its mighty ferns, its hanging mosses.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA CROSSING THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Pleasant paths for lovers to ramble in the Summer shade are cut into its sylvan recesses, and in it roam all the wild animals and birds of the country that are not dangerous to man, introduced and habituated with infinite trouble, and protected from wantonness by public opinion. There are other parks in various parts of the city, and a superb athletic ground, where, by the influx of English and Australians, cricket is restored to its legitimate pride of place. Between the city and the great cannery and saw-mill town of New Westminster is a fine race-track, called Flemington by the enthusiastic Australians, who got it up to console them for their distance from Melbourne. At the very highest point of the peninsula stands the finest building in the city, the magnificent Episcopal cathedral of the united Diocese (united much to the disgust of Westminsterians) of Vancouver and New Westminster; and not far off is its rival in popularity and opulence, the rebuilt St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Burrard Inlet is full of shipping. Its wharves are lined with local passenger steamers—with ships from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Nanaimo, Alaska and the like, concentrating at Vancouver the local trade of the Pacific, while out on its deep bosom lie two or three British men-of-war, easily recognizable by their upright masts and grim solidity, even if they were not flying the white banner of St. George, and between them and the shore a crowd of yachts. Most of the wealthy merchants living up the North Arm or on English Bay have their smart steam-yachts. And the residential and shopping streets are full of handsome carriages, and the business streets with street-railways and wagons and cabs; and there goes up to heaven the mingled echo, joyous and mournful, eager and indolent, of 300,000 of earth's voices to show where the most untiring of commercial nations has at last found the Lions Gate to the Eastern Pacific.

A SPANISH HERO.

STROLLING through the magnificent *cafés* of Barcelona with my good friend the advocate (writes Edgar Wakeman), he was able to do me what he regarded as the highest favor and honor that can possibly come to a stranger in Spain. This was an introduction to an ambitious and already almost famous bull-fighter, or *espada*, of this city. This recalled personal reminiscences of this class of men, and some interesting facts concerning the greatest two living *espadas*, Francisco Sanchez and Luis Mazzantini. The latter I have known. Perhaps the most famous of all *matadores*, the *espada primero* of the world, is Francisco Sanchez (*alias* Lagartijo). He is prob-

ably the most daring, skillful bull-fighter that ever lived. His handling of the wild and savage bulls of Jaraina is something marvelous. He now seldom appears, \$10,000 being the price demanded and secured in advance for each performance. He is a very great pet with the Spanish nobility, is immensely rich, and was the warm personal friend of the late King Alfonso. Other famous *espadas* are Rafael Molina, Angel Pastor, José Gomez, Hermosilla, Juan Sanchez and Luis Mazzantini, already mentioned.

The latter is rapidly becoming the first Spanish favorite. His life has been full of romance and adventure. He was destined for the priesthood by his parents, who were people of refinement and proper aspiration. He possessed a poetic, restless nature, and ran away from the university. Joining a band of strolling musicians, he wandered for several years through the Spanish Provinces, breaking many a fair lady's heart, and having his own heart broken by a sweet little peasant girl of Aranjuez. His friends finally found him, and secured him a government position in the Postal Department at Madrid. But he deserted this. Then he wrote poems, which were gladly printed, but would not sell. Soon he sang in opera; but fame was too great a laggard. Then he publicly announced that he would become the most famous bull-fighter of Spain. Spain laughed at him. That alone gave him note. Then he gave the Spanish people this saying: "Not a king, but a tenor or a bull-fighter only, can enslave Spain!" He is still young. He is always a gentleman. He has already amassed wealth, and is the only rival of the peerless *espada*, Francisco Sanchez, in the affections of the people of Spain.

OLD COUNTRY HOUSES AND DANCES.

WE have great sympathy with Mr. Baring Gould's respect for those old houses, about which he has written a charming book.

Only one who, like myself (he says), has the happiness to occupy a room with a six-light window, twelve feet wide and five feet high, through which the sun pours in and floods the whole room, whilst without the keen March wind is cutting, cold and cruel, can appreciate the blessedness of such a window, can tell the exhilarating effect it has on the spirits, how it lets the sun in, not only through the room, and on to one's book or paper, but into the very heart and soul as well.

A long, upright, narrow window does not answer the purpose for which it was constructed. The light enters the room from the sky, not from the earth, therefore only through the upper portion of a window. The wide window gives us the greatest possible amount of light. If we were but

to revert to the Elizabethan window, we would find a singular improvement in our health and spirits.

Our old country houses were, say modern masons, shockingly badly built. "Why, sir," said one to me, "do look here at this wall. It is three-foot-six thick!—what waste of room! and then only the facing is with mortar between the stones, all the rest of the stones are set in clay." I was engaged building my porch when the man said this. So I, convinced by his superior experience, apologized for my forebears, and bade him rebuild with mortar throughout. What was the result? That wall has been to me ever since a worry. The rain beats through it; every course of mortar serves as an aqueduct, and the driving rain against the wall traverses it as easily as if it were a sponge. Our old houses were dry within—dry as snuff. Now we cannot keep the wet out without cementing them externally. Those fools, our forefathers, by breaking the connection, prevented the water from penetrating.

Do any of my readers know the coziness of an oak-paneled or of a tapestried room? There is nothing comparable to it for warmth. What the reader certainly does know is that from a papered wall and from a plate-glass window there is ever a cold current of air setting inward. He supposes that there is a draught creeping round the walls from the door, or that the window-frame does not fit; and he plugs, but cannot exclude the cold air. But the origin of the draught is in the room itself, and it is created by the fire. The wall is cold, and the plate-glass is cold, and the heated atmosphere of the room is lowered in temperature against these cold surfaces, and returns in the direction of the fire as a chill draught. But when the room is lined with oak, or with woven woolen tapestry, then the walls are warm, and they give back none of these chill recoil currents. The fire has not the double obligation laid on it of heating the air of the apartment and the walls.

Before leaving the consideration of old country houses, one word must be said about their *setting*. We, nowadays, when we build a mansion, look out for the top of a hill, a good, exposed spot. It never occurs to us that half the charm of a house consists in the way in which it is framed. The mediæval Germans lived on the top of rocks, but then their houses were castles, partly for defense and partly because they knew what was fit to be done. Artistically, they made these castles eminently picturesque, with towers and gables that cut the sky. We do not now build castles, but—well, the word is suitable—boxes; and a box looks like a box on the top of a hill against the sky, and nothing can make it look other. Our English forefathers, in their

sense of security, and in their love of sun and shelter, sought out a hill-side, and built their mansions so as to have rising ground behind it, to back it, and where they had not a hill, there they had a wood of tall trees. A house thus set is like a picture in a frame, a pretty face in a real bonnet. I do not think that ladies who, in pursuance of a vile fashion, wear hats, can be aware of the loss of charm to the face. Let them take an ancestral portrait out of its frame, and hang it thus naked against the wall, they will see at once that the frame insulates it, draws attention to its beauties and enhances them. It is the same with a house. It may be good architecturally, but unless it be backed up by a green hill covered with wood, tall Scotch pines, the haunt of rooks, "umbrageous beech, in Autumn trees of gold," it is nothing but an architectural study.

How naked and how forlorn a dear old house looks that has lost its timber that surrounded it. I know one or two old mansions that have been converted into farm-houses, and their rear-guard of timber hewn down and sold. There is a broken-hearted look about them that reminds one of a carriage-horse degraded to go in a cart. It feels its degradation, loses flesh, gloss and spirit.

Writing of country dances, Mr. Gould complains that "the beautiful and graceful dance is extinct among us," and affirms that "it has been expelled by the intrusive waltz;" concerning which he makes the allegation that it lacks the charm of modesty, grace of action and dignity of posture which, in the dancing of far-past days, delighted our forefathers. "The dance is not properly the spinning around of two persons of opposite sex, hugging each other and imitating the motion of a teetotum. The dance is an assemblage of graceful movements and figures performed by a set number of persons. There is singular beauty in the dance proper. The eye is pleased by a display of graceful and changing outline, by bringing into play the muscles of well-molded limbs. But where many performers take part, the enchantment is increased, just as part-singing is more lovely than solo-singing; for to the satisfaction derived from the graceful attitude of one performer is added that of beautiful grouping. A single well-proportioned figure is a goodly sight; several well-proportioned figures in shifting groups, now in clusters, now swinging loose in wreaths, now falling into lines or circles—whilst an individual, or a pair, focus the interest—are very beautiful. It is a change in a concert from chorus to solo; and when, whilst the single dancer, projected into prominence, attracts the delighted eye, the rest of the dancers keep rhythmic

motion, subdued, in simple change, the effect is exquisite. It is the accompaniment on a living instrument to a solo."

THE MUTTON-BIRD SEASON IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE VAGABOND.

ALL over Cape Woolamai there are mutton-birds' holes, but in one slight hollow on the southern cliffs there is a perfect warren. This has been locally christened "The Rookery." Four acres of land are completely honeycombed by their holes, which are within a yard, often

dreds and thousands of birds appear, and whirl around, and fill the air with *bizarre* sounds, and cover the ground with black moving forms, which run from hole to hole, each one, as it seems, seeking its proper residence. They disappear, and the earth covers them, but still thousands more arrive.

The mystery of the mutton-birds' coming is as great as the mystery of their disappearance. The darkness deepens, the numbers of the birds increase. They fly near us; they will fly against us if we are in their way. They run on the ground beneath our legs, they are caught with the hand.

It is the strangest, weirdest sight I have wit-



THE CAMP ON PHILLIP ISLAND, NEAR MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

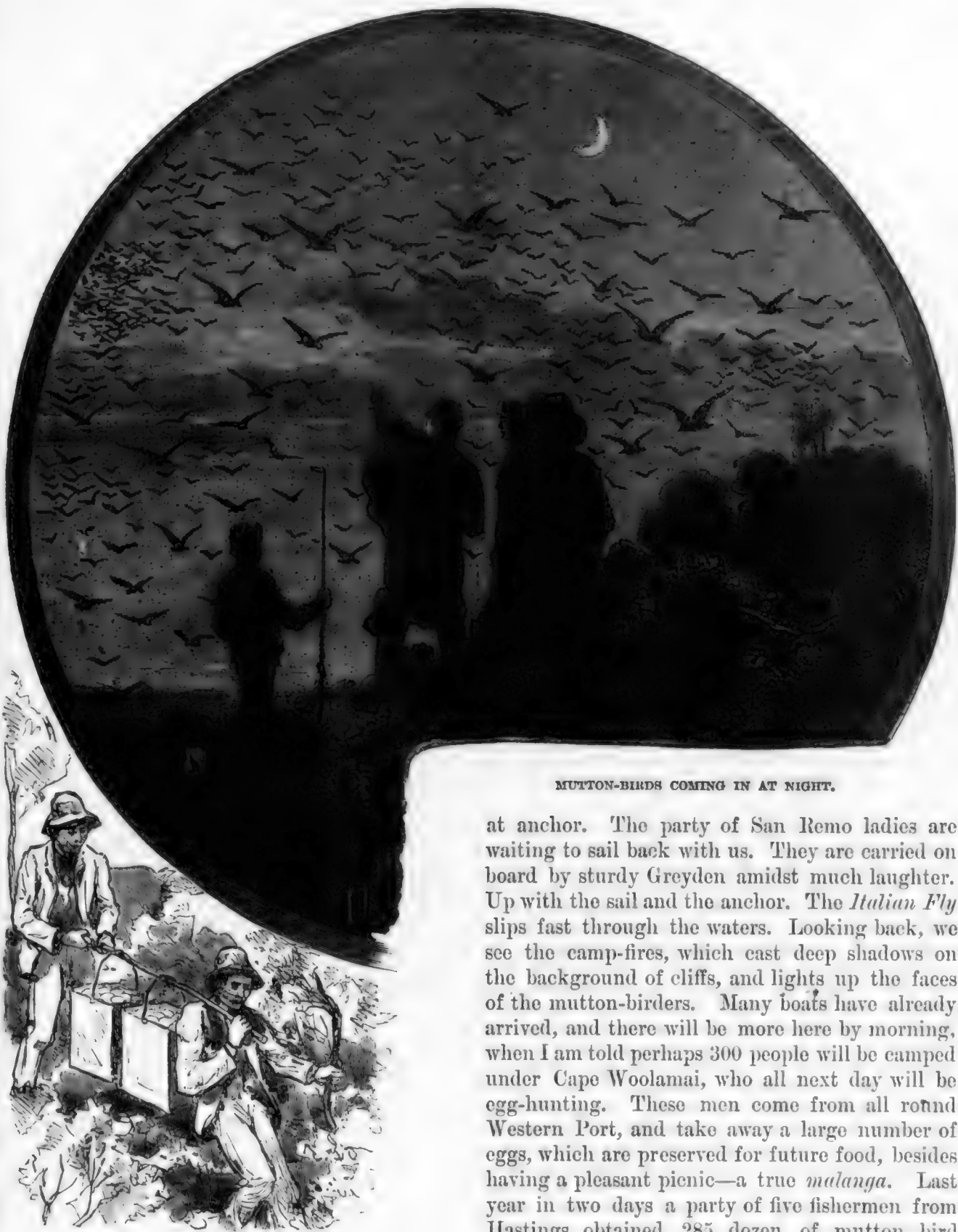
a foot, of each other. We lie on the bluff near this warren looking over the sea at the setting sun, waiting for the dusk. Soon the light on Cape Schanck glimmers in the distance. The sun goes down. There is no moon, and a few clouds obscure the horizon, still there is sufficient gloaming to make everything visible. Yet neither in sky nor sea can the sign of a bird, mutton or otherwise, be seen. We are getting impatient.

"Here he comes!" says Willie Fraser.

A black bird suddenly flies past us, and with that strange gurgling sound disappears into the ground. Two more follow, then four, then in a few seconds, from the firmament above and the waters below, as if created on the moment, hun-

nessed in animated nature. It is a Walpurgis-night of the feathered tribe.

The darkness increases, and we must wend our way to the boat or we shall be bushed for the night. This march back over Cape Woolamai from the western shore to the Eastern Passage is one of the hardest parts of this *malanga*. We are perpetually tripping in mutton-birds' holes as we force our way through patches of thick scrub and tussocky grass. I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that there are millions of holes on the seaward side of Cape Woolamai. The birds follow us wherever we go. They flop around us in the air, they dive under our feet into the ground. They gurgle and groan in their holes. Earth and



CARRYING HOME THE SPOILS.

MUTTON-BIRDS COMING IN AT NIGHT.

at anchor. The party of San Remo ladies are waiting to sail back with us. They are carried on board by sturdy Greyden amidst much laughter. Up with the sail and the anchor. The *Italian Fly* slips fast through the waters. Looking back, we see the camp-fires, which cast deep shadows on the background of cliffs, and lights up the faces of the mutton-birders. Many boats have already arrived, and there will be more here by morning, when I am told perhaps 300 people will be camped under Cape Woolamai, who all next day will be egg-hunting. These men come from all round Western Port, and take away a large number of eggs, which are preserved for future food, besides having a pleasant picnic—a true *malanga*. Last year in two days a party of five fishermen from Hastings obtained 285 dozen of mutton-bird eggs. There is profit as well as sport in this.

The lights of the camp-fires fade away. I suggest to my artist friend that the scene we have left is worthy of Salvator Rosa, a suggestion which he rather scorns, as also the hint that this sail through the dark waters reminds me of Venice. The young ladies sing sweetly to while away the time, and altogether it is a very pleasant trip back to San Remo, where at half-past 10 at

night the tired and hungry party feast on tender steak, cooked at this late hour by kindly Mrs. Fraser, and sleep the sleep of the just on good beds, and awake thoroughly refreshed in the early morning with renewed appetites for breakfast, at which I eat a mutton-bird's egg, part of the spoil of the young Ballarat lady, the "school-marm" who was one of our last night's party.

I had been told by many persons that these eggs have a strong, disagreeable, fishy flavor. I find them, when eaten fresh, to be as good as any fowls' eggs, with no perceptible difference in taste.

PRINCESS AND POET.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY.

ABOVE him in his sleep she leaned, a star
Of lovely light and lustre many-rayed,
And on the lips of golden song she laid
The golden meed of grace peculiar;
Then passed upon her way, like dreams that are
Too dear and fair to be one moment staid:
But sweetness which that kiss of hers had made
No dream could e'er create, no waking mar.

And which of them had won the greatest bliss?
And which the gladder and prouder went that day?
By all the bounty and honor of that kiss
Which more enriched and worshiped? Poets, say,
And royal ladies, make reply to this—
Was't Margaret or Alain Chartier?

A NIHILIST TRIAL SCENE.

BY STEPNIAK.

IN the gray, dull light of the approaching morning the court-room looked strangely oppressive. Six candles, in silver candlesticks, glimmering upon the judges' table, gave it a lugubrious, funereal aspect. The closely packed people were almost silent. From the prisoners' box a hum of suppressed voices came. The prisoners knew that after the sentence, they would be separated. They tried to profit by the short time they were to be together. Judging by their unbroken, rapid talk, they were in good spirits. But the public could not see any of them, as they sat all six on wooden benches, surrounded by twelve gendarmes with drawn swords on their shoulders. The crowd outside the building, which the sleepy and exhausted policeman now left to take care of itself, was neither so patient nor so calm. They represented the most turbulent section of the population. As a part of the loiterers, tired by the long waiting, withdrew, these were brought into closer contact. A handkerchief was raised at one of the windows. "The verdict!" shouted a voice in the crowd. Instantly all noise ceased, and the crowd pressed forward.

Within, the voice of the usher was announcing the last scene of the shameless farce. The tribunal was about to enter to read the sentence. Rising to their feet as one man, the people stood in breathless expectation. A silence as of death fell upon the many-headed crowd. One could almost hear the beating of so many hearts—some in agony of fear, some in the excitement of dramatic tension. One by one the six members of the tribunal appeared upon the platform behind the long table lit by the six candles. Their troubled, worn-out looks were suggestive rather of a great villainy just committed, with full knowledge, than of a stern though painful duty fulfilled.

All eyes were riveted upon the presiding judge, who, a white sheet of paper in his hands, was about to utter the fatal words. In a voice raised to an unusually high pitch he read the preamble, which seemed to last an eternity. At last the first words of the sentence were uttered, sending an electric thrill throughout the audience. The name of Boris came first, followed by a long mumbling to which nobody paid attention—it was the enumeration of his offenses. Then a short pause and the sentence—death! Though no one expected him to be spared, the word fell upon strained nerves like the blow of a hammer. Vasily's name followed with a mumbling less irksome, for it was shorter, and then another blow of the hammer—death! The nerves shiver but hold good. The third in the roll is Zina, whose fate had been the most discussed, because the most uncertain. The silence deepened. Life or death? life or death? all asked in their hearts, whilst the mumbling went on. The threatening hammer rises higher and higher, then suspense, and again it falls with a crash—death! A sigh, gathering into a groan, ran through the hall. All, even the most prejudiced, turned their eyes with unmixed sympathy and awe upon that young, noble, beautiful woman, standing so calmly and modestly. Most had expected that as a woman she would be spared.

The three remaining prisoners were so little compromised, they would be let off with a nominal punishment. The mumbling affixed to Botcharov's name, which came next, was such as to lull the inattentive audience to complete tranquillity. Most people ceased to listen altogether, when suddenly a suspicious quivering in the judge's voice, a short pause, and the sentence—death!—resounds amid universal stupefaction. A wondering "Hia!" escaped from all lips. Men looked at their neighbors to ascertain whether they had not misheard. "Many thanks, gentlemen judges," the voice of the condemned man resounds, sneeringly. The judge had not the courage to call the prisoner to order, and pretended not to hear, and

hastened on to the following name. It was that of the elder Dadoroy. This time the public followed with strained attention all the circumlocutions and windings of the clumsy summing up of offenses. There was the same treacherous prolixity and abstruseness in the statement of motives. Some phrases sounded ugly—doubts, alternated with hopes, irritating men's nerves to the extremity. The hammer was hanging in the air—now rising, now sinking, and then rising again. Then the blow was struck; it was—death!

The suppressed passion burst forth on a sudden. Shrieks, hysterical cries of women, groans and curses filled the air. People jumped upon their seats, shouting and gesticulating wildly, as if they had gone mad on a sudden. It was a scene of disorder such as had never before been witnessed within those walls. A good lady in the second row—the wife of the chairman of the board—fainted from her excitement.

Upon the bench the disorder and confusion were hardly less than among the public. The presiding judge, the paleness of shame on his face, strove to face the storm. He failed completely. He wished that the public should remain and listen to the end of his paper, which trembled in his hand. The sixth of the prisoners, the younger of the sisters Dadoroy, in consideration of her youth, was condemned—not to death, as the prosecutor had asked—but to fifteen years' penal servitude. They had offered this sop to their slavish consciences, and they wished their act of courage to be made known. But in the general uproar nobody could catch one word of what was read. A young man opened the window, and, leaning out, shouted to the people in the street: "To death! All sentenced to death!" A threatening yell was heard from the crowd below. Some among the representatives of the "loyal" element thought that the crowd was about to storm the place, and that they would be massacred wholesale. In a fit of panic they began to shriek and yell on their own account. The police officers appointed to watch outside rushed to the judge. They confabulated for a moment, and the policemen ran out by the back way. The President had ordered troops to be called out. The judges slipped out of sight, hiding themselves in the inner rooms, while the policemen began to clear the hall.

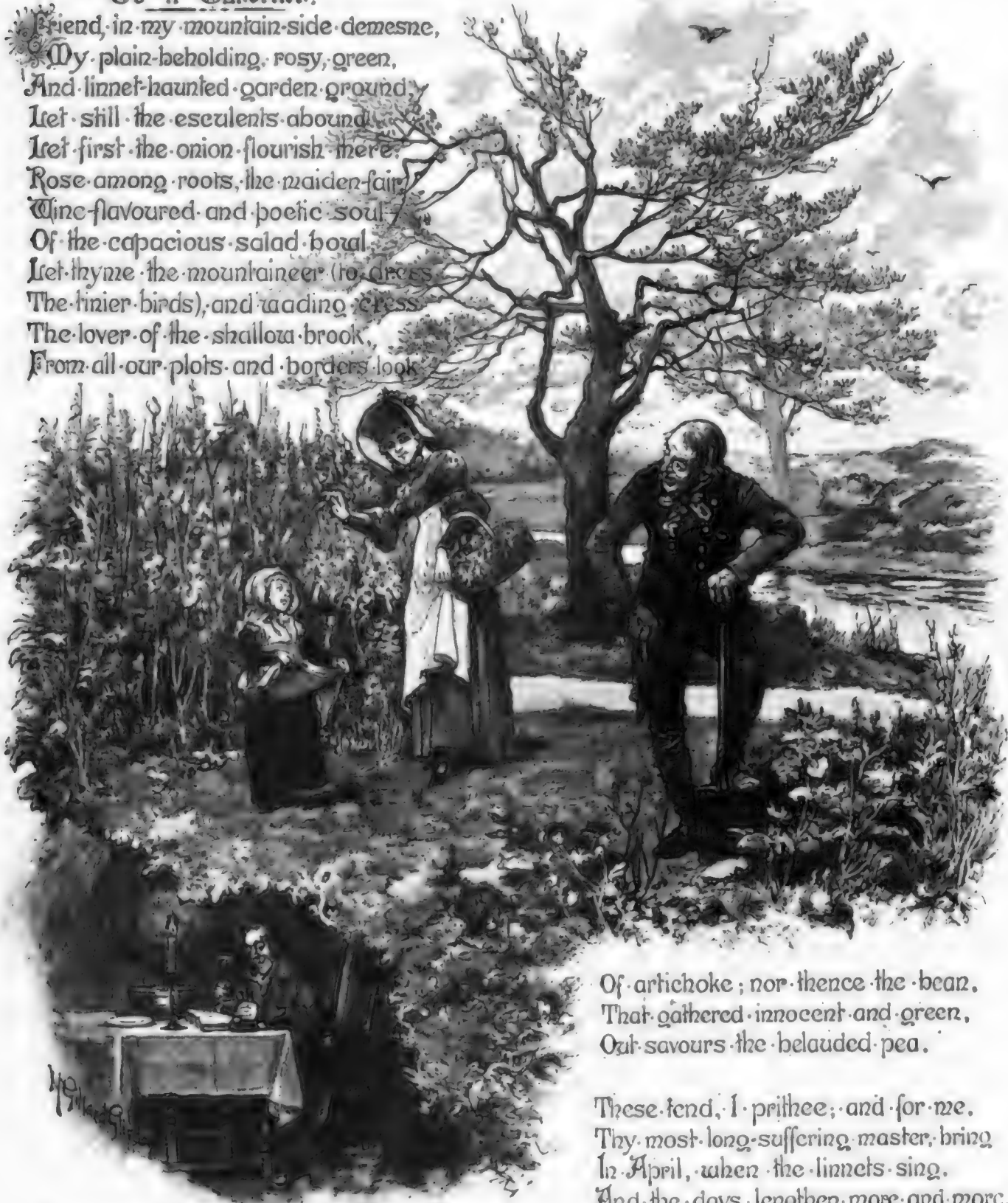
ORIENTAL LUXURY.

A LARGE portion of the palace of Agra is devoted to the wants and pastimes of the harem; and the solicitude which the Mogul Emperors displayed for the comfort, well-being and happiness of their wives is very evident. No European

wife was ever housed in such luxury and splendor as that which enveloped the harems of Agra, whose condition, as far as physical comforts could avail them, might well be an object of envy to a Roman Empress in the past or to a great lady of Paris of the present day. They lived in palaces which were designed by architects and adorned by artists who have never been excelled, and which are still the admiration and the wonder of the world. If the ladies wished to purchase jewels—and what woman does not?—there was a bazaar within the precincts where the diamonds of Golconda and the precious stones of Ceylon might be seen sparkling in the sun. A pond in the Muchi-Bhawan Court was teeming with fish, which a favorite might catch from a marble balcony overhanging the water. The chief Sultana had a boudoir in the Saman Burj, or Jasmine Tower, wherein, adorned with most delicate tracery, was a deep portico, inlaid with rarest art, and a vaulted chamber and a pavilion looking out toward the river—wherein, also, British artillery has left its mark in the shape of five jagged holes in the marble trellis-work. From a gallery close at hand Akbar and his wives directed the movements of living counters on the *pachisi* board below—an Oriental game in some respects resembling draughts. Often the balconies on the ramparts were filled with beautiful women, watching the tiger and elephant fights in the ditch below. Adjoining the Ungaree Bagh is the Shish Mahal, or Palace of Glass, which contained the ladies' baths. The walls are inlaid with a thousand mirrors, set in marble frames, which appear to be covered with the finest lace-work; in reality, the reflection of the tracery on the opposite sides is diminished by the convexity of the glass lenses. In the centre of the floor are sunken baths of inlaid marble, to which water was admitted by cascades, falling through channels resembling chimneys in the walls, from which it passed under the marble pavement into the bath. Nor were the personal tastes of the ladies of the harem ignored. The Hindoo wives of Jehangir dwelt in a court decorated in the Hindoo style. Thus did the faithful wife fare. She had no cares, she lived in a superb palace, and everything which could add to her pleasure was supplied by her lord. But for the unfaithful wife there was quicker, more certain and more effectual punishment than any which could be inflicted by the censure of public opinion or by the slow process of a divorce court. A low door-way and a few steps, leading down the Garden of Roses, gave admission to a long underground passage, by which the offender was conducted to a small, round chamber in the depths of the fortress. On the roof was the fatal beam, and through a hole in the floor her body was cast into the Jumna.

To a Gardener.

Friend, in my mountain-side demesne,
 My plain-beholding, rosy, green,
 And linnet-haunted garden ground,
 Let still the esculents abound.
 Let first the onion flourish there:
 Rose among roots, the maiden-fair,
 Wine-flavoured and poetic soul,
 Of the capacious salad-bowl.
 Let thyme the mountaineer (to dress
 The finier birds), and treading press
 The lover of the shallow brook,
 From all our plots and borders look



Nor crisp and ruddy radish, nor
 Pease-cods for the child's pinafore,
 Be lacking; nor of salad-clan
 The last and least that ever ran
 About great nature's garden beds:
 Nor thence be missed the speary heads

Of artichoke; nor thence the bean,
 That gathered innocent and green,
 Out savours the belauded pea.

These tend, I priihee; and for me,
 Thy most long-suffering master, bring
 In April, when the linnets sing,
 And the days lengthen more and more,
 At sundown, to the kitchen door.

And I, being provided thus,
 Shall, with superb asparagus,
 A hook, a taper, and a cup,
 Of country wine, divinely sup.

FROM DARKNESS—LIGHT.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

DR. MARTIN—I say, Dr. Martin, do not walk so fast. Come back here."

"What is the matter, Dale? If you loiter like this we shall not have an hour to spend at the Salon."

"Here is something that will, I think, interest you. Did you notice that blind beggar just at the end of the bridge?"



"A GRAVE, DIGNIFIED-LOOKING OLD MAN, WITH A FINE, INTELLIGENT COUNTENANCE." . . . "IT WAS OPENED BY A PRETTY, YOUNG GIRL."

"As if blind beggars were not common enough in Paris without my losing time to look after them!"

"But this person is not like any other blind beggar that I have ever seen. Such a noble, resigned face! Do come this way for a moment, doctor. Perhaps your science might be of use in this case."

Dr. Martin, the most skilled and celebrated ocu-
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list in the United States, who had arrived in Paris only a few weeks before on a journey undertaken for rest and refreshment by the directions of the most learned of his American colleagues in the practice of medicine, turned back at

the appeal of his friend Richard Dale, with whom he had just been taking a stroll amongst the bric-à-brac shops and book-stalls of the quays on the left bank of the Seine. Right at the end of the bridge which they had just traversed he saw the personage whose appearance had so struck his friend. This was a grave, dignified-looking old man, with a fine, intelligent countenance, and seemingly between sixty and seventy years of age. His hair and beard, which were as white as snow, were carefully combed and arranged, and his well-patched blouse was scrupulously clean. Even the poodle, who, according to invariable custom, sat beside his master, holding between his teeth a tin cup in which to receive the contributions of the charitable, was a well-washed and comfortable-

looking beast, altogether unlike the forlorn animals that usually fill such positions.

"A respectable-looking old fellow, I must say, Dale. So you want me to see if I can do anything for him? Well, I've no objection to try."

So, crossing the street, he dropped a ten-cent piece in the poodle's cup.

The old man, recognizing the clink of silver in the fall of the coin, bowed his head with a mute gesture of thanks. So dignified was his expression and manner, that the great oculist felt half embarrassed at addressing him. But just at that moment the beggar lifted his sightless eyes, and the sun shone full upon their pupils. The doctor uttered an exclamation of gratified surprise as he looked into the dimmed orbs thus revealed to him, and with characteristic abruptness he said:

"See here, my man, I'm an oculist, and I feel an interest in your case. Would you object to telling me how and when you lost your sight, and how long it has been since any doctor has examined your eyes?"

"I will tell you anything you wish to know, sir," responded the blind man, with characteristic courtesy.

"But not here, or now, I should say. We would have a crowd around us in five minutes to see what I was going to do to you. Have you any one at home that can read?"

"Oh, yes, sir—my wife and my three children can all read."

"Well, here is my card. Come to my rooms at the Hôtel Continental, to-morrow morning, before you take your station here—as early as nine o'clock, if you like. I want to examine your eyes thoroughly before I say anything more to you respecting them. I will pay for your guide, and I'll pay you, too, for your loss of time, if you like."

"That last will not be necessary, sir, for I never come to the bridge much before ten o'clock. But it is a good post, you see, and I must not leave it vacant. So I'll be at the hotel, without fail, punctually at nine o'clock to-morrow."

"Very good; I'll expect you. Now mind, do not raise your expectations too high. I do not say that I can do you any good—I only mean to see what I *can* do. Come, Dale, we shall be too late for the Salon." And off went the famous oculist and his friend, followed by a low-murmured phrase that sounded very much like a blessing.

"Do you really think that you can restore the old fellow's eye-sight?" asked Mr. Dale, as they walked briskly toward the Champs Elysées.

"I think it more than likely; though, of course, I cannot answer concerning certain complications in his case till I have thoroughly examined his eyes. But, so far as I can see, the

disease that caused his blindness is an extremely rare one, and I shall take great interest in learning what I can do. I never met but with one instance of it before, and that I cured."

"And the patient saw afterward?"

"As well as you or I. Positively, I feel much obliged to you for having called my attention to the old beggar's case just now. For the solitary instance that I treated had been considered incurable till I took it in hand, and now my learned brethren declare that there must have been some mistake in the diagnosis, or I never could have restored the patient's sight. So I have been anxious ever since to find another specimen of the same malady wherewith to convince them that my former cure was neither an error nor a fortunate chance."

"I hope that your new specimen will turn up all right to-morrow."

"So do I."

Punctually, as the hour of nine sounded on the little traveling-clock that stood on the table in Dr. Martin's drawing-room at the hotel, there came a discreet knock at the door, and in answer to the doctor's summons the old blind man entered, led by a fresh, bright-looking boy, and followed by the inseparable poodle.

The whole party were first made comfortable by a substantial breakfast, and then the boy was dismissed with an ample gratuity, and was promised as much more if he would wait down-stairs for the old man. The dog curled himself up in a sunny spot on the carpet, and his master set himself to work to tell his history.

"I have not a long story to tell, gentlemen—neither is it very thrilling or interesting. My name is Gabriel Perlot. I am of Normand descent, though my grandparents took up their residence in Alsace, and it was there that both my father and mother were born, as well as my wife, my good Gredel. We were fairly well to do in the world. I was a school-master, and kept a good-sized school for small country boys in a village near Strasburg. When the war between France and Prussia was ended, and Alsace belonged to Germany—well, gentlemen, we were all French in feeling as well as by descent, and there was nothing for us to do but to leave our home and come to France. That home was all destroyed anyhow, and we could not have staid there; my school was broken up, and the house was burned down, and our cows and pigs and chickens were all seized or driven away. So we came to Paris, my wife and I, and our two elder children, Franz and Anna. The latter was only a baby then. We got along pretty well for awhile. People were sorry for us because we had lost our home, and sympathized with us because we had chosen to keep our French nationality instead of turning

Germans, so they threw a good many odd jobs in our way, and got me a place as baggage-master at the Northern Railway Station, where my knowledge of German could be useful. For I was not learned enough to teach the boys in Paris anything, and, besides, they all said I had a horrid accent. Gredel took in sewing, and sometimes got a job of dress-making to do, though she could not go out by the day on account of the children. And then, after a year or two, our dear little Suzel was born, and my poor wife has never been strong enough since to do much work. We managed to struggle along somehow for a year or two, but it was hard work, gentlemen—hard, pinching work, especially in Winter. And then, to make matters worse, my eyes began to fail me, and before long I lost the sight of them entirely. I do not know what we should have done had not the city authorities given me my permit to beg, and one of the best stands in the city as well. So now we get along famously. Franz is studying the piano; he has a great taste for music, and he hopes by next Winter to be able to earn a good deal by playing dance-music and accompaniments for songs at *soirées*. As to my eldest daughter, Anna, she recites poetry most wonderfully, and one of the professors of the Conservatoire has taken her in hand, and says he will get her into the dramatic class at that institution at the annual competition for entrances next Fall. Suzel is only thirteen, but her brother and sister will look after her if she shows any talent. And my good wife sees to our clothes and to the house-keeping, and keeps her old blind husband neat and clean, so that I'm often told I look too respectable for a beggar. I've been blind now for eight years, gentlemen—eight years without the light of heaven or my children's faces; and sometimes it seems to me very hard."

"Let me look at your eyes," said the doctor, assuming a tone even more abrupt and decided than was usual with him, to conceal how much he was touched. He led the old man in front of the window, made him sit down, and investigated his eyes long and thoroughly, to the immense discomposure of the blind man's dog, who whimpered anxiously on seeing his master so ordered about and handled, though he was too well taught to indulge in any active interference. Finally, Dr. Martin said, letting slip his patient's eyelids from under the dextrous hold which he had maintained on them: "I think, M. Perlot, that I can promise you with full certainty the entire restoration of your sight, if you will submit to a comparatively trifling operation, and will afterward follow my directions implicitly."

The old man sank, trembling, back in his chair.

"Oh, sir!" he panted, breathlessly, "do you

really mean it? Shall I see again the skies and the sunshine—my Gredel's face—the features of my children? Do not give me false hopes, I implore you!"

"As far as any operation in surgery can be assured of success, that which I shall perform upon your eyes will surely be successful. Calm yourself, Perlot. I am not going to operate at once. I must make arrangements for a room for you, and for a trained nurse. Have no anxiety about the expense; I am more than willing to defray the cost of the whole affair, for reasons of my own. Come back here in two days' time, and I will tell you then the date and the place that I have fixed upon."

So saying, Dr. Martin slipped a gold coin in the old man's hand, and summoned his guide. Dazed and bewildered by the dazzle of this great new hope, Gabriel Perlot was led away, murmuring benedictions as he went, and scarcely heeding the rapturous caresses of his faithful dog, who was overjoyed at seeing his master departing safe and sound after having been subjected to such a very unusual course of handling.

The next morning, when Dr. Martin and his friend returned to their private parlor after finishing their breakfast, they were surprised to find the blind beggar waiting there for them, and Dr. Martin accosted his unexpected visitor rather impatiently.

"Why, Perlot, what brings you here this morning?" he asked. "I am not ready for you, nor shall I be for two days' time."

The old man twisted his hat between his hands, and seemed sorely embarrassed as to how he should begin his reply. But finally, turning his sightless eyes in the direction of the doctor, he said:

"Beg pardon, gentlemen; I hope you will not think me ungrateful or changeable—but—but—I have come to the conclusion that I had best not submit to the operation, after all."

"Why, man, are you mad?" cried Richard Dale. "Not have your eye-sight restored when such a wonderful chance is offered to you? I thought you were half beside yourself with delight yesterday at the bare idea."

"Come, Dale, let the man say what he has to say," interposed the doctor. "You will not object to let me know the reason of your new determination, will you, Perlot?"

"Oh, no, sir—no! I was quite overcome with joy yesterday, as the gentleman said, and I could not sleep last night for thinking about it, though I told the wife and children nothing at all, for I meant to surprise them when it was all over by walking in with my eyes as sound and bright as anybody's, and saying, 'I'm glad to see you all,' as well I might have been. But, as I lay there in

the quiet night-hours, thinking—thinking, I said to myself, ‘Gabriel, my man, if you are no longer blind, and cannot make any more a tidy sum daily by begging, who will support Franz till he finishes his studies, and Anna till she gets into the Conservatoire, and Suzel till she grows up, and the poor mother till she gets back her health?’ Look you, gentlemen, I am no longer young—over sixty-three—and I am not strong enough nor sharp enough to begin the world anew. Best leave things as they are.”

“And do you mean to say that you are willing to do without your eye-sight for the rest of your days, just for the sake of your family?”

“Yes, doctor—yes, that is about it. It is very hard when I think of the flowers and turf and trees, and the sunshine, and the faces of my children that went out into the darkness when they were such little creatures. But it is *not* hard when I picture them to myself with their future prospects all secured to them—Franz and Anna well able to take care of the mother and the little one when I am gone, and the nest-egg at the savings-bank doubled, and perhaps trebled, before I die, or get too infirm to keep at my regular stand. The blind beggar can maintain his family, and lay up something for the future. Gabriel Perlot, with a pair of good, strong eyes, would be fit for nothing but the work-house, and would drag his wife there after him, to say nothing of the privations and trials for the children. No, no; my mind is made up. I’ll live in darkness for my dear ones’ sake.”

“And this is your unalterable resolution?”

“Fixed and unchangeable. Don’t try to argue me out of it, gentlemen, I beg of you. Do you not think that there is a voice pleading with me all the time to take the chances—a voice that tells me of all the glories of the world and sky that might be mine, and that are shut out from me by my own act forever? I cannot and I must not listen. I thank you, doctor, all the same, and a thousand times over. Now, good-by; I must go to my post.”

“Stop a minute, Perlot,” said Dr. Martin, laying his hand as he spoke on the blind man’s shoulder. “How long do you think it will take for this boy and girl of yours to become self-supporting?”

“In two years’ time, sir, Franz will, I hope, be earning a fair income, what with lessons and playing at *soirées*; and once Anna has gone through her first year at the Conservatoire, she can teach French and elocution, even if she does not get a pension from the State to support her till she takes her first prize.”

“Very good. We are now in the month of June, 1886. In three years’ time I shall come to Paris again, to visit the great Exhibition. I’ll

look you up then, and if all goes well I will perform the operation. It is only delayed, you see. Nay, no thanks, my good man—no thanks. Keep them till I accomplish my task in 1889.”

“Dr. Martin,” said Mr. Dale, as the door closed behind the retreating form of the blind beggar, “I call that old fellow’s conduct nothing short of sublime. The Bible says, Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But is it not almost as great to give up one’s eye-sight—to voluntarily live in blindness so that the wife and children may be fed and clothed?”

Dr. Martin nodded acquiescence.

“And all I hope is that I may find him again, three years from now. But many things may happen in three years.”

Never looked Paris more radiant, and never were her thronging crowds more gay and animated, than in the Summer months of 1889—the long-talked-of, eagerly anticipated Exhibition year. The weather was superb, the skies were without a cloud, and the whole city, even outside of the enchanted land on the Champ de Mars, was ablaze with flowers and beautiful with turf and foliage. Amongst the earliest visitors to the Exhibition were the two friends, Dr. Martin and Richard Dale. They had often talked together about Gabriel Perlot during those three years, and had speculated concerning his probable fate. And when they reached Paris their first pilgrimage was to the Bridge of Solferino. But the place once occupied by the noble-looking old man was filled by a commonplace old beggar, who refused to answer any of their questions, and either knew nothing or was willing to tell nothing about his predecessor. It was not till some weeks later that Dr. Martin, through the good offices of the Prefect of Police, contrived to discover the abode of the blind old Alsatian. He found it at last, in a little street back of the Panthéon, and on questioning the *conciierge* concerning Gabriel Perlot he learned with regret that he was very ill.

“But go right up, sir—go right up. I suppose that you are the American doctor he has talked so much about of late, and though he is very bad indeed, I know it would break his heart to miss seeing you.”

Thus adjured, the doctor mounted the stairs, and tapped lightly at the door that had been indicated to him. It was opened by a pretty, young girl, a bright-eyed, graceful brunette, whose delicate features were, however, disfigured with crying.

“Gabriel Perlot? Yes, that is my father—but he is very ill, sir—too ill to see any one.”

“I think he will see me, mademoiselle. I am the American doctor who, three years ago—”



MRS. SIDDONS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 534.

"You are Dr. Martin, sir? Oh, then come in—do come in! He has been longing to see you." And without further ceremony she ushered the doctor into the sick man's chamber. It was scrupulously clean, and the grand head and white locks and beard of the invalid showed as nobly picturesque as ever against the spotless pillows and in the warm Summer light that came through the open window. But his eyes were closed, and the labored, sobbing breath told more eloquently than words of the repose that was so near at hand. A fine-looking young man was seated at the foot of the bed, watching the impassive face with an anxious gaze; and an elderly woman, her face buried in her hands, knelt beside the bed, weeping uncontrollably. As the doctor entered, the dying man stirred restlessly on his pillow, and his daughter, bending over him, said, softly:

"Father—dear father, Dr. Martin has come—he is here beside you."

A flash of reviving vitality thrilled the wan features and brightened the sightless eyes. He held out his hand with a groping, helpless gesture, and the doctor took the cold palm in his own.

"Yes, Perlot, I have kept my promise, and I am sorry to find you so ill."

"Not ill," gasped the sufferer, "but well—well. It will be well with me soon. A greater Physician than you even, doctor, is going to give me back my eye-sight. And you see how wise I was to live just a little longer out of the light. For Anna won her first prize at the Conservatoire last week, and will be a great actress; and Franz is doing wonders with his music; and it was I—I—that helped them on their way. And in a little while— No, Gredel, dear wife, you must not cry. Kiss Suzel for me when she comes home from the country. Franz—Anna—be good to your mother and your little sister—as good as I have always tried to be to you all."

His voice sank into an inarticulate whisper, and the wandering hands lay collapsed and motionless upon the quilt. Only the sobbing of the wife and daughter broke the stillness. Suddenly the voice of the dying man rang out clear and sonorous as in his days of stalwart manhood:

"God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

Then all was silence.

"MRS. SIDDONS," BY GAINSBOROUGH.

THIS beautiful illustration, on page 533, is from a photograph by Braun, which photograph is taken from the original picture in the National Gallery, London. At the time this picture was painted (1784), the famous actress was in full possession of her uncommon beauty, being only twenty-nine years of age, and had also just begun

to taste the delight of genuine metropolitan popularity. A few years before she had been abruptly dismissed from Drury Lane; and, though she was highly appreciated in the provinces, it was not until her return to Drury Lane, in 1782, when she made her *début* as *Isabella*, in "The Fatal Marriage," that she achieved a thorough London success. It may be observed that the celebrated portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the *Tragic Muse*, engravings of which are much commoner than of this picture of Gainsborough's, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1783. At this time Gainsborough was at the zenith of his fame, and painted a great many portraits. Peter Pindar, the satirist, advised him to be reconciled to Nature, and to have "the modest grace" to devote his attention to landscapes. Fatigued with portrait-painting, he seemed inclined to take this advice, but his subsequent quarrel with the Academy caused the contemporary public to see very little of his future work, and in 1788 he died.

THE BASQUE LANGUAGE.

WRITERS uniformly take a wicked pleasure in maligning the Basque language. Its spelling and syntax, its words and sentences, its methods of construction, are openly derided. Unusual word-forms and distended proper names are singled out and held up to jeers and contumely. A Spanish proverb asserts that as to pronunciation the Basques write "Solomon" and pronounce it "Nebuchadnezzar." The devil, it is alleged, studied for seven years to learn the Basque tongue; at the end of that time he had mastered only three words, and abandoned the task in disgust. "And the result is," adds a vivacious writer, "that he is unable to tempt a Basque, because he cannot speak to him, and that consequently every Basque goes straight to heaven. Unfortunately, now that the population is beginning to talk French (which the devil knows terribly well), this privilege is disappearing."

Overhearing disjointed Basque phrases on the Biarritz beach or in the streets and the *cafés* of St. Jean, one will not blame the devil's discouragement. There is scarcely one familiar Aryan syllable. For centuries their speech was not even a written one; there is said to be no book in Basque older than two hundred years. But, its strangeness and isolation once allowed for, there is in reality much to defend in the Basque language. As spoken, it is far from being harsh, and falls pleasantly, often softly, on the ear; the sounds are clear, the articulations rarely hurried as in the French. The words, other than a few proper names, do not exceed a sober and reasonable length, and as to spelling, every letter has

its assigned use and duty; there are no phonetic drones. The original root-forms are short and always recognizable; the full words grow from these by an orderly, if intricate, system of inflections and the forming of derivatives.

In regard to length of words, there exist undoubtedly some surprising examples, but they are merely compound expressions, and quite in analogy with those of better known and less abused tongues. The German, for one, indulges in such with notorious, yet unrebuked, frequency. One is naturally startled at encountering in Basque such imbrications as *Izarysaroyarenlar-rearenbarena*, or *Ardanzesaroyareniturricoburua*, which are actual names of places in Spanish Basque-land; but they are mercifully rare, and when analyzed prove to be rational, and even poetic, formations, laden with a full equivalent of import—the first of the above two signifying “the centre of the field of the mountain of the star,” and the second, “the summit of the fountain of the mountain of the vine.”

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

HE might (says Count Vasili) have formed a friendship with the Prince of Wales, and the Queen of England, who professes the most sincere affection for the princes of Orleans, anxiously desired that that intimacy should exist; but seldom were two natures more incompatible and different in tastes, habits and feelings. They agree only in politics, and it is said that the Prince of Wales, being reproached by his royal mother with his little sympathy for the Comte de Paris, replied: “Friendships cannot be crammed down people’s throats.”

Since I wrote “*La Société de Londres*,” the future King of England has become still more master of mundane sciences, confidant of the peccadilloes and petty scandals of society, protector of fine arts, and especially of chorographic and dramatic arts. He now lives on such terms of familiarity with his *entourage* that, once closeted in the smoking-room, there is no longer question of either highness, prince or subjects, but simply of Wales, Macduff, Sykes, Carrington, and such like, in full enjoyment of each other’s society. He tolerates from those rather numerous privileged persons such latitude in their behavior toward him—quoting one instance out of a thousand—that one of them having received from the Prince a late invitation to dinner, wired the following reply: “Won’t come. Lie follows by post.” It is difficult to imagine the Comte de Paris in such a circle. The exquisite correctness of his manners, his concern for morality, the elevation of thought and propriety, which latter

feeling is to him like a second nature, could not associate with it. Besides, he has but little gaiety and natural cheer, and only puts aside the stiffness of his manners in the unrestraint of family life, when he is often seen to play with his children as would a very affectionate and well-beloved elder brother.

He works regularly from six to eight hours daily, without, however, shackling himself with strict routine. He is always ready to share the sportive recreations of the Comtesse de Paris, and displays therein a goodly average skill and knowledge. He is a good shot, and a correct horseman; he is not, however, passionately fond of hunting, and it is doubtful whether he would have written to his young wife according to the style of his ancestor: “Madame, the weather is very cold, and I killed six wolves.”

FLAG-LORE.

To “**STRIKE A FLAG**” is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag-officers. Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

A “flag of truce” is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle, parties of both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is a sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute a vessel or fort.

If the President of the United States goes afloat, the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the elder, on the first night of his son’s famous drama “*La Dame aux Camélias*,” was wandering about the theatre beaming with pleasure. An acquaintance exclaimed: “Surely, my dear master, you have had a large share in the production of this piece?” “Certainly!” replied the old man. “Why, it’s author is by me!”

SIGNOR CRISPI AND THE ITALIAN CHAMBER.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

NATIONAL unity and a free Constitution have nourished in Italy a ripe and vigorous school of statesmanship. There is probably no legislative body in Europe which includes, according to its numbers, so many men of conspicuous ability as the Italian Chamber of Deputies. There is cer-

sits under the hot sun of Italy, are almost wholly unknown.

A visit to the Italian Chamber is well worth the making. Rome has a thousand attractions for the sojourner within its limits, so absorbing that it probably occurs to few American tourists



FRANCESCO CRISPI, PREMIER OF ITALY.

tainly no such body which maintains greater decorum and order in its proceedings, or in which party feeling is more steadily kept within the bounds of decency. The clamor which sometimes rises to a storm in the British House of Commons when that House has tired of an unwelcome speaker, the din which turns the French Chamber of Deputies into a bear-garden when a stinging epithet has been hurled from the tribune, are features which, in the Parliament that

to wend their way, when Parliament is sitting, to the lumbering old edifice which serves—temporarily, it is to be supposed—as the Italian Capitol. Yet, it would be interesting to any one who took the trouble to take a place in the gallery of the Chamber to observe the many picturesque and the few historic figures seated there, and to hear debates in the sweetly flowing “lingua Toscana.” The Palace of Monte Citorio was used, in the old Papal days, as the Prefecture of the

Papal Police. It was selected, when the King came and took up his abode in Rome, as the Parliament House. But, huge as it is, it contained no apartment adequate to the accommodation of the lower House; so its big court-yard was roofed in, fitted up, provided with semicircular benches, adorned with hangings, and here the Deputies met, for the first time representing every old kingdom, duchy and state of Italy in one assembly.

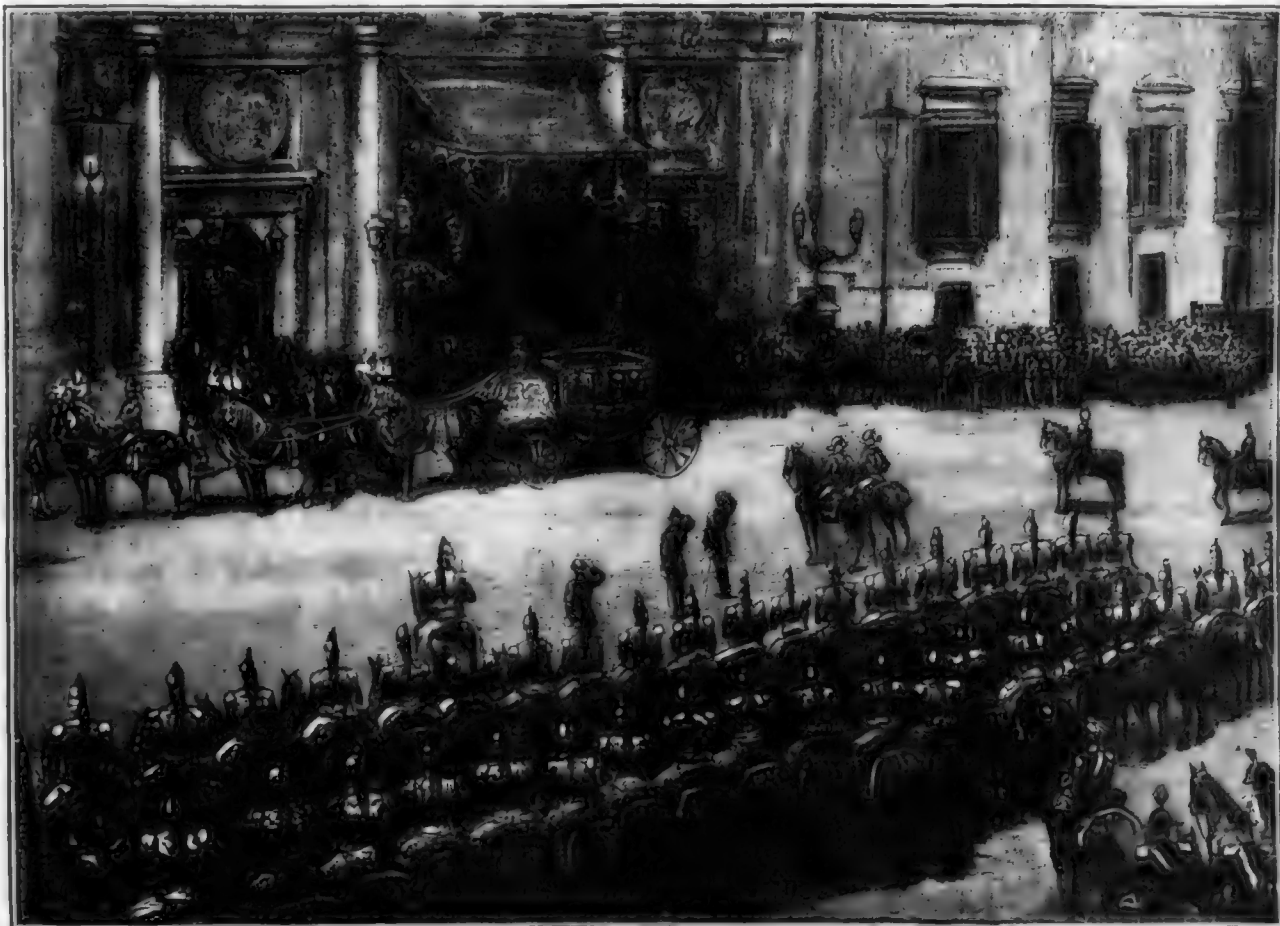
Opposite the semicircular seats, on which the Deputies sit, divided according to their party affiliations into Right, Centre and Left, is the President's *fautenil*, on the same dais with the throne. In front of the President is the table at which the Ministers for the time being sit. Above and behind the Deputies are the cozy galleries, admission to which it is never difficult to obtain.

The Deputies are about five hundred in number,

serve without pay, are chosen for a term of five years—though a Chamber seldom survives through its full term—and must be at least thirty years of



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT (MONTE CITORIO).



OPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT—ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT THE PALACE OF MONTE CITORIO.

age. They must also pay taxes, equal to about four dollars a year—not a very narrow limit. Another curious feature of the Italian electoral law is, that officers in the army and navy, Ministers, under-secretaries, and certain other high officials, may be elected Deputies; but the number of these must never exceed forty, not including the Ministers and Secretaries-general. The principal "perquisite" of the Deputies is the right to travel free on all railway and steam-boat lines. About one-fourth of the railways, it may be said, are owned by the Government.

In one political respect the Italians show a wisdom which might well be emulated in countries more boastful of their greatness and the excellence of their institutions. When a district finds out that it has elected a good Deputy, it keeps on returning him to Parliament. Party lines in Italy are not very distinctly defined; and the fact that a man has done good and honest legislative service is a stronger argument with Italian electors than the fact that he belongs to Right or Left, that he is a follower of Cairoli or Crispi. There are probably fewer changes in the *personnel* of the Italian Chamber, at each recurring election, than in any other Parliament in Europe.

The generation of men who took an active part in the series of revolutions whose combined result was to unite all Italy under the Crown of Savoy has by no means yet passed off the world's stage. Most of the great figures, it is true—Cavour, Garibaldi, D'Azelio, Mazzini—are seen no more in the haunts of men; yet of their disciples and followers, some in the walks of civil life, others with wounds received in the warlike commotions, many still live, honored by their grateful countrymen. It is interesting to note that these survivors of the struggle for unity and liberty are accorded a political privilege which is, perhaps, unique among nations. If any one of them is proposed as a candidate for the Chamber, whether he belong to the conservative or to the 'progressive party, all opposition to him is withdrawn. He is elected as a matter of course. It is looked on as unpatriotic to set up any candidate against him. So it was that Garibaldi, as long as he lived, had his seat in the Chamber secured to him, without opposition; although he scarcely ever appeared in it, and although his political views were only shared by a small, extreme and powerless group in the House, and were wholly lost sight of by the district which chose him.

The Italian political parties, like those of France and other European constitutional States, are broadly divided into the "Right" and the "Left." The Right is composed of conservative men, and may be said in some sort to correspond with the English Tories; while the Left profess to be progressive, and may be likened to the En-

glish Liberals. But for a long time party lines have not been strictly drawn in the Italian Parliament. Since the occupation, by the united realm, of Rome as a capital, twenty years ago, the questions which have divided parties have not been of high import. Both have opposed, more or less vigorously, the claims of the Papacy, and have favored the restriction of the powers of the Church and the alienation of monastic properties. Both, too, have avowed an active foreign policy and colonization: for all Italy seems to have been eager to maintain its new position as a great power of Europe. The result of this aspiration has been the creation of the third strongest navy in the world, and of an army which, on a war footing, would reach the figure of a million of men.

The rule of party in Italy, then, for the past ten years or more, has been rather by the coalition of groups of statesmen of both party names than by the pure domination either of the Right or of the Left. The large number of exceptionably able men in Parliament has made the personal element an important one in the construction of cabinets and the leadership of national policy. In 1879 Signor Depretis, probably the most astute politician, if not the broadest statesman, of his age, became a second time Prime Minister, as the leader of the party of the Left. But his policy was too moderate to suit certain groups of that party; and in order to maintain himself in power, Depretis formed a coalition between the more moderate groups of the Left and a large portion of the party of the Right, admitting some members of the latter into his Cabinet.

This caused the groups of the Left who had been "left out in the cold" to form a retaliatory coalition, which, from the fact that the chiefs consisted of five prominent leaders, came to be known by the name of the "Pentarchy." The names of these five leaders are all well known to those familiar with Italian politics—Crispi, Cairoli, Baccarini, Nicotera and Zanardelli. This division of parties, which seemed, to a large degree, to obliterate the lines dividing Right and Left, was shaken by the untoward events of the first Italian attempt at African conquest in 1887, resulting in the massacre of Italian troops at Dogali. The Depretis Ministry was thereby to a serious degree discredited; but the wily old Prime Minister was fertile in resource. He managed to detach from the Pentarchy two of its members, Crispi and Zanardelli, the former being by far the ablest of those who had hitherto opposed the Ministry. Both joined Depretis, and took seats in the Cabinet. This had the effect of breaking up the coalition of the Pentarchy altogether, for it left its remnants in a hopeless minority. The power of old Depretis seemed now founded upon

a rock. But death proved a foe more potent than the Pentarchy. In midsummer, 1887, Depretis died, at the advanced age of seventy-six. His had been a stirring life. He had shared the adventurous fortunes of Garibaldi in Sicily; had been made Dictator of Sicily when Garibaldi crossed to continue the revolution in Southern Italy; and had been often in high office for more than a quarter of a century. His tact and adroitness as a politician were unequalled in Italy; and he had shown qualities which made a comparison between him and the shrewd English Lord Palmerston a most apt one.

The death of Depretis left two figures conspicuous above the rest in Italian politics, and many others who were only a very little way behind the two in service, ability and eminence. These two foremost figures were Crispi and Cairoli. Of Cairoli, it may be said that his life reads like a thrilling romance, and that he is one of the heroes of the struggle for Italian unity who will not be retired to private life, probably, whatever his public course may be. A native of the historic northern town of Pavia, he was one of the leaders of an insurrection of unionist students against Austrian rule when he had just come of age. He was one of the ever-famous One Thousand of Marsala, and fought like a lion on the memorable field of Mentana. He was always one of the foremost in any conflict which led toward Italian unity. In politics, too, he had long been conspicuous. He was twice Prime Minister, as the most popular chief of the Left, and was an especial favorite both of King Victor Emmanuel and of his successor, Humbert. Cairoli's chief hold on popularity is his personal history, his noble personal qualities, and the richness and fervor of his eloquence.

A yet more notable, "all-around" man than Cairoli, however, is the Prime Minister of Italy, Francesco Crispi. Glancing down from the gallery, you will perceive, sitting at the Ministerial table, a man somewhat above medium height and rather slight of form, with a keen dark eye, bronzed, strongly Italian features, heavy, snow-white mustache, and head thinly covered with frosted curly hair. The expression of the countenance indicates a strong, stern, even stubborn will, and a degree of energy unimpaired by advanced age. Crispi, indeed, is one of the "grand old men" who have in recent years had so large a share in directing the destinies of European States. He has passed his three-score-and-tenth year, and yet his physical and mental powers seem undiminished. He holds his own as stoutly against his antagonists as he once fought the myrmidons of the execrable Bomba under the deep-blue skies of Sicily. For, like Cairoli and many other Deputies, Crispi was one of the gallant soldiers of the war of Italian deliverance. Born in Sicily, in

1819, he came of that famous Græco-Roman stock which contributed many a fiery spirit to the Southern Italian revolution. "The Sicilian of the Græco-Roman race," says a recent writer, "is silent, suspicious, wise, faithful, unable to forget either a good or evil deed without having rewarded or avenged; not easily moved from his purpose, and always armed with infallible logic. Full of boundless self-confidence, he hates cowardice and indolence; will use any means to obtain a desirable end; is a faithful friend, a terrible, irreconcilable but honest enemy, and more inclined to action than to words." This might serve very well as the description of the character of Crispi himself, a true son of that remarkable race.

At first, Crispi thought he would be a lawyer; but, just as he was preparing to enter upon a legal career, he became involved in the conspiracies of Southern Italy to throw off the intolerable yoke of the Bourbons. He was a fiery young leader in the brave but abortive insurrection which followed, as was the case nearly all through Europe, the outbreak of the third French revolution. Crispi, like many of his fellow-patriots, was obliged to flee from Italy. He resorted first to Paris; but Napoleon III. had scant sympathy for those who conspired to overthrow thrones, and the young Sicilian was obliged to repair to that asylum of all political exiles, London. There he consorted with Louis Blanc, and plotted with the heroic Venetian patriot, Mazzini.

But his restless spirit could not abide amid the secure ease of exile in a great foreign capital. Presently we find him returning to his native Sicily in disguise, and there forming, in concert with Garibaldi, the ever-memorable effort of "the Thousand"—the thousand devoted souls who pledged themselves to the liberation of Naples, or death. Crispi went through the mountain districts of the Sicilian isle, enlisting his recruits, and arranging for their action in connection with Garibaldi, who was then in Northern Italy. Crispi himself took part in the victory of the Thousand, and was, from the first to the last of that critical time, Garibaldi's right-hand man and trusted adviser. With the organization of the united Kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, Crispi, like many of the most ardent revolutionists, and even republicans, abandoned once for all the part of conspirator, and became a loyal supporter of the new régime. While, no doubt, he would at that time have preferred an Italian republic under his heroic chief, Garibaldi, he deemed the unity of Italy, under a liberal-minded King, the best solution of the governmental problem as circumstances were. He entered the Italian Parliament to become at once one of its most conspicuous figures. In four

years he rose to the post of President of the Chamber of Deputies; and at the most turbulent period in the history of that body proved to be a firm and tactful presiding officer. At the same time Crispi took a keen and ever-watchful interest in the momentous problems involved in the construction of a united kingdom out of the patch-

Pope and the Church. This was the most vexed knot of all to untie; but Crispi, and those who thought with him, were never content until the supremacy of the State was everywhere established throughout Italy, even though that was attained at the sacrifice of the most august traditions, and even the property, of the Church.

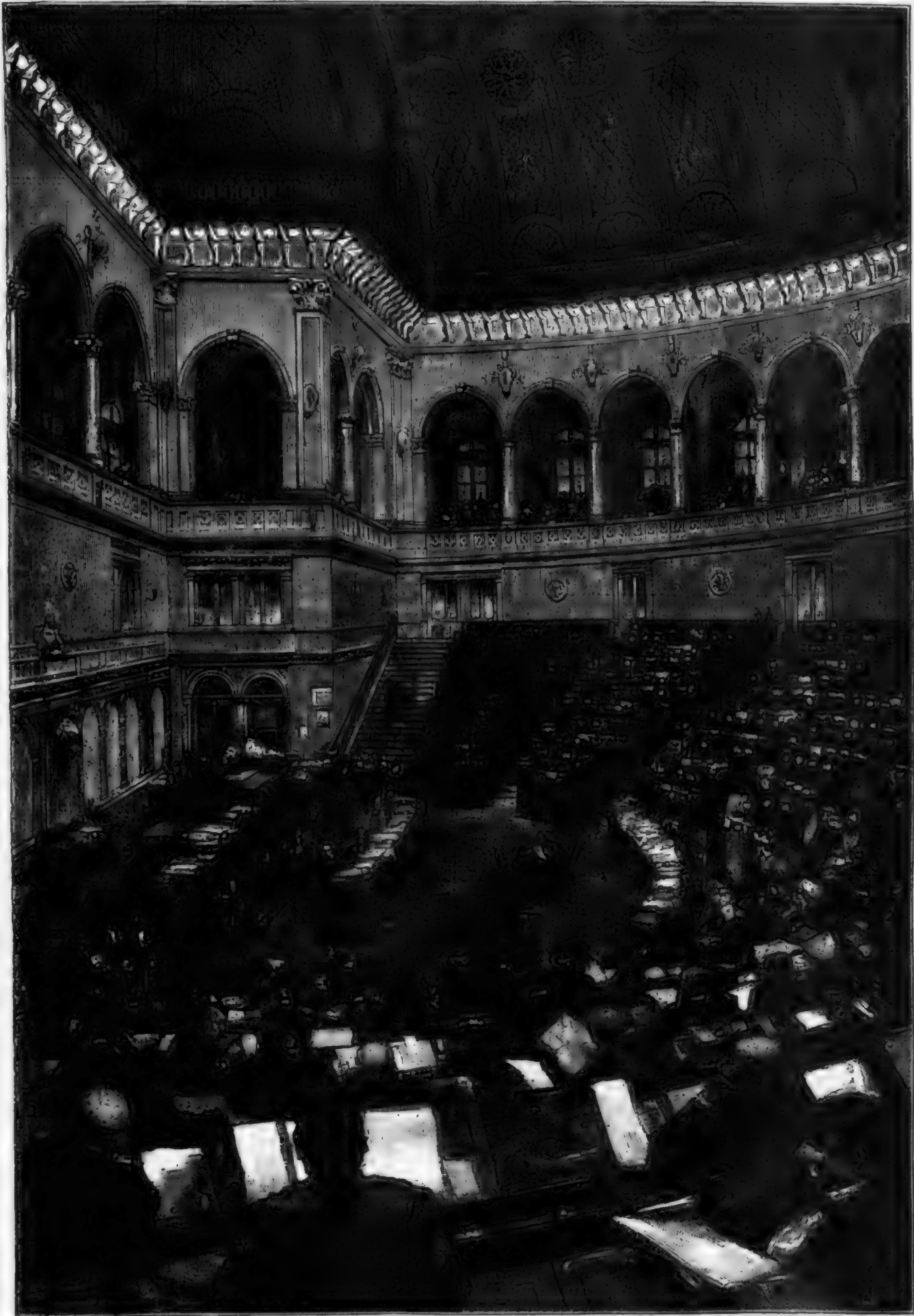


SIGNOR CRISPI AT AN OFFICIAL FETE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, FARNESE PALACE, ROME.

work of old kingdoms, duchies and states of which Victor Emmanuel's new realm was composed.

At first and always an ardent, an uncompromising Liberal, or, rather, Radical, he supported by his eloquence and labors the most advanced measures, especially the drastic policy which soon prevailed in the attitude of new Italy toward the

Crispi is recognized to-day not only as the broadest and most vigorous of Italian statesmen, but as the most skillful party chief and the most resourceful of Parliamentary leaders. His adroitness as a manager of men is proverbial. In spite, too, of a strenuous and far from despicable opposition, he is regarded as the personification of Italy's patriotic aspirations. He may be said to



THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

be the creator of the policy which has diverted Italy from her old alliance with France, and has enabled her to enter into a close bond of international union with her old enemy and oppressor, Austria, and her stalwart friend of twenty years, Germany. It is he who has carried the Italian Army to its present large numbers and high state of efficiency; he who has established a navy inferior only to those of Great Britain and France in the world.

Thus, no doubt, the vigorous ex-revolutionist has placed heavy burdens upon the Italian taxpayer, and has withdrawn large numbers of able-bodied men from the pursuits of industry. But at the same time he has filled the national pride with profound satisfaction, by elevating Italy to the rank of the sixth great power of Europe. In all these matters Crispi has shown a degree of boldness, a supreme self-confidence, which nothing can appall or subdue. In a notable speech, a year or two ago, in the Chamber of Deputies, he compared himself to the famous volcano of his native Sicily. "As Etna," said he, "I unite the heat and the cold, the repose and the tempest. I have an irritable fibre; my mind burns; but I have learned how to control myself, and my calmness and strength of will reduces my heart to obedience."

By qualities such as these Crispi has attained to such a height of power and influence, not in Italy alone, but in the councils of Europe, that it is doubtful whether he can ever be spared long from the helm of State, while he lives and retains his masterful faculties. At first he was strongly disliked by King Humbert; but, like Sir Robert Walpole, he has overcome the prejudices of his sovereign, and is now more deeply in Humbert's confidence than any living man.

Crispi's soul seems wrapped up in the great and grave political duties which devolve upon him. He is neither scholar nor student, and has but little familiarity with, or even taste for, polite literature. When, as he occasionally does, he goes to the theatre, he usually falls asleep. But when he rises to speak in the Chamber of Deputies, he becomes suddenly transformed. He lifts himself to his full height, his fists are clinched, and he speaks in a strong, clear, penetrating voice. His speeches are full of nervous force, of sarcastic sting, of incisive logic and well-constructed argument. In these latter qualities of speech he is easily supreme in the Chamber. "In talking," says a recent Italian writer, "he looks straight into the face of the person whom he addresses, as if trying to look through the eyes into the mind. If the person addressed is intelligent, Crispi's attention is soon attracted. He holds his head higher, his face expresses interest, he listens and replies. If he is face to face with an indifferent

person, he smiles half pleasantly, half disdainfully; his head sinks on his chest, his hands fall on his knees, he shrugs his shoulders, expresses distrust, and ends the conversation as soon as possible."

Such is the remarkable old man who to-day guides the destinies of the sturdy, ambitious and progressive young Kingdom of Italy.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A SONG.

BY DONALD R. MCGREGOR.

My love is not like any flower;
For flowers live but a day,
And many a one but for an hour,
Then dying, fades away;
But my sweet love is like a song,
That sinks into the heart,
And lingers there so very long,
It 'most becomes a part.

My love is not like any star;
For stars but shine at night,
And then 'tis only from afar
That stars appear so bright;
But my sweet love is like a song,
That brightens all the day,
That rolls the wheels of Time along,
And drives the night away.

My love is not like any one
That mighty pens have made,
Like no fair image 'neath the sun,
No bird in field or glade;
But my sweet love is like a song,
Alike to hut and throne,
A glorious thing before the throng,
A sweet, mild thing alone.

A BLOOD-SUCKING PLANT.

LEROY DUNSTAN, a well-known naturalist of New Orleans, who has recently returned from Central America, where he had spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua. He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect net-work of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots or fibres, the nature of which was unknown to him.

The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping-willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr.

Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, muscular fibre. To his horror and amazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion.

In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging clasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a dark-grayish tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, very powerful and nauseating to inhale.

The native servants who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine, which they call *la sagenas de diable*, the devil's seine, or snare, and were full of stories of its death-dealing powers. One of these stories was of an Englishman residing in Managua, who, while hunting in the swamp a few years before, lay down beneath a tree where a large and powerful specimen of this singular plant was growing, and inadvertently falling asleep, awoke to find himself enveloped in its web, and, in spite of every effort made to extricate him, perished in its deadly embrace.

Another story was of an escaped convict, who had hidden in the swamp, and whose bones had been found in the folds of the *sagenas* only a short time before Mr. Dunstan's visit. These stories, remarkable as they may seem, are firmly believed in by the people, but the only three specimens which Mr. Dunstan was able to find were all small ones, though the meshes of the largest would probably, if extended in a straight line, measure nearly if not quite one hundred feet.

He was able to discover but very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be torn away with loss of skin, and even of flesh; but, as near as Mr. Dunstan could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths, or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food.

The gum exuded seems to serve the twofold purpose of increasing its tenacity and of overcoming a victim by its sickening odor. The plant is found in low, wet places, and usually beneath a large tree, and, while dormant, seems only a network of dry, dead vines, covering the black earth for several feet, but, coming in contact with anything, will instantly begin to twist and twine upward in a horrible, life-like manner, breaking out with the gum-like substance spoken of before,

and inwrap the object with a celerity that is almost incredible.

If the substance is animal, the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short time of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief, it devouring at one time over ten pounds of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without any apparent loss of vitality. Mr. Dunstan attempted to bring away a root of the *sagenas*, but it died during his return voyage, growing so foul with a strong odor of real animal corruption that he was obliged to get rid of it.

PISA AND ITS CHARM.

By AMY LEVY.

"At last!" I cried, inwardly, as I sped down the steps. At last I could breathe again, at last I was out in the sunlight and in the wind, away from the musty chilliness, the lurking shadows of that stifling palace. Oh, the joy of freedom and of solitude! Was it only hours? Surely it must be years that I had been imprisoned behind those thick old walls and iron-guarded windows. On, on I went with rapid foot in the teeth of the biting wind and the glare of the scorching sunlight, scarcely noticing my surroundings in the first rapture of recovered freedom. But by degrees the strangeness, the beauty of what I saw began to assert themselves.

I had turned off from the Lung' Arno, and was threading my way among the old and half-deserted streets which led to the cathedral.

What a dead, world-forgotten place, and yet how beautiful in its desolation! Everywhere were signs of a present poverty, everywhere of a past magnificence.

The men with their sombreros, and cloaks worn toga fashion; their handsome, melancholy faces and stately gait; the women, bare-headed, graceful, drawing water from the fountain into copper vessels, moved before me like figures from an old-world drama.

Here and there was a little, empty piazza, the tall houses abutting on it at different angles, without sidewalks, the grass growing up between the stones.

Truly it seemed only waiting for first gentleman and second gentleman to come forward and carry on their dialogue while the great "set" was being prepared at the back of the stage.

The old walls, roughly patched with modern brick and mortar, had bits of exquisite carving imbedded in them like fossils; and at every street corner the houseleek sprang from the interstices of a richly wrought molding. A great palace,

with a wonderful façade, had been turned into a wine-shop; and the chestnut-sellers dispensed their wares in little gloomy caverns hollowed out beneath the abodes of princes. Already the nameless charm of Italy was beginning to work on me; that magic spell from which—let us once come under its influence—we can never hope to be released.

A long and straggling street led me at last to

by the low wall of the Campo Santo, with the wind whistling drearily across it, struck me as the very type and symbol of desolation.

At one end rose the Leaning Tower, pallid, melancholy, defying the laws of Nature in a disappointingly spiritless fashion. Close against it the grand bulk of the cathedral reared itself—a marvel of mellow tints, of splendid outline, and richly modeled surfaces. And, divided from this



SIGNOR CRISPI AND THE ITALIAN CHAMBER.—BISMARCK AND CRISPI, FRIEDRICHSHAGEN, OCTOBER, 1887.—SEE PAGE 536.

the Piazza del Duomo, and here for a moment I paused breathless, regardless of the icy blast which swept across from the sea.

I thought then, and I think still, that nowhere in the world is there anything which, in its own way, can equal the picture that greeted my astonished vision.

The wide and straggling grass-grown piazza, bounded on one side by the city wall, on the other

by a strip of rank grass, up sprang the little quaint baptistery, with its extraordinary air of freshness and of fantastic gayety, looking as though it had been turned out of a mold the day before yesterday.

Such richness, such forlornness, struck curiously on the sense. It was as though, wandering along some solitary shore, one had found a heaped treasure glittering undisturbed on the open sand.



"MY FELLOW-ACTOR WAS PACING IMPATIENTLY TO AND FRO BEFORE THE GATE."

ROMEO.

"Speakst thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own!
Where is she? And how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our canceled love?"

"BEAUTIFUL!" said Helen Foote, admiringly.
"Why, none of you can hold a candle to him,
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Mr. Conroy. How he throws his heart into his
acting! That last bit was superb. If you'd *only*
do that in 'The Stranger.'"

I laughed.

"Your eloquence always puts me out. I'm
occupied in admiring your acting instead of heed-
ing my own," I said, gallantly.

Miss Foote shrugged her shoulders.

"Nonsense, Mr. Conroy. Where did he come from? I've been ill so long that I've heard no stage news. I suppose he's from London?"

"I believe so. I'm not certain, for he keeps his own counsel very closely."

"But what a boy he looks!" Miss Foote cried, as the curtain fell amid rapturous applause.

"He says he is six and twenty," I said, laughing.

"Well, and that's ten years younger than I," said Helen Foote, who was not in the least sensitive about her age. "What's his name?"

"Denzil Beatoun."

As I spoke, the owner of the name was called before the curtain, and as he bowed in acknowledgment of the repeated plaudits I saw Helen Foote's hand clench on her black lace fan. For a moment Denzil Beatoun's handsome brown eyes had met hers, and for that space of time she seemed spell-bound. The next moment he was gone, and Helen Foote's color came back.

"I was right," she said, composedly; "he is very clever."

The next day Denzil Beatoun was absent from rehearsal, and afterward, partly from curiosity, partly, I hope, from a kindlier feeling, I went round to his rooms in North Craig Street. He was sitting over the fire when I entered, looking very haggard and worn, and idly sketching something on a sheet of paper.

He flung it aside as I came in, but not before I had noticed it was a woman's face, and a very lovely one.

"Now, this is very kind of you, Conroy," he said, holding out his hand, "especially in such a busy time. How gets on 'Tannhäuser'?"

"Pretty well," I said, seating myself; "I shall be ready for Monday."

"Who is to be your *Lady Halle*?"

"Miss Foote, of course."

"She's a fine woman."

"And a fine actress," I returned. "You'll be in raptures with her on Monday, Beatoun. You've never seen her play before?"

"My good fellow, I never go into raptures over anything—not even myself," Denzil Beatoun said, coldly, ignoring my question altogether. Rather surprised at his sudden change of tone, I remained silent, and presently he said: "What disgusting weather Letton boasts! We've had nothing but east winds since we came here. They play the mischief with me."

"You don't look very brisk," I assented. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing in particular," he said, wearily; "headache and dizziness, that's all. Oh, I shall be all right for this evening." And then he broke out into a laugh, and, drawing his desk

nearer him, held out a small sheet of satin-wove paper. "Read that," he said, abruptly.

I read the few words of invitation, and handed it back to him.

"Lady Erne writes a pretty hand."

"Tush! shall I go or not, Conroy?"

"How can I tell?" I said, in surprise; "it's your own affair, Beatoun."

"I know. But I've grown superstitious for the first time in my life. And I think there is something evil in the road to Erne Manor."

I laughed.

"Don't go then."

"I see, you think me a coward," Denzil Beatoun said between his set teeth. "I *will* go, Conroy."

"You're wise, I think."

"And you—are *you* wise, Conroy?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, hurriedly.

"I'm not blind, my dear fellow—and I've seen Alice Erne."

"And what then?"

"Not much. She sings well, but not so well as Miss Foote."

"When did you hear Miss Foote sing?" I asked, not sorry to change the topic. "She told me she had not sung a note since her illness."

Denzil Beatoun flushed, and poked the decaying fire fiercely.

"What does it matter to you, Conroy? Yes, I *did* know Miss Foote in London."

"I thought you were old friends."

"Why?"

"From her manner last night."

"Indeed! Miss Foote is a clever woman."

"So she remarked of you as a man, Beatoun."

"Which was very kind of her under the circumstances. Do you indeed go to the Manor, Conroy?"

"How do you know I'm invited?"

"I read it in your face long ago."

"Are you a thought-reader, then?"

"Not a professed one," he said, lightly, "yet I can read yours easily enough. I see you'd like to learn how I came to know Miss Foote—how I got this invitation from Lady Erne—and how much or how little I know of the fair Alice."

"What nonsense!" I said, laughing.

"True, nevertheless. Are you going already? I shall see you this evening at the theatre. *An revoir*."

A week afterward we met at Lady Erne's hospitable table. Sir George monopolized Beatoun, and her ladyship was busy talking to her nephew, Major Lindsay, so I was free to devote myself to Alice Erne and her lively school-fellow Miss Dacre.

After dinner we had a lot of singing, in which I took no part, but contented myself with keeping

a jealous watch over Alice and her cousin while Beatoun and Miss Dacre were singing "My Pretty Page." Presently, Alice rose and came up to me, looking flushed and prettier than ever.

"Harold has been telling me about your adventure at Liverpool," she said; "and I wonder you could run such a risk."

I glanced at Harold Lindsay, sulkily. I did not want to be indebted to *him* for Alice's good opinion. "What risk, Miss Erne?" I said, rather crossly.

"Why, saving the poor dog. I think it was splendid of you, Mr. Conroy."

"It will be much more splendid of you to come and turn over my leaves for me," said Miss Dacre, gayly; "Mr. Beatoun has grown tired of waiting on me, it seems."

Beatoun did not hear; he was talking to Sir George, and so I had to go the young lady's assistance. She was merciful, however—she only sang three songs, the last a pretty, pathetic ballad of love and loss. She was just singing the refrain of the second verse,

"O laddie, laddie, laddie,
Thou wert made for more than this;
To be loved a day, and then flung away,
Just bought and sold with a kiss,"

when Denzil Beatoun came up to me and whispered, hastily: "I must get away from this place somehow. Make my excuses, Conroy. Say I'm ill—dead—dying—anything you will." He broke away from me, said something in Lady Erne's ear, and hurried out of the room. Miss Dacre pouted, and expressed her opinion that Mr. Beatoun was mad. Alice looked pale and scared, but her mother was quite composed.

"Poor Denzil," she said, as I made my excuses and adieux, "I understand him exactly, Mr. Conroy. We rely on you to help him over his trouble," she added, confidentially.

"What did she mean?" I wondered, as I hurried down the avenue in pursuit of my fellow-actor, who was pacing impatiently to and fro before the gate.

"What an age you've been!" he exclaimed, taking my arm. "Step out, Conroy; it's awfully cold."

We walked on in silence for some minutes, then my companion burst out with: "What possessed me to close with Fay's offers, I wonder? Conroy, I wish your company had been at the bottom of the sea."

"Thank you," I said, rather offended; "and may I ask why?"

"The one woman in the world I wanted never to see again," he said, musingly. "Will the *other* track me down, I wonder? Oh, no," with a little laugh, "*she's* safe at all events. Look here, Conroy, I'll tell you all about it, and by and by

you can work it up into a tale. Promise me one thing—you'll wait till I am dead. 'Absent thee from felicity awhile, and in this dark world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story'—Pshaw! how the cant sticks to one. Like a good many other young fools, I saw a pretty face, and I dubbed its owner an angel. She was—a little different. We were engaged, and I broke with all my people for her sake. They did not like her, and they shook me off with very little sorrow. I was always a scant-o'-grace. But my godmother, Lady Erne, stuck to me all along—God bless her for it! Alice never knew—but she must know—my God! she must know *all* before long."

He broke off abruptly, then, with a defiant laugh, went on: "My angel behaved in a queer manner for an angel. She got tired of me after a time, and one day borrowed all the money I had left. That evening I was arrested for debt—a pretty thing for General Beatoun's only son! Thanks to Lady Erne, my people came to my assistance, and the day I was free I went to see Adeline. I saw her as she was; not in a pleasant light, when I had loved her. She insulted me so that I lost patience, struck her, knocked her down. Mind, Conroy, I make no excuse; it was inexcusable. I left London at once, and went to Leeds. There I met your manager, and we came to terms. Of course I was ignorant that my old sweetheart, Helen Foote, the woman I'd jilted for Adeline's sake, was in the company. The song Miss Dacre sang to-night is the one Adeline sang to me last. Is it all clear to you now? Honor among thieves, Conroy. I've kept faith with you about little Alice Erne. But I'll never go again to the Manor. I might learn to like the child too well for my own peace or hers, or yours. Bad as I am, Conroy, I never thought of playing false to you. Stop, I won't be pitied. And there is something else I have to say. I saw in the *Letton News* yesterday that Adeline Harley died a fortnight ago from concussion of the brain. So you see I shall have to answer for that blow I struck. Good-night, Conroy. You know the worst of me now."

In spite of the sword hanging over his head on so slender a hair, Denzil Beatoun's laugh was as ready and gay as ever when he stood at the wings the next night, waiting till the scene between *Juliet* and her nurse should be over, and he be called on. As we stood together, somebody tapped me on the shoulder—it was our manager, Mr. Fay.

"One minute, Conroy," he began, in an excited whisper; "they say Mr. Beatoun——"

"What about me?"

Denzil turned round hastily. A few steps behind him stood two policemen, big, burly Yorkshiremen both.

"They want me," Denzil Beatoun said, com-

posedly. "I told you so, Conroy. Murder will out."

He went up to them, leaving me amazed at his coolness, and after five minutes' whispering came back, smiling.

"I'm going to play out my part," he said. "These good fellows are going to watch the exits, and two are posted at the wings. Their measures are well taken, eh? Well, I must be going on. Wish me good luck with *Romeo*, Conroy. I wonder if he was ever played in the same circumstances before?" and waving his hand, he went on, looking particularly calm and self-possessed.

The manager and myself watched him from the wings, wondering at his indomitable pluck. Miss Foote was in the stage-box, looking on, and, like

lief. The curtain fell again, and the calls for Denzil were reiterated. But, instead of going before the curtain, the manager's daughter came up to us with a scared look in her dark eyes.

"You're wanted, papa," she faltered.

"What now, Rachel? I'll see after it. Go you in front, Rachel, fack," and the little manager bustled away.

A minute later one of the policemen touched me on the arm. "Mr. Fay would like to see you at once, sir;" and surprised, and a little startled, I went on.

The stage was still in semi-darkness, but instinctively I made my way at once to where *Romeo* was lying still in that languidly graceful attitude. The manager was kneeling beside



CHARTRES AND ITS CATHEDRAL.—HOUSE IN THE OLD QUARTER OF CHARTRES.—SEE PAGE 550.

ourselves, almost electrified by the passion and pathos of his acting. The last scene was superb—his dying words spoken in even more masterly a manner than his other speeches, and I saw Miss Foote was crying behind her fan. Our little Welsh manager coughed huskily.

"Poor boy! poor boy! Knowing what you and I know, Conroy, we can appreciate it—we can tell what pluck it needs. Listen, how they're applauding!"

At this juncture the curtain rose rapidly to afford the audience one more glimpse of *Romeo*'s handsome face and figure, the cold gray stone of the Capulets' tomb contrasting forcibly with his golden hair and rich dress, against which one of *Juliet*'s long black curls showed up in strong re-

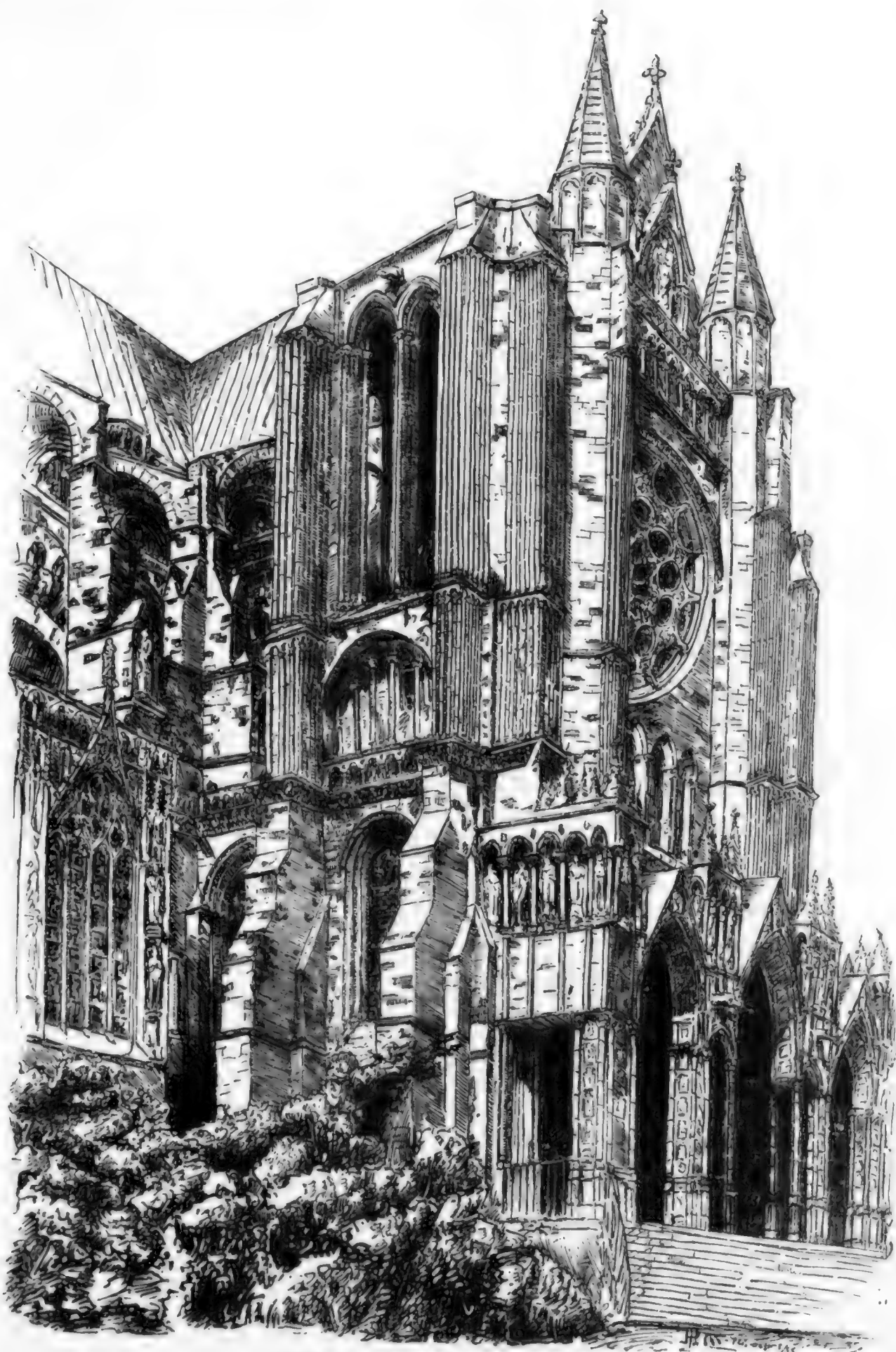
him, and as I came up to the group a woman's cry rang sharply out behind me. Somebody rushed past me and flung her arms round the young actor.

"Oh, Denzil, my darling! my darling!"

The brown eyes opened suddenly, and looked up sadly and gratefully into Helen Foote's agonized face.

"Helen, you're an angel to come to me now." Their lips met and parted, and then Denzil Beaton held out his hand to me. "Will you take it, Conroy? At least I have been true to you. You can write the story now, you know."

Overwhelmed with the horror and the suddenness of it, I turned to the manager, who was holding in his hand, not the stage poison-cup, but a



CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES—SOUTH TRANSEPT.

tiny vial, whence it seemed this *Romeo* of ours had drunk his death. Even then I heard the audience applauding, and Mr. Farquhar, our *Mercutio*, apologizing for Mr. Beatoun's non-appearance on the plea of sudden indisposition. How terrible the stage looked, with its lights, and flowers and music surrounding the tragedy which was so nearly played out. I turned again to look at this man, who might have been more sinned against than sinning, and even as I turned the brown eyes met mine—dimmer now, but fearless still.

"I'm sorry I frightened Miss Fay. Good-by, Conroy—St. Helen, let me kiss you before my strength goes."

He raised himself to kiss her, then fell back, his hands clinching; and Helen Foote bowed her head with a cry of anguish, as our brilliant, beautiful *Romeo* passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

ELLA PICTON.

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark:

For tho' from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have cross'd the bar.

'WARE WOLF!

BY B. B.

I WAS staying last year at a country house in Hungary, when, one evening, the party assembled at my host's were dismayed to hear that a judge, whom several of us had met but a few days before, had been eaten up by wolves. The unfortunate gentleman was driving home from a late dinner, when his sledge was pursued by a pack of wolves. The driver lashed his horses into a gallop; the sledge, dipping into a rut, gave a jolt which threw the judge out; and the servant, who afterward swore that he had not noticed the accident, drove on to the nearest town without his master. When a search-party was sent out with guns and lanterns, they found nothing of the judge except a few shreds of clothes in a large pool of blood.

Horrors of this kind are not rare in Hungary; and it is difficult to guard against them, for wolves are uncertain in their migrations. During whole years a district will be comparatively free from them, after which they will suddenly appear in myriads. The length of the Autumn in Russia has something to do with the matter. If the Winter comes late, and is preceded by a rainy season, there is generally a great deal of disease and mortality among the cattle on the steppes; thousands upon thousands of tainted beasts are then driven out of the folds to shift for themselves, and thus the wolves find plenty to eat in home-quarters. But if Winter sets in early and severe there is but little waste of cattle, and the hungry wolves make tracks for the West. They must have retentive memories, for it has been noticed that they seldom ravage the same district, in any great numbers, two years in succession. It is certain that the packs are all led by old "dogs," and these veterans probably recount to the younger ones their experiences of by-gone wolf *battues*, in which their brethren were slain by the thousand. For a wolf-invasion has to be combated with all the might which an infested district can put forth. It is no question of sport, but one of defending life and property, which remain in constant jeopardy until the wolves have been slaughtered in hecatombs, and the remnant clean scared out of the district. So long as these evil-doing beasts are on the prowl, not a mother dare trust her child out-of-doors; not a cow, sheep or pig can be turned into pasture. At night bonfires have to be lighted near the strongly barricaded cattle-sheds, and by day squires and tenants go out together in well-armed parties, escorted by all the rabble doggery of the country. There is a story of a gentleman who went out lion-hunting, and found it very good fun until he discovered that the lion was hunting *him*. A similar experience comes upon many a sportsman who, having talked trippingly at home about his desire to have some wolf-shooting, has found himself on a Hungarian plain, where the wolves were quite as anxious to get at him as he at them. Wolves, when not famished, will lie in woods during the day-time, and prowl for their food at night; if famished, they act like mad dogs—in fact, they often are infected with rabies, and then they know no prudence or fear. Singly, in small packs of half a dozen, or in hundreds, they will fly at any living thing which comes near them. Their howls are dreadful to hear, for they are the howls of creatures in excruciating pain from hunger and wounds. When rabies breaks out in a pack the mad ones bite the others, till all become rabid together, and there is not an individual in the pack but is mangled and maimed.

This rabies, so common among wolves, accounts for the fact that the conduct of these animals can never be reckoned upon. About a year ago a Hungarian in a sledge kept a pack of ten or twelve at bay by loudly tooting upon a cornet-à-piston; but these cannot have been famished wolves. Quite lately again a Hungarian woman, being attacked by a wolf, her little child, a girl of twelve, caught the animal by the ears and frightened him away; but this, too, must have been a wolf who had not lived long on short commons. A well-fed wolf will run away from man like a hare. Such a one will be scared by the flaming of a lucifer-match; and he will squat on his haunches blinking at the light of a cottage-window without daring to advance a step until the light be put out. Even this kind of wolf, however, will gorge himself if he gets among sheep, horses or poultry. These are his natural prey, and he will fall upon them, if he can do so with safety, whether he be hungry or not. A single wolf has been known to mutilate every sheep in a fold, biting a piece out of one and another from sheer greed and natural enmity. A wolf, who had got into the stables of a Hungarian gentleman, bit ten horses, though they were stalled separately, and was only quieted at last by a kick which stretched him dead. No wonder the peasantry confound the wolf with hail, blight, the *phylloxera* and other scourges of Nature under one common anathema. They have, moreover, a direct pecuniary inducement to kill these brutes, for the authorities pay a premium of from five to fifteen florins for every wolf's head.

It did not fall to me personally to see any wolf-shooting in Hungary. The wolves did not choose their hunting-ground near my friend's house—at least during the time of my visit—but I heard plenty of stories from eye-witnesses of what they were doing in other quarters. At about ten miles from the place where I was staying several hundreds of them one night attacked a village where there were a great many large cow-houses and pig-styes. The wolves found ingress into a cow-house through an open window six feet from the ground. The first assailants leaped in by clambering over the backs of the others; and one after another they bounded in, ravenous and infuriated, while the rest leaped up frantic, barking and howling against the walls. The noise is said to have been diabolical. The bellowing of the cows mingled with the shrieks of pigs, butting with desperation at the doors of neighboring styes. The affrighted occupants of the farmhouse could only fire out of their windows at the wolves in the yard, but dared not unbar a door. In the village every window was open, heads and gun-barrels peeped out, but nobody ventured forth. At last an accident put an end to the car-

nage of cows, for one of these animals rearing (as it is supposed) on its hind legs, knocked over a petroleum lamp, hung on a wall to light the shed. The oil set fire to some straw, and soon the whole cow-house was in a blaze. This frightened away the wolves in the yard, and those inside the shed perished, along with eighteen cows and a great number of pigs. It was with the greatest difficulty that the whole farm was saved from burning.

After this affair it was resolved to organize a grand wolf *battue*. Several railed platforms were erected at about twenty feet from the ground in the midst of a plain, and a number of squires came out with repeating-rifles and plentiful ammunition. Meanwhile about a couple of hundred farmers and peasants with all sorts of guns were set to circumvent a wood in which it was believed wolves were lurking. Toward night-fall some carcasses of horses were dragged on to the plain; and some young pigs being procured, they were made to squeal by the pinching of their tails. This always attracts wolves, and the plan was to make the wolves swarm on to the plain, and then to fire right into the thick of them with the repeaters from the top of the platforms. The device did not succeed, for one of the sportsmen opened fire too soon. Only the hardiest of the pack charged forward; the rest fell back upon the woods; and, when the rifles resounded again, the whole pack turned tail and scampered across the wood right through the cordon of peasants on the other side. The curious part of the matter was that nothing more was seen of them.

The goings of wolves are as mysterious as their comings. To-day they swarm; to-morrow they have all vanished. They resemble those sinister gatherings of desperadoes who hold possession of the streets during times of civil disturbance. Masters of the city in the morning, they have been dispersed by night-fall, leaving only a few stragglers to be ignominiously manacled or shot.

Let it be added, however, in conclusion that there is an occasional romance even in wolf-lore. A little Hungarian village boy once told his mother that he had got a pet dog of his-own in a wood, with a number of puppies, and wanted food for them. He was given some scraps of broken meat and bones, and for several days he carried away a basket full of these provisions to his pets. His parents were curious, at last, to see these pets, and went with him to the wood, when it was found that the boy's dog was a she-wolf with a broken leg, who was suckling a litter of cubs. The poor beast was too much injured to rise, and was at the point of death when her identity was discovered; but her cubs were forthwith adopted, and it is satisfactory to add that they have done well in life, and are now earning their living, like honest quadrupeds, in a menagerie.



OLD FRENCH COINS.

CHARTRES AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

BY HERBERT PIERSON.

It was one September afternoon that I got my first glimpse of the great cathedral of Chartres. None of the host of pilgrims who for centuries have journeyed to that shrine was ever more cheered by the sight, or looked forward more eagerly to reaching the goal.

I felt almost one of them, as I looked at the great spires and huge mass of the nave and transepts standing out against the sky across the low hills in the distance. No one can approach wholly unmoved a great French cathedral, and I

had reason enough besides for enthusiasm at the sight. A heavy knapsack and portfolio grow no lighter with long carrying; and with that view of distant Chartres, let me confess, came in imagination the fragrant *civets* and *ragoûts* awaiting me in some unknown hotel.

How far it had seemed from Rambouillet that day! Pleasant enough at first going through the weedy gardens of the old château; then the monotonous French road, the squalid little peasant villages, each one just like the last. Now it was nearly over. I congratulated myself.

But it wasn't over, as I gradually became aware.

It was the old story of the mountain that looked so near that a short walk before breakfast would bring one to it. Like the fruit of Tantalus,

always just beyond; or a mirage, after a long time walking, it seemed no nearer, yet hardly possible that it could be far.

I am sure I got a better impression of the great structure than if I had been "dumped" out of a railway-carriage at its base. But just then I would have foregone the experience gladly, and have considered the view of a smoky *table-d'hôte* finer than anything in the world.

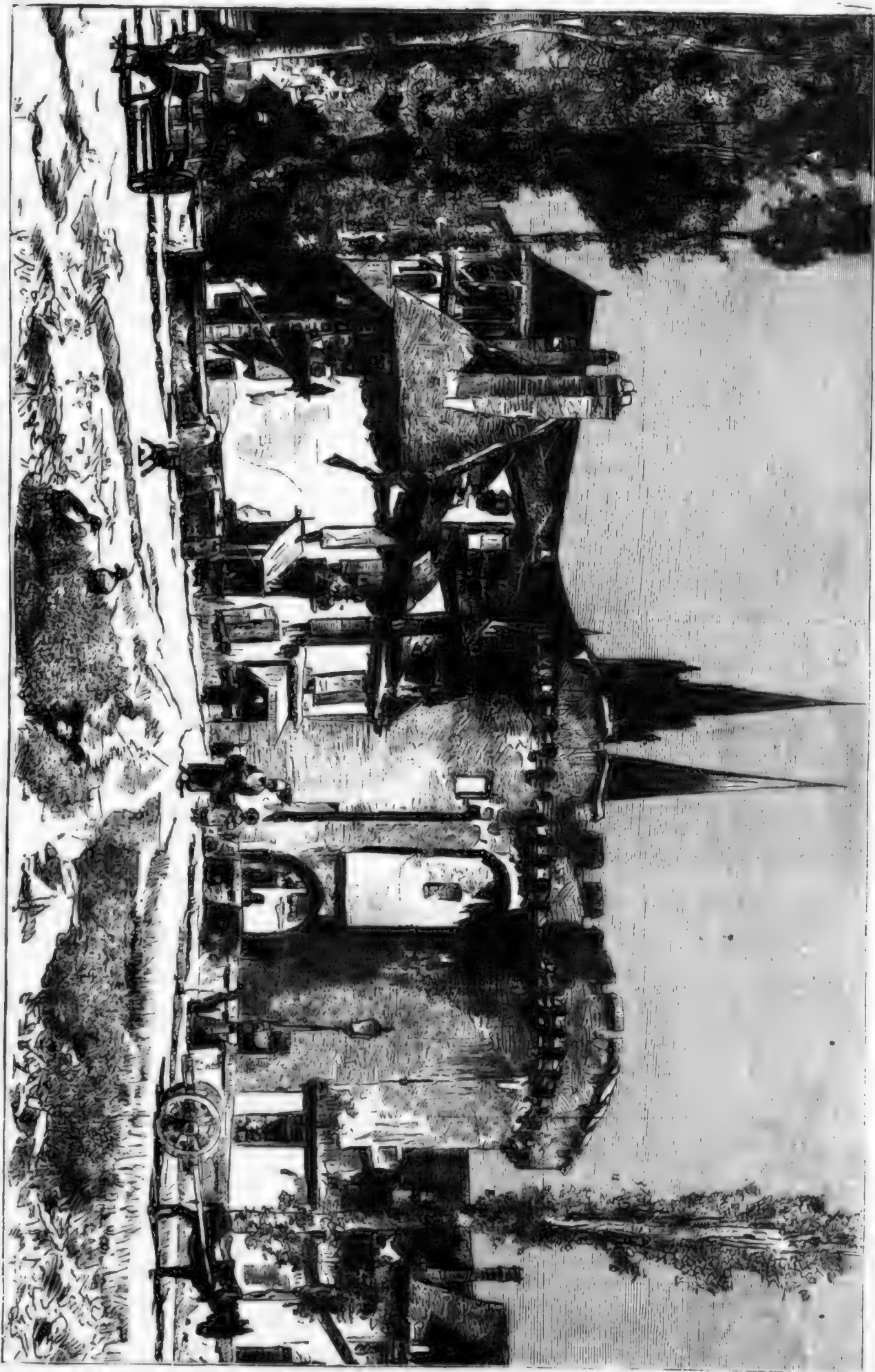
The sun went down in a blaze of glory, entirely unappreciated by one person at least, leaving the tall spires still aglow like twin beacons when all else was darkening in the twilight. Then the road turned into the woods. Not a soul to be seen, only a white patch just ahead between two black walls of foliage. On, on, on, till, just when hope was about gone, a lonely *café*, with vigorous shouting going on inside — peculiarly sharp-pointed stones under foot, a yellow, flickering gas-light, and I knew I was there at last.

A cathedral town is never just like an ordinary one, and Chartres is perhaps as typical a specimen as can be found. It never belongs entirely to these times, no matter how much iconoclastic improvement has wrought havoc with its new straight streets and plaster houses. There is always more or less atmosphere of the past, a lack of bustle in the quiet streets, helped, doubtless, or caused, by the great building, the mute story of other times and men.

This is particularly the case here, for the church set on a hill cannot be hid. No matter where we are about the town, it is never out of sight long, presenting ever-varying views and changing beauties.

It does not stand in a large, open space, which is a disadvantage in some respects, as one fails to grasp its complete grandeur at close quarters. But, on the other hand, it is pleasant to see the unabashed friendliness with which the little red-roofed houses huddle close about its base, as though seeking protection from their great neighbor. It is, besides, more in the spirit of the





THE PORTE GUILLAUME—A REMNANT OF THE CITY WALLS OF CHARTRES.

builders—of those old times in the city when the lofty shrine of “Notre Dame” was at once the pride and the protector, the monument of their faith, the mother and the guide. To put it out in a great, open space, far away from any neighbor, though it might improve it for the photographer, would be little gain in the Pharisaical exclusiveness in which it would appear, although more in keeping with ordinary once-a-week devotion.

Of all the great cathedrals of France, than which none are greater in any country nor of any time, this one has perhaps the most interesting of histories. In its details it gives us a clue to the cause of the full flowering of Gothic art, as well as a reason for the impossibility to-day of building a real cathedral. We can only copy and combine what is left to us; we can only make wax figures of the ever-living beauties of the transcendent geniuses of the Middle Ages. Yet that is better than nothing, as the shadow of a substance is preferable to blank nothingness.

Art in all its phases is an outcome of causes and environments, quite as much as plants or men, or anything else. As the plant depends on the kind of soil, the amount of warmth, for its blossoming—as it is first the seed, then the leaf, the bud, the flower—so architecture and all its allies began, grew on to blossoming, and withered only to begin again. No man or men, artists in whatever art they may have been, very far outstripped their fellows; there never was one upon the mountain-top unless the rest were well up from the valley. Some flowers bloom sooner, and others last latest; but there is a time when no flowers bloom at all, and one when the whole world is filled with songs and blossoming. So that I think it beyond the power of any one, though he have all the wealth in the world, and all the genius in it at his command, to sit down and say, “I will build something such as the world never saw the like of in beauty. I will have a picture or a statue such as will make all others of no account.”

He may do it or he may not, for all of us are creatures of circumstance, and the spirit of the times will make or mar his masterpiece. That is the soil and sunshine of the plant, and the seed, no matter how priceless, lives or dies as it has what it needs or lacks.

When the year 1,000 had passed, and the Adventists of the period had subsided after making a good deal of noise, as Adventists do—and there were a good many more of them then than now—a period of sowing again began in France. The long Winter that was to end in the annihilation of the world was past and over, and the end had not come. Soon the abandoned fields ripened to the harvest, and more slowly the grander fruition of art drew nigh. But it was the movement of a

nation toward the light, not of an individual, and therein lay the secret of its success. Churches greater than ever before grew up on the sites of older and meaner ones, or new ones sprang into existence whose heaven-pointing spires stood in the towns and cities, watch-towers of the new Jerusalem and beacons for guidance.

Chartres had at that time one of the earliest shrines dedicated to the Virgin in all France. Tradition said it had been dedicated during her life-time. At any rate, it possessed a number of wonder-working relics, and always had been a favorite resort for the devout pilgrim.

It was natural, therefore, that with the first coming of possibilities of grander structures the people of Chartres desired, more than anything, a shrine worthy of the town and its protectrix.

But for all that, the building went on slowly for many years. Work upon it was irregular and intermittent, as many a one dependent upon popular subscription has been since; but after a long period of this a sudden enthusiasm for the completion of the edifice took possession of all classes, the like of which has never been known save in the place that saw it rise. It was not only shared by all of the city, but spread like fire over the whole north country.

Hugh, Archbishop of Rouen, writing at the time, describes the popular ardor. “At Chartres,” he relates, “the people have begun, with true humility, to draw carts and wagons in order to help on the erection of the church, and their humility is made glorious with miracles. The report of these things has spread far and wide, and has kindled the zeal in this our Normandy. Our children, after receiving our benediction, set out for Chartres to fulfill their vows. And in the same manner they have begun to come to their Mother Church, in our bishopric forming companies to which no one is admitted unless he has confessed his sins, fulfilled his penance, laid down at the foot of the altar every hate and anger, and become reconciled to all his enemies. One of the band is chosen chief, and under his orders, in silence and humility, they drag heavy wagons and make their offerings, accompanying them with tears and mortifications. Many miracles are wrought on the sick whom they carry with them, and they bring back sound those whom they took away infirm.”

Nor was this fervor of enthusiasm short-lived, but the work went on with undiminished zeal until the great building was complete, and faith had removed the mountains which seemed to stand in the way. It was the joy of all the people of that little city, for to each who had helped was a sense of share in its beauty, as there had been in the work. But a terrible misfortune was to come. Hardly fifty years after the triumphal completion,

fire broke out in the houses, and gradually climbing the hill, in a few hours destroyed the work of years. The pride of Chartres, the new cathedral they had worked so hard to finish, was laid low before their eyes.

Well may the people have been in despair at seeing the fruit of all their toil gone irrevocably; natural enough, in those first despairing days, to say among themselves that it were better to leave the town that had lost the dignity and honor that made it fair.

So for a time the little city gave itself up to mourning. Then a more hopeful time began. All was not over, even though the church was gone. What had been done once could be again, and from past experience the new phoenix would out-rival the old, and be a more worthy earthly habitation for the "Holy Mother."

Again the religious enthusiasm took possession of the land. The old scenes were re-enacted. The same spirit which had brought the old building to completion burst forth anew. The same feeling was as universal as ever, but the growth of art had been more marked, and the full flower of Gothic architecture was come. Miracles were constant, money as well as men poured in from everywhere; and as a reward for the courage of the people in adversity, the church, larger and more beautiful than ever, rapidly advanced to completion.

The parts spared by the fire were utilized in the new structure; the quaint statues and all that could be used were worked in—not inharmoniously; rather, giving variety by contrast, and reminding the citizens how much lovelier was the later creation than the older one; so that even what had appeared an unmitigated misfortune was, after all, their gain. At no period, and in no other land, have the arts worked together so harmoniously as here. Sculpture combines with delicate arches and enriches it while enhancing itself in beauty. The north and south porches, than which there is nothing lovelier of their kind in the world, are thronged with numberless statues and intricate arabesques, throned in niches or framed in vines; columns slender as flower-stems branch in clustering leaves, while the interior blazes with jeweled windows, and the walls, covered with paintings, gleam in the light of many candles. It is here, again, we see a marked difference between our own times and the so-called "Dark Ages," in the position which art occupied in the lives of one and all. Like religion, it was not a thing indulged in by the few, something outside the really important things of existence. Religion, faith and works was *the* business of life, and art the recreation and the teacher. At a period when few save clerks in the monasteries read, pictures and statues told stories that needed no

education, that no intellect was too rudimentary, to understand. They were the books in which all read; learned graphically of the hell yawning at their feet, or the pleasures of paradise awaiting the devout believer, while the way to the latter was shown in the painted scenes from lives of holy men, set as an example for them.

Such is the story of "Our Lady of Chartres." It and its history seem to me an answer to those who wonder why we can only combine and copy nowadays; who look for new styles in architecture, and would build a real and live cathedral in times when people are about as prone to forgive their enemies as to harness themselves to carts to help build a church. If it were an office-building, and especially if it paid, it would make all the difference in the world.

Chartres is a quaint and pleasant old place—a city of queer old half-timbered houses, standing in narrow, crooked streets—picturesquely dilapidated some of them, more sketchible than habitable, perhaps, but none the worse for it. There are broad *allées* with rows of trees where the city walls once were. They have disappeared with the use of them, all but the remnant they call the Porte Guillaume, which is a good specimen of what they once were—a surviving sample which is picturesque enough to make us wish for more. It makes a charming foreground for all that is most picturesque in the little city, and is the approach which shows it at its best. Just beyond, going through the arch, we come to the little river with its old stone bridge, either bank fringed with white-capped washer-women beating and twisting clothes, gossiping and chattering, laughing and splashing, as only French *laveuses* know how to do. Then over the bridge, into the Rue de Bourg, with its decrepit, knock-kneed houses, weak in the back and infirm in the gables. Gables, with crooked sides, facing and overhanging the shadowy street. Then the main tributary breaks into numerous brooks, little narrow passages that twist aimlessly and mysteriously about the hill-side, up deep steps, past queer little oriels or towers, like the one they call Queen Bertha's Staircase, till finally the brook joins the river, and they end in one of the wider streets, or at the foot of "Notre Dame" itself.

But it is not entirely in its memories that Chartres lives to-day. It is no forsaken Pompeii of the Middle Ages, as any one will find who comes within ear-shot of the busy market. Go there, too, by all means, ye apostles of woman's rights and lecturers upon the awful condition of woman in the effete countries of the Old World; go, all of you who complain of woman not being on a par with man, and see the lord of creation reduced to second place. It is madame who does all the buying and selling, while monsieur stands



QUEEN BERTHA'S STAIRCASE.

by in meditation. A committee of women form the Wheat Board, and manage its affairs well—and the Wheat Market of Chartres is one of the largest in France. Measuring, selling, receiving payment—all is done by the poor, down-trodden members of the weaker sex.

There is no suggestion of the ivy about these hardy, weather-beaten old peasant women, nor of the oak, either, about the listless husbands. Madame is thrifty, pushing, and strictly business. Sentiment she does not know, while monsieur follows where she leads, and is probably all the better for doing it.

I had been in the place a few days, wandering about the cathedral, letting its beauties grow upon me, and sketching between-times, when an event took place which made it seem as though the wheels of time had turned back, and that the spirit in which the edifice was built still lingered about it.

This, I think, is one of the advantages we moderns have, the effect of contrast always being thrust upon us when we least expect. For a time we live and move in every-day things—in times of telegraphs and telephones, and all the rest of the graphs—when, *presto!* more wonderful than any magician's power, we are carried back to time when no sorcerer, however black his art, could imagine them.

But to return to our muttons. I was standing by the old sun-dial, where the angel who has such a beatifically vacant expression has looked down

so many centuries, when I heard a great hubbub in a neighboring street—a beating of drums and tramp of many feet, which I thought would be nothing else than the not over-rare soldiers. Shortly I saw I was mistaken, for the queerest procession that ever nineteenth-century mortal beheld came into the *place*.

First, there were three drummers making a great deal of noise; then four men carrying a pile of cakes under a canopy of flowers on a sort of bier. It looked indeed like a sort of cake funeral, with the procession of men behind, seeming eminently solemn and uncomfortable in their best clothes. Then more cakes, pyramids with wabbling bouquets on top under floral canopies, more men in shiny hats, some banners, and a crowd of lookers-on.

I followed them into the building where they went, and assisted at what I learned was the celebration of the Fête of St. Fiacre, the patron of gardeners, instead of cabmen, as I should have supposed. Some seven or eight priests in full vestment met them. Such gorgeous pieces of coloring they were, those chasubles, as though they were patterned after the wonderful hues of the old windows above; not crude nor glaring in their splendor, but toned down with the passing of many years. Then they began a solemn, full-toned Gregorian chant as the procession of cakes, priests and men moved slowly toward the high altar, amid the swinging and smoke of incense and glimmering of candles through the multi-colored twilight. There the cakes were deposited for a time, while the majestic chant went on, now seeming to soar, with the higher notes, away up among the groinings of the roof, or sinking down and echoing among the low vaulting of the crypt.

Soon the cakes were taken up again by the bearers, and once more the procession moved around the church, preceded by the pompous Swiss, with cocked hat and stick, visiting shrine after shrine, past the wonderful carving of the choir-screens, through the gloom of the apsidal chapels, into the luminous trails of color from the great rose-windows of the transept; while ceaselessly the rise and fall of the music, now loud, now soft, filled the building with resonant echoes.

Alas, St. Fiacre! I fear the sturdy women of Chartres do not look forward to the coming of your day with unmixed feelings of pleasure. You were the innocent cause of more than one not going home till late that night, nor as straight as usual. Some were very joyous in the streets that night before their wives captured them, and many not entirely tuneful songs woke the stillness. Nor were the festivities entirely exhausted that night, I should imagine, if one individual who came to me, next morning, where I was at

work, is a sample. He assured me, with suitable gravity, that he was a friend of Raphael's, and also knew Michael Angelo. The latter he only knew slightly; Raphael was more "his friend the most

common in having such a background; nor was it a very grand one, either. No long lines of carriages blocked the way; there were no tickets taken at the door; no dime-museum air lurked



THE HILL OF CHARTRES FROM THE RUE DE BOURG.

particular," he stated, and wound up by asking if I knew or had heard of them.

Yet another picture comes to my memory with that of the glorious building—one again in which the human element entered. It was nothing but a wedding—common enough, if you will, but not

about the great portals as the little procession entered. Very quietly those composing it, on foot, came out of the shadows into the sunshine. Very dignified and impressed by the occasion, they proceeded up the steps and entered. They were not wholly comfortable either, but seemed to feel

that they were assisting at such an important event that it would be no credit for them to go through it if they were entirely at their ease. There was the bride and groom leading—she, all smiles and orange-blossoms, in white, with her long veil blown by the breeze in a misty cloud about her; he, unimportant, uncomfortable in new, ill-fitting clothes and boots that hurt him, frightened, and looking as though he wished it all over.

Papa was in a high hat of wondrous shape and long-past mode—a rusty black suit, once, maybe, his wedding-suit, for it showed creases of packing and reminiscences of a time when he was slenderer. But he was a proud man withal. How his face shone with happiness and his hair with grease! Mamma, in white cap, brown-skinned and wrinkled, dried up but smiling, came with him; then all the “sisters and the cousins and the aunts,” walking two by two.

I followed them in, with other unbidden guests, and watched the ceremony. It was a very complicated affair, indeed, and attended by a good deal of changings of position, and taking up a collection now and then, all of which seemed entirely in keeping with the elaborate ceremony in such elaborate surroundings. The music was furnished by an orchestra of boys—very good music, too, although some of the performers could not have been more than twelve.

At last it was over, to the relief of all, particularly the groom, I fancy, and all went to pray before the celebrated wonder-working Madonna of Chartres. The shrine is the most gorgeous of all, and always is most brilliant with lighted candles. Votos of all kinds hang on the walls. Gold hearts, arms, crutches and the like, testify to the Madonna's power in miracles. Many flowers are on her altar, and though the whole of the rest of the church may be empty, some are always kneeling there. Here I left the newly married couple; here, too, the friends seemed to leave them to themselves, as though to show that henceforth their lot for weal or woe was dependent on themselves and their faith. In the quick-coming future their world was to be of their own making, in which they should live as Adam and Eve of old, in Eden or driven out.

I dare say that no such ideas occurred to any of the crowd. Their thoughts were most likely upon the wedding-breakfast to follow. But I felt like an intruder and passed out, and lost with the passing all sight of them forever. But thinking of those Chartres days, I have wondered more than once whether the wedding I saw was a success. Surely, I have thought—for I feel a sort of personal interest in that pair so inwoven with days that are most pleasant to remember—surely, something begun in such a place cannot have been

wholly a failure, and I hope it hasn't. I should prefer infinitely that no one could turn to the great church and wish mentally that it had been in Guinea that day, as he or she might do.

What are they doing now in Chartres? How often I think of it! The old cities we visit are books we take up for the time, read for awhile and close. It almost seems, as we go on, that the tale is closed with our leaving. It is so hard to think of the countless life-centres going on without our knowledge. Everything is so unreal when we are out of it. Ah, me! it is we who are the passing phantoms. Man passes, but his work endures, or what is worth keeping. And Chartres will be there in all its beauty in centuries to come, as it has been for centuries long gone.

THE USES OF LAUGHTER.

ONE Sunday morning a visitor to the Foundling Chapel, London, was shocked to hear a ripple of laughter, and he wrote a horrified letter to the preacher, the famous Professor Momerie. The next Sunday Professor Momerie discoursed on “The Uses of Laughter.” “I admit, of course, that there are occasions in life when laughter would be out of place, and, therefore, unseemly. But the same is true of tears. Tears may sometimes be an insult. Tears are occasionally the signs of madness. I admit, of course, it is scarcely necessary to say, that laughter may sometimes be silly, that merriment may sometimes be profane. There is a laughter, there is a merriment, unworthy of the name, just as there is poisonous food and adulterated wine. The true merriment may be distinguished from the false by the fact that it bears reflection; we can think of it with pleasure next day and next week. It is a joy forever. The doctrine I wish to condemn is the doctrine that *all* merriment, even the best, is worthless, or comparatively worthless; that laughter is *always* inferior to tears; as Lewis Morris puts it,

“Tears are divine, but mirth is of the earth.”

I say it is a false doctrine, and, like all false doctrines, mischievous. It is a gratuitous assumption, for which there is not a particle of evidence. There is overwhelming evidence against it. Tears mean that something is wrong with us; laughter means that we are happy. Surely, if you come to think of it, you will see it is nothing short of blasphemy to assert that the only gift we receive from God is wretchedness. Moreover, tears are but a temporary accident attending the earlier and imperfect stages of evolution. There will come a time, the Bible tells us, when there shall be no more tears. That is never said of laughter. Again, laughter is one of the criteria of goodness.

A villain never laughs. What Shakespeare said of music is just as true of laughter :

"The man that hath no laughter in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

On the other hand, as Carlyle says, 'No one who has once heartily laughed can be irreclaimably bad.' You may always trust the man whose laughter has a genuine ring about it. These facts alone would suffice to show that laughter cannot be an evil, not even a silly, thing.

"Further and specially, laughter, merriment, cheerfulness, and everything that conduces to cheerfulness, are absolutely essential to enable us to live our best. Life is so serious, you may say, that the man who is in earnest will have no time for laughter. I tell you, it is just because life is so serious that we need all the laughter we can get to help us through with it. You may think too much of the seriousness of life. You may brood over the tragic side of human experience till you find yourself in a mad-house. And what would be the good of that? A man's first business, say the Puritans, is to battle with his temptations, and with these temptations, therefore, his thoughts should be wholly engrossed. I tell you he will best battle with his temptations by drawing his thoughts away from them. And here laughter and merriment, no less than healthy occupation, have their part to play. Cheerful amusements have saved many a soul from death."

It is this cheerful and healthful view of life that makes Professor Momerie's sermons the inspiration that his crowded congregations invariably find them. The man who can persuade people in these pessimistic days that God meant them to laugh and enjoy the life He has given them, and yet be in the truest sense of the word religious, is doing a service to the age which it greatly needs.

THE EYES OF GENIUS.

EMERSON used to say that each man carried in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men. Another close observer of human nature asserts that persons with prominent eyes are found to have great command of words and to be ready speakers and writers. A third holds the theory that the prevailing color of the eyes of men of genius is gray.

Colonel Higginson speaks of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "gray eyes," while F. H. Underwood, "who once studied them attentively, found them mottled gray and brown, and indescribably soft and winning." Elsewhere we find it asserted that

"no finer eyes had appeared in the literary circle of Great Britain since Burns's time than those of Hawthorne."

Shelley's eyes are always spoken of as magnificent, and fully indicative of his wayward genius. One writer describes them as "large and animated, with a dash of wildness in them;" another speaks of them as "such a pair of eyes as are rarely seen in a human or any other head, intently blue, with a gentle and lambent expression, yet wonderfully alert and engrossing." Medwith, while writing of Shelley's appearance, refers to his blue eyes, "very large and prominent. They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others, they flashed with the fire of intelligence." Tom Moore's eyes were "as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves."

Of Coleridge it is reported: "His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble; and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it were pastime to them to carry all that thought." Another friend of his writes: "The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light gray, and prominent, of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recess of the brain." In his "Life of Sterling," Carlyle introduces his famous description of Coleridge's appearance. "The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were," he says, "as full of sorrows as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment."

The eyes of Keats were described by one of his contemporaries as "mellow and glowing; large, dark and sensitive." Cowden Clarke states that they were of a brown color, or dark hazel, thus contradicting Mrs. Proctor's assertion that they were "blue."

Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," speaking of Wordsworth's appearance, says: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smoldering, with a sort of acrid fixity of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

Walter Scott says of Burns: "There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye, alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a class that glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."



IN CLOVER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.



HERON'S WIFE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE AUTHOR SPEAKS.

For a moment silence prevailed in Judge Ferrers's chamber. Francis Heron laid the dead man gently down on the pillows, took the hand of his new-made bride, and drew her toward the door.

"Come away," he said.

Passively she submitted to be led from the room—from the curious stare of stranger eyes—into an adjoining apartment which, fortunately, was empty. There, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she broke from her bridegroom. She seemed to awake with a shock from her stupor—to realize in a moment all that she had done. Her face grew cold and white, as with some great despair.

"You have taken a contemptible advantage of my misfortunes!" she panted. "I will never forgive you, Francis Heron!"

He staggered a little under this unexpected attack.

"You might be reasonable—you might be civil," he said.

But she was neither. With wild upbraiding she went on:

"I am not your wife—the words of a preacher cannot make me that. Oh, I see it all! With the help of that dreadful old man, now dead, you

have caught me in a trap—you were leagued with him to destroy the last remnant of my peace. You brought me from Wolfsden that I might fall into the pit which you two had dugged for me here!"

He grew deadly pale.

"How can you say such things, Hazel? Were not your enemies all at Wolfsden, and your friends at Heroncroft?"

"No, no. Sergia is not, and never can be, my enemy. She had no part in my accusation, and she could not defend me because she was ill."

He bit his lip.

"Pardon me—I forgot Sergia. Judge Ferrers bade me fetch you to Heroncroft. I acted solely for your interests. You will do me the justice to believe this, when you have time for reflection."

"Reflection!" she echoed. "Heaven forbid that I should reflect! I meant to have been so happy!" throwing out her beautiful arms. "I was so happy only yesterday, and now I am wretched—wretched!"

Heron stood staring at the girlish figure, in its hopeless attitude—at the maddening young face, round which the dusky hair fell in disordered beauty. Had he acted unselfishly that day? Not

altogether, perhaps. Her next outbreak cut him like a knife.

"Why did you marry me?" she cried. "How could you marry me, Francis Heron, when you knew I did not, and never would, care for you?"

He hung his head.

"Why does a starving man accept bread?" he answered, bitterly, "or the thirsty drink? I married you—I may as well confess it—because I loved you so madly that I was glad to take you in any way—because I would rather have your indifference than another woman's love. Judge Ferrers put the opportunity before me—not all the powers of earth could have kept me from seizing it!"

Her great dark eyes filled with passionate scorn.

"Don't talk to me like this—I will not hear you!" she cried.

He drew his breath hard.

"You still love Sir Griffin Hopewood?"

"Was I not his promised wife?" she answered, defiantly. "Can one forget in an hour?"

"But he believed you guilty of theft—he deserted you in your greatest need."

She winced.

"Even such things do not kill love. I cannot help it," drearily: "his shadow is more to me—more—more than a world full of Francis Herons. In spite of this dreadful marriage, I must love him till I die."

"His treatment of you seems hardly to justify such devotion," said Heron, in a cold, labored voice. "However, I will not quarrel with your taste, Hazel. I will only remind you that I have helped you to gain your inheritance—at least, you might thank me for that."

"What do I care for an inheritance that comes to me under circumstances like these?—that imposes upon me such bonds? The bitterness of death is in it."

Convulsed with sobs, she cast herself prostrate on the floor, like a heart-broken child.

Heron lifted her up and put her upon a sofa.

"It is too late to repent or retract," he said, hoarsely. "We are now husband and wife. I have one task to accomplish, Hazel—to prove your innocence to your Wolfsden friends, and to—yes—to Sir Griffin Hopewood: *then*," setting his teeth, "you need never see my face again. I will put the world betwixt us. Because you have married me, do not fear that I shall presume to control either you or your future movements."

She lay face downward on the pillows of the sofa, and answered not a word.

He waited a moment, then went quietly out, shutting the door upon her and her utter ingratitude.

In the chamber of death Heron stopped long enough to give some necessary orders to his serv-

ants, after which he descended the stair, and in the hall found Graham Vivian waiting for the trap that was to take him to the Black River Station. With a haggard, care-worn face, Heron went up to his friend, and put his hand on his shoulder.

"All ready for departure, Vivian?"

"Yes. My luggage has gone on before me. I shall be in time to catch the last express to town."

"I dare say you little thought that you would be called to officiate at my marriage before you left," said Heron, with a ghastly smile.

"It was a surprise, certainly," replied the young preacher, embarrassed by the look on the other's face. "Allow me to wish you joy, as we part—"

"Don't trouble yourself!" interrupted Heron, brusquely. "I hate mockery, even when it is unintentional. You have many virtues, Vivian—one is that you never bother a man with questions. If you love me, let me send a servant to bring back your luggage—don't leave Heroncroft to-day—I need you here. Stay till after Judge Ferrers's burial. I may then decide to sail with you for Cape Town—it is a time of strange happenings."

Whatever amazement Graham Vivian may have felt, he concealed it well.

"Certainly I will stay, since you ask it, dear boy," he answered, with forced cheerfulness. "I have still a week or two that I may call my own before I leave America—that time is entirely at your disposal."

"Many thanks," said Heron, and he took his hat, and left the house.

Cossack sneaked after his master to the garden-boundary, but was sternly ordered back.

Heron passed through the little gate into the grounds of Wolfsden, and along the same path which he had traversed at noon with the girl who was now his wife—his, till death should part them! Long shadows stretched across the way; the westering light shone warm and red in the shrubbery. Heron mounted the steps of the dust-brown house, rang the bell, and asked to see Colonel Rivers.

A servant ushered him into the drawing-room. It was empty, but a moment later he heard a feminine rustle in the hall, and Miss Carbury burst breathlessly in.

"Oh, Mr. Heron, what have you done with that poor, unhappy child?" she began. "Mrs. Steele declares that she went away with you to Heroncroft—with *you*, a young man and a bachelor! Really, for Sergia's sake, I must protest against such a strange proceeding!"

"You are rather late with your protestations," said Heron, dryly. "You should have advanced

a few, Miss Carbury, against the verdict which Rivers and the rest of them rendered here to-day."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," replied Miss Carbury, in a weak, deprecatory voice. "We all saw the jewels and money at the bottom of Miss Ferrers's trunk. Oh, I am shocked, horrified, quite upset, by all that has occurred in this house since morning! As for Colonel Rivers—poor, dear man! he is like a father mourning for an erring child—his feelings are really too much for him. Sir Griffin, of course, fled like the wind. But one cannot blame *him*. Under the circumstances, I dare say he found it impossible for a peer and a gentleman to remain a moment."

Heron's face grew dark.

"I cannot trust myself to answer you, Miss Carbury. I must see my cousin Sergia and Colonel Rivers."

"Oh, but Sergia is ill, and unable to see any one."

"So bad as that? Well, surely she has been told of the events of the day, Miss Carbury?"

"Certainly not. It is always dangerous to agitate sick people—her guardian, of course, would not allow it."

"In Heaven's name, what is the nature of an illness that necessitates such concealment? Hazel Ferrers is my cousin's dearest friend."

Miss Carbury's small, wrinkled face betrayed confusion and alarm.

"True, true, but dear Sergia's safety must be considered. Both the doctor and Colonel Rivers have given strict orders that she shall not be disturbed. She has a—*a* fever, resulting from the excitement of her first ball."

Heron shrugged his shoulders.

"Very odd! Is Sergia so frail? One would suppose that she might have passed unharmed even through the ordeal of a country-house ball! So Hazel's one friend has been carefully kept from all knowledge of her misfortunes, Miss Carbury?"

"Fie!" cried Miss Carbury. "Now you are reflecting upon our dear colonel! Believe me, he has acted throughout with wonderful kindness. He deeply pities Hazel, and he did his utmost to induce Sir Griffin to see her once before he fled from Wolfsden. But the baronet was mad with grief and horror—wild horses could not hold him. Oh, here comes the colonel himself—now he will tell you everything."

The door opened, and Pitt Rivers entered.

"You are the very person that I most wish to see, Heron!" he exclaimed, cordially. "You find us all under a cloud. Our happy circle is broken. Is it true that poor Hazel has taken refuge in your house?"

"She is at my house, certainly," answered He-

ron, with something ominous in his hard, cold voice. "Judge Ferrers, her grandfather, is also there—dead! I beg you will not leave the room. Miss Carbury," as that lady moved nervously toward the door. "I must ask you to call Mrs. Van Wert, also—I have something to say, which I wish you all to hear."

"Mrs. Van Wert!" echoed the colonel, lifting his fine eyebrows. "I think she is sleeping. She has been greatly agitated by the events of the day—it would be cruel to disturb her."

"Nevertheless, she must be called," replied Heron. "I insist upon it!"

"How tragic you look, my dear fellow!" said the colonel, smiling. "Of course you shall have your way;" and he rang the bell, and bade the servant tell Mrs. Van Wert that she was wanted in the drawing-room.

The pretty widow answered the summons promptly. There was no sign of sleep about her—on the contrary, she looked very much awake. She flew to Heron, crying out:

"Is it not a dreadful affair, Mr. Heron? Consider the shock to my nerves, the agitation to which we have all been exposed. Think of a thief in the house—at table with us, petted and admired by us all—wearing my bracelets at the ball last night, and stealing them later from my dressing-table! Oh!" setting her little teeth vindictively, "I only regret that I did not deliver her at once to the police. I am sure it would be a good thing for such a creature to lie in prison."

"Let us talk of Miss Ferrers later," said Heron, almost roughly. "I beg permission, Mrs. Van Wert, to look at the bracelets which were found in that lady's trunk."

The trio stared.

"My dear Heron," said the colonel, gently, "what *can* you mean?"

"I ask to see the bracelets," repeated Heron; "it is for Mrs. Van Wert to grant or refuse my request."

"I grant it, of course, since there is no reason why I should not," said the widow, with her hand on the bell, and she ordered her maid to bring her jewel-case to the drawing-room.

From the satin cushion on which they rested Francis Heron took the bracelets which had wrought such woe to poor Hazel, and retiring into a window, proceeded to examine them with close scrutiny.

"It is just as I suspected last night at the ball," the gentleman said, at last. "These jewels are paste."

"Paste!" screamed Mrs. Van Wert.

"Exactly. If the Rajah's diamonds ever filled these settings, they have been removed, and a clever imitation substituted."

The ladies shrieked in chorus.

Colonel Rivers came forward, with an air of profound astonishment.

"What strange thing are you saying, Heron?"

"Let Mrs. Van Wert take her bracelets immediately to a lapidary, and see if he does not confirm my statement. I know something of stones—she may be assured that I speak the truth."

In great concern, Rivers turned to the young widow.

"To whose hands, Mrs. Van Wert, have you been in the habit of intrusting your jewels?"

"My banker *always* kept them, until I came to Wolfsden," panted Mrs. Van Wert, with symptoms of strong hysterics. "I thought there might be balls and parties at the Black River country houses, and, of course, I wished to shine at such gatherings. So I ventured to bring my diamonds with me. Annette and I have guarded them here."

"Very badly, it seems, for your jewels are gone!" said Heron, returning the bracelets to her hand. "You had better look to any other gems of the same kind that you may have with you. It is highly probable that the thief has not stopped at your bracelets."

Mrs. Van Wert rushed wildly toward the door.

"Oh, my ear-rings!" she shrieked; "my solitaire necklace—my girdle——"

Colonel Rivers put himself before her.

"For shame, Heron!" he cried; "how can you frighten a lady like this? Paste? Pooh! You are talking great nonsense. Be calm, my dear Mrs. Van Wert; can you not trust yourself, and all that you have, with *me*? I will go with you to a lapidary this very hour. I, too, know a great deal about diamonds, and I assure you, our friend Heron is either beside himself, or he is indulging in a huge joke at our expense."

Mrs. Van Wert, reassured, sobbed softly on the colonel's arm.

Heron looked on unmoved.

"I have acquainted Mrs. Van Wert with a plain fact," he said, stubbornly. "I say again—her diamonds are paste—she can seek a confirmation of my statement at her leisure. Now one thing more—an hour ago I married Hazel Ferrers by the death-bed of her grandfather."

The announcement was like the bursting of a bomb. The ladies stood petrified.

Colonel Rivers's face seemed to change and harden.

"Married!" he repeated, coldly. "You have married that girl, Heron?"

"Precisely. It is now my right and purpose to refute the charge of theft which has been brought against her. Miss Ferrers was your invited guest, Colonel Rivers, and the intimate friend of your ward. Yet, here at Wolfsden you suffered her to be overwhelmed by an outrageous accusation,

which you must have known to be false—you tried in no way to defend her. As master of this house you are responsible for what occurs in it. I hold you responsible, sir, and I tell you to your face that you are a liar and a coward!"

Pitt Rivers changed rapid color, but he controlled himself admirably, as became a high-bred gentleman.

"I make it a point never to quarrel in the presence of ladies," he said, with quiet dignity.

"Heron, I forgive you the insult, for it is evident that you are not yourself. This morning Miss Ferrers was betrothed to Sir Griffin Hope-wood—to-night you declare that she is your wife. All is plain to us *now*—you are laboring under strong excitement, and must relieve your feelings in some way, of course. These ladies will bear witness that I implored their clemency for that wretched girl. I know the power of inherited tendencies—her father—— But do not frown—I will not speak of her antecedents. The whole household saw the contents of the trunk. Even in your present state of mind, you really must not ask us to disbelieve the evidence of our own eyes."

His forbearance, his imperturbable serenity, went to Mrs. Van Wert's heart.

"How can you be so violent, Mr. Heron?" she said, reproachfully. "Even if my diamonds are paste, as you declare," she smiled incredulously, "Hazel could not have known it when she appropriated them. The quality of the gems does not lessen *her* crime. You say that she is innocent—fie! it would be more to the purpose if you would explain how my bracelets came to be hidden at the bottom of her trunk, along with the ring and money, stolen from Miss Carbury while Colonel Rivers was absent from Wolfsden. I tell you frankly, Mr. Heron—but for the colonel's intercession, that guilty girl would have fared ill at my hands."

Heron looked impatient.

"I do not pretend to know who put the money and jewels in Miss Ferrers's trunk—who laid the plot—for such it plainly was—for her destruction. All the same, I say again, and a thousand times over, she is innocent! I am here to demand a thorough investigation of the whole affair—the mystery surrounding it must be sifted to the bottom. Has it occurred to any of you to explain how Hazel Ferrers could have entered Mrs. Van Wert's chamber, when the door was secured from within, and the key left in the lock?"

Rivers smiled quietly.

"The room has another door, communicating with the closet of Annette, the maid. This morning the detective discovered that the key to Miss Ferrers's own chamber fits perfectly that second door!"



LISTENING TO A SERMON, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Not a muscle of Heron's stubborn face changed.

"Doubtless you have duplicate keys, Colonel Rivers. Your housekeeper, Mrs. Steele, carries a prodigious number. Allow me to interview that person for a few moments."

"Martin has just driven Mrs. Steele to Black River, on some errand for the kitchen," replied Rivers, placidly. "She cannot possibly reach home till night-fall."

Heron looked straight down at the floor.

"I regret the absence of Mrs. Steele at this particular moment. When she returns, say to her that to-day I have made Hazel Ferrers's cause my own—that she is no longer alone and unprotected—that those who have maligned and injured her must now answer to me."

The setting sun, aslant through the drawing-room-window, fell redly on his spare, sinewy figure and lean, dark face. For once Heron looked imposing. The colonel put on an air, half puzzled, half conciliatory.

"I cannot quite follow you, Heron. Mrs. Steele carries no duplicate keys, for such things are not known at Wolfsden. As for investigating this case, my dear fellow, you can rely upon me to help you to the utmost! My housekeeper, my servants, my guests, myself—all are at your service. We will cheerfully appear before any court of inquiry to which you may summon us. Consider me your friend and ally in the matter. Here is my hand upon it!"

But Heron, unappeased, drew coldly back.

"I decline to take your hand, sir! We are not, and never can be, friends!"

The two ladies regarded Heron with open indignation. It was the good fortune of Pitt Rivers always to find in women his warmest supporters.

"How churlish of you, Mr. Heron!" bristled Miss Carbury. "Depend upon it, you are greatly deceived! That girl has somehow inveigled you into marriage, and persuaded you to believe her guiltless. She is handsome, and we all know the power of beauty. But when you talk of plots in this house—under *my* nose—under the nose of Colonel Rivers—oh, that is too absurd for belief, you know! And when you insult and abuse our estimable colonel to his face—it is really more than I can bear."

"I, too, am cut to the heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Wert, in a tragic tone. "Positively the whole affair grows more scandalous every moment. Berate *me*, Mr. Heron—call me all sorts of dreadful names, if you like, but spare—spare the colonel!" and she began to sob anew.

Heron moved toward the door. He was badly beaten, but he did not seem to know it.

"The assertions which I have made must stand to-day without actual proof," he said; "but

patience! That will come. Be assured that I shall spare neither money nor effort to bring the truth to light. As surely as there is a God in heaven, all of you will yet see and acknowledge your gross mistake, and Hazel Ferrers's innocence—till then, good-by."

Miss Carbury gave a scornful sniff.

Heron's hand was on the door-knob, when the colonel, with playful irony, asked:

"At what time, Mr. Heron, may we confidently look for your proofs?"

Suddenly, and with great violence, the door was flung wide open from without.

"Now!" cried a voice, and on the threshold towered an apparition that electrified every person in the drawing-room.

It was a woman, with high head thrown back, and sloe-black eyes blazing like coals of fire in her death-white but determined face.

Jael!

"Stop, Mr. Heron!" she cried, 'throwing out her arms to bar his way. "Stop and hear me! It was I who put the bracelets in Hazel Ferrers's trunk—it was I who hid Miss Carbury's money and ring there. I swear it by everything in earth and heaven. I stole them all—I—I!"

CHAPTER XXV.

JAEI.

WITH pale, quivering nostrils—with her whole majestic figure braced, as if for some desperate struggle, Jael stared from face to face of the aghast group.

"I am the thief!" she repeated, with the shrillness of intense excitement. "Mr. Heron, you did well to believe in your wife's innocence—yes, I was listening outside the door. I heard you say that you had married Miss Ferrers. She is good, she is blameless. I am the sinner, and she the victim!"

In the general consternation, Pitt Rivers was the first to find his speech. With a serious air he advanced toward the girl, and simply spoke her name:

"Jael!"

His voice, always, like his temper, under perfect control, expressed nothing but profound astonishment; nevertheless, the effect upon Jael was startling. Her boldness vanished; a tremor went over her tall figure. She drew back a step, staring at Rivers in a sort of frightened fascination.

"Jael!" he said again, even more gently than before.

She put out her hands, as if to hold him off.

"I will not unsay it!" she half screamed. "I will die first!"

"Unsay it? I should hope not," answered Colonel Rivers. "Why did you not speak before?"

why did you suffer us to accuse Miss Ferrers wrongfully?"

All the courage was gone from her look—she shrank like a terrified child.

"Because I was a coward," she faltered, with chattering teeth; "because I was desperately afraid, sir; but," with growing intensity, "I'll speak now, if I die for it! Mind, I take all the guilt on myself; I implicate no other person—I stand alone, sir. Weeks ago, I stole Miss Carbury's money and jewels—I've kept them in my possession ever since. Her dog Punch knew me on the night of the robbery, and so failed to bark, and waken her. I stole Mrs. Van Wert's bracelets, while she and her maid were sleeping after the ball. I entered her chamber by the door through Annette's closet. I put the things in Miss Ferrers's trunk that you might fasten my wickedness on that innocent girl. Give me over to the police—punish me as you like—I do not care what happens *now*!"

"My poor Jael," said Colonel Rivers, in a very grave tone, "we will decide about your punishment later."

Then he turned to Heron, with the air of a man who can hardly credit his own senses.

"I never heard of such an extraordinary thing in my life!" he began. "You have me at your mercy, Heron. What can I say—what do—to express my mortification and regret? It is useless to hope that either you or the new Mrs. Heron will be able to pardon the monstrous blunder made by us to-day."

"Oh, poor Hazel!" cried Miss Carbury, wringing her hands in the deepest contrition. "I will apologize upon my knees, Mr. Heron. We will all apologize. To think that we should lay the sins of this brazen creature at *her* door—it is really too dreadful!"

Mrs. Van Wert was looking at Jael in what she meant to be a penetrating fashion.

"Your Blackbird lover, Bagley, must be at the bottom of all this," she said.

"No, madam," dissented Jael, sharply. "Blame no one but me—accuse no one but me. Joe Bagley knew nothing about it."

Not till this moment had the colonel betrayed any anger against the culprit; but now a hard, cold look came into his face—he waved Jael imperatively toward the door.

"You have said enough—go to your own quarters!" he commanded, "and remain there till Mrs. Steele returns from the town. Then report to her—she will settle accounts with you. Of course you leave my service immediately."

With her eyes on the speaker, Jael made a precipitate movement across the threshold of the drawing-room. At the name of Mrs. Steele a blank terror overspread her face. She seemed to

see some sight of horror—some Damoclean sword suspended—invisible to others.

"Sir, sir!" she cried, in a wild, entreating way, "don't send me to Mrs. Steele—settle with me yourself—punish me yourself!" But Rivers made a single gesture, as though taking final leave of her. The door closed—Jael vanished.

Francis Heron looked around on his companions.

"It seems that the mystery of the day is solved," he said, dryly. "I would like to ask if, in any mind here, a doubt is left concerning Hazel Ferrers's innocence?"

"Pray, do not humiliate us with such a question," groaned Miss Carbury. "I am sure we all feel as though we were partners in Jael's guilt."

"Even if Mrs. Heron should condescend to forgive us, we can never forgive ourselves," said the colonel. Heron bowed coldly.

"As my task is accomplished," he said, "I need not detain any of you longer." And he took his hat, and immediately left the house.

Turning homeward through the Wolfsden garden, Heron looked as he felt—deeply disturbed. Hazel was fully exonerated—her innocence, by the unexpected aid of Jael, established beyond a doubt. But as he went, he mused:

"Gracious Heaven! how that girl's face changed the instant she met Rivers's serene eyes, and heard his silky voice! What terrific power does he wield over her that his first word should take all her courage like that? And when he mentioned Mrs. Steele, the poor thing looked as if she had been ordered to report to Apollyon of the Pit——"

Something crashed suddenly through a thicket behind him—he heard a hoarse breath, and lo! Jael herself tore past him, like some wild thing flying for life. She was without bonnet or outer garment. Her ashen face, turned back over one shoulder toward Wolfsden, was full of a mortal fear—a deadly apprehension. Poor, guilty creature! Plainly she did not mean to report to Mrs. Steele! She shot by Heron, as though he was imperceptible to mortal eye, and plunging headlong into the shrubbery, disappeared in the direction of the high-road.

"Jael!" he cried. "Hi there! I want to speak to you." But he called in vain—the waiting-maid was gone.

Heron experienced a sudden unpleasant thrill. In spite of her guilt, which he laid wholly to the charge of her long association with the Blackbirds, he was deeply interested in Jael. How could he forget the service that she had rendered at the mills, on the night of the strikers' visit? or the warning given to Vivian, whereby the robbery of Heroncroft had been averted? Surely he had good cause to think kindly of the girl. He

followed through the shrubbery, to which shreds of her cotton gown clung, in witness of her wild flight, and on to the fence, bordering the highway. There the road described an abrupt curve, and he could see nothing of the fugitive. Doubtless she had fled to the Nest—her only home. He leaped the wall, into his own grounds, and immediately came upon Graham Vivian, pacing about under the old pear-trees of the garden.

"The seed sown by you at Black River has borne fruit to-day, Vivian!" he began, slipping his arm through his friend's. "As I feel sure that this *dénouement* is due entirely to your influence, you must be the first to hear the story."

He told it briefly. In conclusion, his voice took a troubled tone.

"I am disturbed about Jael," he said. "for I have an impression that, bad as things appear on the surface, there is something worse remaining untold. Her face, as she tore through the garden, looking back to Wolfsden, was Tragedy itself. She seemed to see a death's-head at her shoulder. Some spur more powerful than the fear of being delivered to the police urged her headlong flight from that house."

"We must find her at once!" cried Vivian, with lively concern. "We must befriend her at this crisis, Heron. She has noble elements in her character. All her impulses are true—generous. She must be saved from the Blackbirds—her voluntary confession will certainly bring her to grief, and from this hour render the Nest unsafe for her. She must be rescued from thieves and vagabonds, and given a chance in life."

"Right!" said Francis Heron. "I have an urgent errand in town. When it is done, I will meet you at the mills. Meanwhile, take my best horse, and ride down to the Nest and find Jael. My housekeeper shall make a place for her here at Heroncroft, till we can decide about her future."

They turned about and started for the stables.

"Do you think that Rivers and the ladies design to enter complaint against Jael and bring her to punishment?" asked Vivian. "Our neighbor has hitherto been very lenient with the Blackbirds. Will he make an example of this girl, who is merely a tool in the hands of evil associates? Will not your cousin, Miss Pole," his voice changing a little, "intercede for her?"

Heron's face clouded.

"I forgot to tell you that Sergia is ill, and, so far as I can discover, knows nothing about the nefarious business."

"Ill!" echoed Vivian, in a constrained tone. "Not seriously, I hope?"

"I cannot say. You must know, Vivian, that the events of this day have not increased my esteem for Colonel Pitt Rivers. I told him to his

face that he was a liar and a coward. I believe him to be both."

"Your uncle loved him like a brother."

"Yes; but my poor uncle was a whimsical invalid, of unsound judgment, as was plainly shown when he trusted both his daughter and his ducats to a perfect stranger—perhaps an adventurer. As you have doubtless heard, Rivers chanced to win his gratitude in some railway accident abroad. Being a clever fellow, he knew how to make the most of his good fortune. In his will, my uncle left him fifty thousand dollars and the care of Sergia. Bah! I tell you, Vivian, the man who can gamble with a moneyed guest, like Sir Griffin Hopewood, and fleece him nightly—the man who can keep for a housekeeper a dubious, dual character, like Mrs. Steele—is hardly the person to inspire confidence in his neighbors. I am not sure that it is safe to leave Sergia to such guardianship."

Not without strong emotion could Graham Vivian hear the name of the blonde beauty who had so cruelly scorned and flouted him. She was ill! The news sent a suffocating thrill through his heart. He had thought himself strong, well-disciplined; now he knew that he was weak—unstable as water—that the fight was not yet fought nor the victory won.

"Rivers is the guardian appointed by Miss Pole's father," he said, in a low voice. "You cannot interfere with his authority, Heron."

"I do not design to interfere, without just cause," replied Heron, briefly. "But, being nearest of kin to Sergia, it is plainly my duty to watch the polished colonel, and his methods of guarding a ward who is both rich and beautiful."

He turned his gaze toward the green knoll, crowned with chestnuts, where the dust-brown house stood, high above the hollow of Heroncroft. Twilight was now closing in. From the upper windows of the mansion lights began to twinkle.

"A mysterious house!" muttered Heron. "I do not half understand the things that have happened there of late! One word more, Vivian, about my cousin Sergia: For weeks I have entertained a secret hope that she might fall in love with *you*, and lure you, somehow, to abandon your determination to lead a celibate life."

Vivian's face was like a marble mask. There were secrets in his life which he could not confide even to his friend.

"That is great nonsense, Heron," he answered. "I am the last man on earth to be mentioned in such a connection—a poor clergyman, with an empty purse and a tainted name."

"Pooh! You dwell too much on that latter subject, dear boy. Where is the person that, once knowing you, would stop to ask about your family secrets? I would like well to see my cousin and

her fortune safe in your possession. Your views are all wrong—you know nothing about women—they are kinder—more generous than they seem—”

He saw the curious look on Vivian's handsome face, and stopped short, biting his lip.

“No—I err!” he corrected, hotly. “Women are as cruel as death—shun them, man, as you would the pestilence!”

And with long, nervous strides he hurried on to the stable-door in advance of his friend, and called to a groom to saddle the horses and lead them out.

“We will meet at the mills,” said Vivian, and he mounted first, and rode away through the fast-falling night.

Heron tarried long enough to draw out a note-book, and by the aid of a stable-lantern, held aloft by the groom, to pencil Jael's story hurriedly on a blank leaf. This he tore out and gave to his servant.

“Take it to the house—to—to Mrs. Heron,” he said, speaking the new name with some difficulty. The next moment he was in the saddle, riding out of

Heroncroft. He had told Vivian that an urgent errand called him to the town. About its urgency there could be no doubt, for at break-neck speed he dashed across the bridge, and away over the narrow, dark road to Black River.

The events of the day provided ample food for thought on the way—his mind was as busy as his horse's heels. He clattered into the principal

street of the town, just as a church-clock was striking eight, and pulled up before the door of a telegraph-station.

Several hours had elapsed since the flight of Sir Griffin Hopewood from Wolfsden, but Heron felt assured that his rival had gone no farther than Boston. Fortunately, he chanced to know

the hotel which the baronet was most likely to honor with his presence there. Grim as fate—full of a bitter satisfaction—he entered the little office, and dispatched to Sir Griffin the following laconic message:

“Miss Ferrers innocent. Guilty party confesses.”

God pity the man when he should read those words! If there was any love for Hazel left in his heart, he would surely call on the earth to open and cover him! His errand done, his Parthian shaft sent to the breast of his rival, Heron closed the door of the little station, mounted his horse again, and turned homeward.

There was no urgency now in his pace. In a sudden revulsion of feeling, he let the rein drop on the animal's neck, and suffered him

to fall into a sober walk. What had he done? Stabbed Sir Griffin to the heart, but also provoked a dire catastrophe; for would not the baronet, in his penitence and remorse, fly at once to seek Hazel's forgiveness? Then how would it be with the unhappy girl, divided forever from the lover whom she might have pardoned, and bound irrevocably to Heron—the man whom she could only



“I BRING FRESH SHOWERS FOR THE THIRSTING FLOWERS.”

hate? He sickened at thought of the scene that must ensue—at the inevitable anguish and despair awaiting his bride. He could have cursed himself for the bonds which he had helped Judge Ferrers to impose upon her. What was wealth to the girl, compared with liberty and love? Great Heaven? He had made a sad, mad marriage indeed, and there was no remedy for it on this side of the grave.

Moody and absorbed, Heron took the road to the silent mills. There industry was still suspended, for the strike was not yet "off," nor the breach betwixt master and men healed. He waited some time in the mill-yard before Vivian appeared. The latter wore a disturbed look.

"What news?" said Heron.

"None," replied Vivian. "Jael is not at the Nest—has not been there. I have searched all the ins and outs of the place, and can glean no tidings of her."

"Strange! Of course, you have interviewed the Bagleys?"

"One, at least—old Sal was at the shanty alone. She swears she has not seen Jael for eight and forty hours. I attempted to quicken her memory with a bank-note, and failed, so it is plain that Jael has not been nigh the Nest."

"By Jove! where, then, shall we look for her? The terrible fear on her face, as she fled through the Wolfsden garden, haunts me still. She cannot have thrown herself into the river—eh, Vivian?"

"Out of the question!" answered Vivian, promptly. "Jael is no coward, to add self-destruction to her other sin. The girl would be more likely to meet punishment with a brave front."

The two went down to the river-bank, and stood there, looking silently around. Bruce was somewhere about, but not visible. The night was dark, save for myriad stars, and all the winds were laid. Did Vivian remember another night of moonlight and glamour—the little boat—the fair woman with roses in her bosom, who had deluded and mocked him—the

"Love that was lost, ere it came to birth.

Weed of the wave, without fruit on earth?"

Surely he *did* remember! In the sheltering shadow, his Antinous face grew very pale.

"Hark!" said Heron. "Is anything stirring here?"

They listened, but heard only a water-rat scurrying down the bank.

"It is evident that we must give over the search for to-night," said Heron, in a disappointed tone; and the two turned back to the mill-gate, where the horses waited.

As Vivian stood with a hand on the pommel of

his saddle, looking out into the dark, still road, he suddenly discerned a woman's figure, black, slender, graceful, moving swiftly, noiselessly, along the highway, straight past the mills, and into the ingulfing night beyond.

"Who was that?" whispered Francis Heron.

"The Wolfsden housekeeper, Mrs. Steele," answered Vivian.

"Ah! She has returned from the town. She is hurrying down to the Nest—to find Jael, perhaps. Let us leave the horses here, Vivian, and follow her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. STEELE.

It was quite true.

The slim, black figure, solitary, unattended, gliding so rapidly by Heron's Mills, and disappearing in the night, was no other than Colonel Rivers's housekeeper; and so absorbed was that lady in her own thoughts that she quite failed to notice the two men watching her in the opening of the mill-gate.

Along the moonless road she went, and turned into a by-way leading down to the Nest. The dank mists curling up from the river hung white in mid-air. Not a breath stirred the pines of the preaching-field, but from the cottages and the dram-shops arose abundant sounds of life—mostly of a kind offensive to ears polite. Unflinchingly Mrs. Steele made her way straight to the narrow, unsavory lane where stood the Bagley shanty. A light, shining from a coarsely curtained window, told her that the occupants were within. Daintily she picked her way around the refuse-heaps of the place, like one familiar with all its pitfalls, and advancing to the low door, she gave two distinct, imperious raps. In answer, a bolt was drawn, and the face of old Sal Bagley peered out.

"I knowed 'twas your knock, ma'am," she said, dryly. "Come in."

Mrs. Steele stepped into the shanty. She was dressed in widow's weeds of fine, soft texture. Her gray puffs clustered smoothly under a close crape bonnet. Her glasses were off, for once, and with a comprehensive glance her brilliant yellow eyes swept the small, bare room.

"Jael is not here!" she said, with conviction—"she has not been here."

Old Sal shook her unkempt head.

"Of course not. The preacher was at the door just now, looking for her. You might have met him, ma'am."

"No. My curse on that man!" murmured Mrs. Steele, as softly as though she was pronouncing a benediction.

"He thought he must find her in the Nest. Why should anybody think *that*?" cried Sal, shrilly. "Jael knows we can't hide her, even if

we should want to. She knows this is the first place to be suspected—she wouldn't come to us."

The two women, one graceful and elegant, one ugly and repulsive, stood on either side of the pine table, whereon the daily meals of the Bagleys were spread; and strange to say, that hardened old sinner Sal shrank and trembled before the refined Mrs. Steele. The latter began drawing the gloves from her handsome white hands, as though preparing for business.

"Where is Joe?" she asked.

"He's a-laying down, ma'am—resting hisself."

"Call him!"

Old Sal shuffled across the floor, and opened a door communicating with an inner room.

"Get up, Joe!" she cried, and a bed creaked, as though she was vigorously shaking some heavy body upon it. Then followed a grunt and an oath, and soon after, a few lines of song drawled out in a sleepy, yawning voice:

"Hey, trolly lolly! A leg to the devil!

Come, answer him civil, and off with your cap.

Hey, trolly lolly! Be done with your drivell—

Good-morrow, Sir Evil,

We've finished the tap,

And saving your Worship, we care not a rap!"

Leisurely Mr. Bagley seemed to rise from his couch, and prepare himself for the presence of ladies. An odor of bad tobacco invaded the room, and then bullet-headed Joe, with his hands stuck in his breeches-pockets, appeared in the middle door, drawing long whiffs from a freshly lighted clay pipe. Mrs. Steele made a little gesture of disgust.

"Lout!" she said.

"Beg parding!" answered Mr. Bagley; "I forgot I was called to speak to a true-blue lady, that don't relish the 'baccy. Well, a man must have a little comfort. I was out all last night, you see, up and down, raiding orchards and hen-roosts—small game, of course, but not to be despised, since Blackbirds have appetites, as well as other folks."

He seated himself, in a free and easy way, on the edge of the pine table.

Mrs. Steele eyed him with cold disapproval.

"Orchards and hen-roosts sound a little trivial just now," she sneered. "Is it possible, Joe Bagley, that you could sleep after the news that was sent you to-day? You should be searching for that traitress Jael, instead of napping, like an idiot, on the brink of a volcano."

"Softly!" said Mr. Bagley. "I staid here to wait for orders—I couldn't act until I got 'em."

"Recall the oaths which bind the Blackbirds together. Each of us has sworn to be silent and obedient—never, on pain of death, to betray each other—to stand by our leaders, through thick and thin—to——"

"Bless you! I know it all!" interrupted Bagley, with some impatience. "And Jael has gone and busted regulations, and kicked clean over oaths, like a frisky filly. Well, I've been expecting something of the kind for a space back. Weeks ago, I warned you to look out for her; but you thought you had her well in hand, which was a trifling mistake of yours. That girl is a rum one! Blood will tell," and he winked facetiously. "Now, Madam Maisie, I wait for you to speak. Age before beauty. What's going to be done about it?"

She stood and looked Bagley full in the face, with a long, unwinking gaze.

"Diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved,"

she quoted. "*Jael is to be killed wherever found!*"

She spoke the diabolic words very softly. A stranger, listening, would have doubted his own ears. Not so Mr. Bagley, who knew the speaker well.

"Just as I supposed," he muttered, putting his clay pipe down on the table. "She has grit—that Jael! Stood and shouted to 'em all that she was the thief, eh? Now, who could foresee anything like *that*? Of course, she won't stop there. She'll out with the whole story afore she's done."

"Undoubtedly. Find her, Joe, and shoot her at sight, after which you may vanish from Black River, and return here no more. This is the order I bring you: Sentence has been passed on the girl, and you are chosen to execute it."

There was a sudden sharp cry, and old Sal, rushing forward, leaned her withered arms on the table, and glared at Mrs. Steele in horror and fear.

"Joe is her foster-brother!" she fairly shrieked.

"That does not matter," replied Mrs. Steele, indifferently. "If I had her within reach, I think I could strangle her with these hands," holding out the delicate white members in the lamp-light.

"Oh Lord, Lord!" groaned Sal. "What a heart you have, to be sure! I couldn't say that, nor any other woman made of flesh and blood. Jael was a baby when she was brought here, and I reared her like my own. You're too cruel hard on the girl, Maisie Dee—you were always hard on her."

"You reared her like your own?" repeated Mrs. Steele, paying little heed to the change of name. "Bah! Never was work done so badly, Mother Sal. There was always something wrong with the creature——"

"No, no!" cried Sal; "never till the young preacher came to Black River!"

Mrs. Steele smiled wickedly.

"The preacher!—ah! But we cannot discuss cause and effect now—it is enough to know that Jael has grown unspeakably dangerous of late. She wants only a chance to tell all that she knows—her tongue is untied—it will keep wagging, as Joe has intimated, until it is stopped. Necessity knows no law. To spare her, means destruction to us all. She shall *not* be spared. She knew that I hated the little Ferrers, and longed to destroy her, and she deliberately thwarted the work—opened my trap, and let the prey out. I might forgive everything else, but not that—never *that*!"

"Jael didn't mention names!" pleaded Sal, wildly. "She took everything on herself—she involved no one."

"That will do for a beginning," sneered Mrs. Steele; "but how will it be when she is questioned by the young preacher? It's not safe to give her more time, I tell you. In the Blackbird code, treachery is punishable with death. Jael is a traitress—let her pay the penalty."

But Sal, with the wild gray hair pushed back from her wretched face, pounded on the table with protesting hands.

"No, no!" she cried. "You're a wicked woman, Maisie Dee—so wicked, that, as the Lord hears me, you chill the marrow in my bones. I'm clean afraid of you! Beat Jael—lash her, as you've done often enough—haven't I seen the blood on her clothes—the scars in her flesh? But don't go to *kill* her! Joe won't do it—none of the Blackbirds will do it."

But Sal had reckoned without her host. Joe pushed her roughly back from the table.

"Tut, mother—you're losing your wits," he said. "I hope I know my duty. I'm a strict disciplinarian—equal to Maisie herself. Jael has blowed—more than once, too," with a round oath. "and that's a thing we can't afford to tolerate. The night we tried to burn Heron's Mills, she foiled us. Who but she put Heron on his guard, that other night when we went to rob him? Who warned the Talcotts about their butler Collins? We've shown forbearance enough," his voice took a savage tone. "I'm ordered to kill Jael—well, by the powers! I *will* kill her! From this minute her life isn't worth the fillip of a finger!"

With a groan, Sal recoiled from the two.

"You might remember who the girl is," she faltered, feebly.

"What's the use?" replied Joe. "As things are now, we'd better forget *that*."

Mrs. Steele took from her belt a watch blazing with diamonds—an elegant and costly time-piece, which another person might have hesitated to expose in the Bagley shanty. In drawing it forth, she flung aside her mourning-mantle, and Joe's sharp glance, following the line of her neat belt,

discovered something more confined therein—a little gold-mounted revolver.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, greatly diverted by the sight; "do you wear that toy for defense, Maisie? Perhaps you think it isn't safe for you to venture into the Nest unarmed? 'Pon my soul, it would be a bold party that dared meddle with *you*!"

With an unmoved countenance, she consulted her jeweled watch.

"I came prepared to meet Jael here," she said, quietly, significantly. "Past nine o'clock! In the company of old friends, time flies fast. So," assuming a meditative air, "that preacher is also out to-night, looking for the girl? Now, I was congratulating myself that he had left Black River, to come back no more—that he was fairly started on his journey to the other side of the globe."

"There's some hitch in the proceedings," answered Joe. "He stopped to marry Heron, and now, I dare say, he'll stay to bury the old nabob that's just dead at Heroncroft. I've scouts out in that quarter, and know all that's going on there. It's safe to say that the little Ferrers is about out of your reach, Maisie. Besides being Heron's wife, and as such, pretty well protected against enemies, she's to come in for a big fortune from the old fellow that's dead."

Mrs. Steele set her teeth. Her long, narrow face betrayed her inward fury.

"A curious fatality has pursued me in this case," she began, in a suffocating voice. "I fancied that I had Hazel Ferrers where I could crush her; but it seems that I have succeeded only in breaking her engagement with the Englishman—that is but a meagre triumph, for Heron is the better man of the two."

"Precisely, Maisie. Don't you think?"—with an exasperating grin—"that you was a trifle hard on the Ferrers? Now, I couldn't have had the heart to lay such a trap for the little beauty. Well, let us return to our muttons, as the French say. I must find my game before I can wing it. Do you expect Jael to show herself at this shanty again? The girl is no fool."

"No—look for her elsewhere—*everywhere*, Joe Bagley! It is a misfortune that she got away from Wolfsden in my absence, for she ransacked my desk and carried off certain papers—Hush!" her voice changing suddenly; "not another word—I hear some one moving up the lane."

Joe arose from his seat on the edge of the table.

"You've a deuced sharp ear, Maisie. Maybe it's the preacher come back to pursue inquiries about his convert. Awkward for you to be seen here."

But evidently Mrs. Steele did not concur in



THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

that opinion, for she coolly picked up her gloves, and moving to the door, stood, a black silhouette, in the light that streamed forth from old Sal's lamp.

A few yards distant, among the refuse-heaps of the lane, two men were consulting in low voices.

"Mr. Vivian!" she called, promptly. "Yes, it is you, and you have brought Mr. Heron with you! Ah, I see—you are still looking for poor Jael. We meet on common ground, then, and with the same purpose in view."

Thus addressed, the twain advanced to the shanty-door.

"It is late for ladies to be abroad at the Nest," said Heron, dryly; "but fortunately, yours is not a timid nature. Mrs. Steele!"

"True—when I am seeking the good of others," she answered, with a gentle smile. "One finds courage in doing one's duty—is it not so, Mr. Vivian?" turning her pale face upon the young preacher. "You must know, because you are always searching for the lost sheep. Tell me, have you any news of that poor, unfortunate girl?"

"None," said Vivian, briefly.

"Too bad!" sighed Mrs. Steele, "especially as Colonel Rivers and his lady-guests have decided to forgive her everything. If she will promise to do better in the future, they will let the matter drop. I have come from Wolfsden at this hour, to find her, and tell her this."

"Very kind of you!" said Vivian, but somewhat coldly.

"You pity her, Mr. Vivian—so do I. You feel a friendly interest in the erring creature—you want to do her good—so do I. Should you hear anything of her to-night—above all, if you are fortunate enough to discover her hiding-place—will you kindly send me word at once?"

"Certainly," he answered, "providing that Jael herself wishes me to do so."

She gave him a sharp, displeased glance, and stepped down into the lane.

Vivian went up to the threshold of the shanty, and looked in.

Joe had vanished.

Sal sat alone at the table, bending over a piece of knitting.

"Didn't I tell you, an hour ago, that Jael wasn't here?" said the old woman, grimly.

"Never mind," he answered; "I have a message for her, which I forgot to mention on my previous visit. I came back to leave it with you."

She looked up quickly from her knitting.

"A message, sir?"

"Yes. Jael may put in an appearance to-night—to-morrow—at any hour. Whenever you see her, Mother Bagley, tell her to fear nothing

from any quarter—tell her she has friends who will not fail her. If she needs shelter, money, help of any kind, let her take the nearest road to Heroncroft."

The woman turned on him a pair of wild eyes, in which sudden hope blended with deadly fear. But the next instant she recovered herself, and bent again over her knitting.

"Thank ye kindly, sir," she muttered. "I'll tell her, if she comes: but she won't come!"

Vivian turned back into the lane where Francis Heron was waiting.

Mrs. Steele had flitted away—disappeared in the night.

In silence the two friends returned to the mills, mounted their horses, and started for Heroncroft.

"I wonder what the Steele wanted at Bagley's to-night?" began Heron, thoughtfully. "Of course, that story about seeking Jael to appease her fears, and carry her news of pardon, was pure fiction."

Vivian, who was also meditating, answered, rather irrelevantly:

"Did you ever think, Heron, that the Blackbirds—by which I mean the band of thieves who, under cover of that name, hide amongst your mill-folks—might be closely connected with the criminal gangs of the great cities?"

"Yes," answered Heron, promptly. "Have I not often told you that a cleverer head than Joe Bagley's conceives the plans which he clumsily executes—a cleverer head, belonging to some man—perhaps some woman—of genius?"

"Woman!" echoed Vivian.

"Who knows? These Blackbirds are a curious study. A portion of them, as you can bear witness, are fairly respectable, though all live in a sort of moral malaria. Vagabonds, petty pilferers, not to say expert thieves, have become strangely mixed with a decent working population. Doubtless a student of sociology would tell us that more than one New England village harbors an element of the same dubious kind in its borders—'tribes,' dreaded by their neighbors, and with whom the law deals feebly—never with any attempt to expose their secret connections—Hi, Lancer!" as his horse shied suddenly at some movement in the way-side darkness. "There was a figure moving up the road before us, only a moment ago—I fancied it might be Mrs. Steele, on her way back to Wolfsden—what the mischief has become of her?"

(To be continued.)

LEATHER CANNON.

"LET me give you a bit of history," said a down-town leather merchant the other day, "that many a student has overlooked. The ob-

jects of peace are not all that leather figures in, for it is to leather that we owe the introduction of light artillery. Leather cannon have been actually tried on the battle-field, and, what is more, turned the tide of one of the greatest battles of modern times. The inventor of leathern artillery was a certain Colonel Robert Scott, a Scotchman in the service of Charles I. of England.

"He constructed guns of hardened leather and experimentally tried them. The result was that they were pronounced superior to guns made of brass or iron. But the colonel did not live long to enjoy the greatest triumph of his invention. He died in 1631, and a monument erected to his memory I have seen in a church-yard in London. This monument represents him as an armor-clad, fierce-looking man, wearing a heavy mustache and pointed beard.

"In the very year of the colonel's death the effectiveness of his leathern artillery was amply proved on the memorable field of Leipsie, where, September 7th, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus achieved his splendid victory over the Imperialists under General Tilly. It is said that it was owing to the invention of Colonel Scott that the victory was obtained.

"The guns were found to be so easily carried that a small battery could fly from one part of the field to another, and thus artillery be brought to bear where most needed—a thing impossible with the heavy artillery of that period. Certain it is that leathern artillery was used in this great battle by Gustavus, though it is equally certain that the guns were never used afterward. The reason of that, however, was that, the leather guns having demonstrated the value of light artillery, a way was discovered of making the metal guns lighter, and the greater durability of the latter gave them the superiority."

ST. JEANNE D'ARC.

THE cause for the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc will, as soon as the documents relating to her life are ready, be discussed by the Cardinals' Sacred Congregation, at Rome; and when the rites of canonization are celebrated the French heroine will have become a saint. This will not happen for years yet, as she must pass through two grades beforehand. She must first be made venerable; then she becomes the venerable servant of God; after that she must be beatified. Every minute particular relating to her life is being looked into with the greatest care. Monsignor Caprara is the learned advocate always employed by the Vatican in matters concerning beatifications and canonizations.

"My colleagues," he says, "give me the name of l'Avvocato del Diavolo, or Devil's Advocate, be-

cause it is my business to find out all sins committed by, and all the worst points in the life of, the person to be beatified or canonized. Now, in the case of Jeanne d'Arc this becomes rather difficult, as there is not much in history to tell us anything of her private life. However, we are making deep researches, and shall be able, undoubtedly, to discover her weak points when all the documents are ready. The case will then be discussed before the Congregation of Cardinals by the advocate, who pleads the cause, Signor Marini, and by me, who oppose, on the ground of those bad points which have been discovered. If, however, the cardinals judge in the heroine's favor, the cause is then pleaded before the Pope by the Consistorial Advocate, Signor Marucchi.

"The Pope having given his consent, Jeanne will then be made venerable. Before she is beatified it is necessary that in the course of her life she should have accomplished four miracles. It must not be supposed by that that she should have restored any one to life, or done anything in any way supernatural, but some particular episode, like some one very wonderfully cured or miraculously saved from accident in her presence, for instance. This may sound somewhat ridiculous. I can tell you that this kind of miracle has happened in our own century. If in her case they exist, they must then be most carefully and minutely examined. That takes time, and must also be legally confirmed, and as far as I can judge she will not be made blessed for another eight or nine years. When once blessed, it is necessary that two other miracles should happen to persons who, imploring her intercession, have their petitions granted. Then she will be canonized, and become St. Jeanne d'Arc."

A PROVENÇAL RELIC.

THE interesting relic of mediæval days which is here represented in a sketch by Herbert Pier-son, stands in a rocky nook of the *enclos*, or Cour de la Reine Jeanne (now a vineyard), midway between Arles and the ancient fortress of Les Baux. It is generally known as the Pavillon d'Amour, in reference to the romantic "Courts of Love" which in the days of the Troubadours held their sessions in such localities. The pavilion is a little gem of mediæval domestic architecture enriched with elaborate sculpture, the roof supported by fluted columns surmounted by a carved frieze and dog-tooth cornice, exquisite in taste and finish, and in wonderful preservation; for (like so many other relics in Provence) it is attributed to the time of "La Reine Jeanne." What "Reine Jeanne" it does not seem easy to discover, but she appears to be in some way mixed up in the Provençal mind with the 'bon

roi René," who was the original occupant of Les Baux. "Presently," writes a recent visitor, "we caught sight of the owner of the land,

'That same old animal the vine-dresser,'

who, finding we were sketching and examining the building, drew near, but with a sullen expression which had in it a tone of proprietorship. It seemed politic to open the conversation, so we remarked on the beauty of the structure, adding what a sad pity it seemed that it should be allowed to fall into decay, and calling his attention to the sculptured keystone of one of the arches, which scarcely held in its place.

"He turned very surly at the interference, asking, 'What was the use of patching up an old thing like that? . . . It had been in that state ever since he had it, and what had he got to do with repairing it? It was of no use to him

but just to throw his tools into, and if it were not for the trouble of pulling it down, he should be glad of the space it occupied to extend his cultivation. . . . Why, you might plant a score of *pieds de choux* on it,' he concluded.

"We succeeded in mollifying him at last by our admiration of the object, and assured him that if he knew his own interest he would preserve such a monument to attract visitors, who would gladly pay to be allowed to study it.

"This was a new light, but it only gleamed for a moment, as he added, 'Qui voulez-vous qui s'occupe de ça? il ne vient jamais de curieux par ici.' And it is a singular fact that we have never seen a mention of this unique little relic even in the rare guide-books which do touch—and that scantily—on Provence and its monuments. As for Mérimée, whose mission it was to discover and report on them, few indeed are those he mentions. Even by Claretie, who writes on Provence

with the enthusiasm of a poet, neither this nor a number of equally interesting ruins we met with are alluded to in the few brief, nevertheless inspiring, pages in which he dismisses it.

"The old 'vine-dresser,' although rough, was disinterested, and would accept no fee, but appeared pleased when we made a present to his little granddaughter.

"We now hastened on, still guided by the child, to the Val d'Enfer. Up one road we went, and

down another, alike strewn with stones and fragments of rock, which made our progress difficult; across clefts, over crags, and along narrow paths crossed by briars and brush-wood, to a gradually widening gorge to which the infernal appellation has been given, and which finally opens out in view of Les Baux—Les Baux, perched on its bare, sun-burnt cliffs, its ruins haunted only by owls, artists, and the memories of the so-called Dark Ages—of song and chivalry and war."



PAVILLON D'AMOUR, LES BAUX.

SAVED BY A LIFE.

BY BRANDT KNOX.

It was noon by the sun, noon by the tall clock in front of the school-house, noon by the dismal shriek of the factory-whistle way out yonder by the river-bank—noon; and as the shrill strains died away in piercing echo, a man stepped out of the post-office, and, whistling softly to himself, sprang off the sidewalk and started to cross the dusty, sunny street. He was a bright-faced young fellow, whose looks and motions betokened perfect health and a robust physique. Half-way across, he halted, as if overtaken by a thought, and then turned to retrace his steps. At this moment George Loomer, cashier of the Hopeton Bank, came out of his banking-room and crossed the street behind the young stranger, on his way to dinner. No one else was in sight; the quiet little village seemed to be fast asleep beneath the noonday sun, when the sharp report of a revolver rang out upon the drowsy air, and George Loomer, with a scream of mortal agony, sprang into the air and fell dead upon his face in the dust of the road, a bullet in his brain. To the young man, within five feet of him, the whole thing was like a visionary picture from Dante's hell; he saw an



"IT WAS A HARD, STRAINING PULL, BUT THE DESPERATE SITUATION GAVE HER STRENGTH." . . . "THE BANK GLITTERED FOR A MOMENT WITH RIFLE AND PISTOL FLAMES, BUT NO BULLETS REACHED THEM."
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arm reach over the top of a box, the flame of the discharge seemed to burn his face and blind his eyes. As he staggered back, bewildered and amazed, he felt, rather than saw, a figure spring to his side, push something into his grasp, and go from him again. The next moment, as the little ring of smoke floated lazily upward, he stood there alone, above the prostrate form of the murdered cashier, a revolver clasped tightly in his hand. His first impulse was to fly; his next, to bend over the fallen man; but before he could carry either into execution the street was full of excited people, and men were thronging about him.

"Loomer is killed!" passed from lip to lip. The factory-people caught the shout, and came hurrying up with eager and determined faces.

"Loomer is killed!" swelled the cry—"murdered!"

A stoutly built, broad-shouldered man elbowed his way roughly through the throng and laid his left hand upon the stranger's shoulder, grasping the pistol with his right.

"You are my prisoner," he said, sternly; "I arrest you for the murder of George Loomer."

The prisoner started as if to break away, then said, firmly:

"I am not guilty—I never shot the man; I never saw him before."

"You had better attempt no resistance, and come quickly," was the only reply; then the speaker added: "Joe, Sam, you and Calvert help me take this man to the jail—quick, now!"

The men addressed closed round the prisoner; but before they could move back, the crowd, breaking from about the body, surged toward them, maddened with the crime and wild for vengeance.

"Hang the fellow!" shouted some one, hoarsely; and cries for revenge rang out on every side.

"Bring a rope!"

"That old tree on the corner will do!"

"Make a rush on them!"

Inch by inch, though pressed and threatened on every side, the guards, white-faced but determined, pushed their way, with the prisoner between them. Now some of the boldest made a rush forward. The sheriff flourished a revolver in either hand, and they fell back a few steps, cursing and threatening.

"Stand back!" was the order: "stand back, I tell you! Guilty or not guilty, you'll never get this man except over my dead body."

So they fought their way down the long street, saved by determined bravery and the fact that the crowd had no one to lead them in their vengeance. The prisoner was pale enough as he glanced about into the heated faces, and his eyes met the looks of hate leveled upon him from every side. But

his step was firm, his countenance had nothing of the coward in it. Once it brightened almost into a smile. It was at the end of the street, and on the corner a group of women had gathered in terror, yet afraid to run. As the hunted man passed by, a girl's slender figure crept through the crowd of surging, shouting, maddened men, reached back of the guard and let one hand fall upon the prisoner's manacled wrists, while a soft voice murmured:

"Fred, I know you are innocent."

The young man turned to gaze just one instant into a pair of true brown eyes uplifted to his, to answer, quickly:

"Thank God, Rose, for that!"

And then the girl was swept backward in the crowd, and out of sight. The next moment the heavy jail-door swung to, the prisoner safe inside its protection, and the baffled crowd vainly battering its nail-studded front.

"Tough work, that," said the man called Calvert, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Do you think we can save the fellow, Jack?"

"I don't know. If I can keep them off late enough, I shall run him over to Crowder for safe-keeping," replied the sheriff. "You fellows go outside and keep them away from the door. Well, young man, this is a pretty tough scrape you're in. What's your name?"

"Fred Hasbrook, and I am a civil engineer from Northfield," was the prompt reply.

"Do you know any one here?"

"Only one—" then checking himself—"No, no one who could help me in the least; but, Mr. Sheriff, I am not guilty." And he gave to the officer a full account of the affair, so far as he knew it.

The sheriff listened with interest, but said nothing until the end was reached.

"Well," he remarked, slowly getting up, "that story doesn't sound very probable, Hasbrook; still, I'm half inclined to believe it. Anyway, my lad, I'll do everything in my power to save you; but the people are pretty wild over the matter. I'll go out and see what they're planning to do." And Hasbrook was left alone in the dreary place, with nothing to break his dismal thoughts save the murmur of voices outside, and the occasional oath which found its way in through the grated window to reach his straining ears.

The long afternoon wore slowly away, the noise of angry voices died out, and the prisoner sat there with his head buried in his hands. The long ray of sunlight that streamed in and painted the bare floor gold felt its way slowly up the wall, and finally died away altogether. The shadows began to gather, darkness crept over the room, and still Hasbrook sat there, his face buried in his hands. What thoughts were his? The

stain of crime upon him; the blood-thirsty mob seeking his life; his own consciousness of innocence; the knowledge that it could not be proven to the satisfaction of any jury, even if he should be permitted to live to make the attempt. These thoughts burned into his throbbing brain as if seared there by red-hot irons. Then came the vision of Rose Butler, pretty, brown-eyed Rose, in love of whose sweet face he had been drawn again and again down into this rough country. Did she love him and cling to him still? He saw the tears glistening on the long lashes during that instant in the street, but it might have been nothing more than pity. He sprang to his feet in the darkness.

"I will never give up while I have life!" he exclaimed. "For Rose's sake, I'll die like a man, if I must. She shall never have cause to feel ashamed of me for that."

Hush! What was that? A noise overhead—it sounded like the tearing of a board from its fastenings. Another and another. The mob was breaking in, to take his life—it could be nothing else!—and the hunted man felt about the little room for some weapon with which to defend himself. There was nothing but a chair. Desperately he clasped it, and drew back into the darkest corner, his eyes gleaming like those of a hunted animal, his teeth clinched, his face as white as death. Another sound overhead. The man crouched lower in his corner, muttering a prayer.

"The end is here!" he thought; "but I'll die hard!" There was a moment's silence; then a whisper cut the still air of the room like a knife:

"Fred!"

There was no answer. The man still crouched like a tiger in his corner.

"Fred!"

A spring forward. The chair fell to the floor.

"Rose, Rose, for God's sake, is that you?" he cried. "Where are you?"

"Here," the low voice whispered, "just above your head. You must stand on the chair, and I will try and draw you up. Come quick, there is no time to lose."

There was nothing cowardly in Hasbrook's nature; his whole soul seemed to rise in rebellion at the thought of running away—to do so was almost to confess his guilt of the crime, was to stamp his name forever with the brand of Cain.

"Rose I cannot," he faltered. "I am innocent. I hope to prove it. I must stay and face the trial as a man."

"Stop!"—the girl's voice, trembling as it was, was yet full of decision—"there will be no trial, no hope. They will kill you as they would a dog. I heard them plan it all. This is your only chance, for one hundred men are organized to

break in this jail at midnight—your only hope to clear your life of this stain is to fly with me. Will you go?"

The hunted man, kneeling in the darkness made no answer.

Again the soft voice spoke from above in appeal:

"Fred Hasbrook, I have risked my life to save yours—come, come for my sake, if you will not for your own."

For reply, Hasbrook sprang upon the chair, uplifted his hands, and tightly grasped that of the girl. It was a hard, straining pull, but the desperate situation gave her strength, and inch by inch he was lifted until his fingers closed upon a rafter, and with a struggle he swung his body upon the loose boards and lay beside his rescuer.

"Rose," he cried, "what can I ever say or do that will repay you for such devotion?"

"Say nothing now—we have no time. Follow me."

She caught his hand, and together they crept along to an end window, which had been boarded up. Rose looked carefully out, and then, bidding him follow, stepped through it upon the roof of a shed. At its end Hasbrook dropped to the ground and then caught the girl, and the two crouched low in the shadow. Then down upon the air was borne the sound of voices—loud, angry voices—and the shuffle of many feet.

Rose started up.

"They are here already," she whispered, hastily. "We must run for the river—come!" Suiting the action to the word, and hand in hand, they started. Out of the tall weeds a man started with a gun in his hands. He had no time to lift it to his shoulder when Hasbrook struck him and darted past. The man fell to his knees, rallied again, and with an oath fired after the fast-receding figures of the fugitives. Rose gave a little cry and staggered forward, but Hasbrook, scarcely stopping, caught her up as he would a child, and hugging his burden to his breast, swept on toward the river. Shouts and shots behind him gave added speed to his flying feet, and he swept down the bank in advance of all pursuers.

"To the right, Fred, there by the tree!" Rose whispered, faintly, and a moment later the boat, with its occupants lying flat upon the bottom, was out of sight upon the inky blackness of the water. The bank glittered for a moment with rifle and pistol flames, but no bullets reached them; then a huge bonfire flared up and cast its circle of light far out into the river, but the boat, caught in the swift current, swept over close into the opposite bank, and floated down unobserved.

"Rose, were you hit?" Hasbrook asked, anxiously, as soon as he dared to speak.

She opened her eyes wearily, and endeavored to smile.

"My arm, I think, is broken, but it does not pain me now."

He tore open her sleeve, found a painful wound, and bandaged it as best he could with handkerchiefs. Then he bent over and pressed his lips to hers. To his surprise, she pushed him back.

"No, no!" she cried: "that must not be between us."

"Not he? Surely, Rose, you do not mean those words in earnest. You will not turn me away now. Nothing could have prompted you to do

"You love me," he cried, "and yet refuse to become my own! Rose, what is it?—I have the right to know!"

She shuddered, and drew back from his grasp.

"Is it because you deem me guilty?" Hasbrook urged.

"No, no! I know—I am sure you are guiltless."

"Then why, my darling? Because you have grown up in the backwoods, because your father is rough as a mountain bear, you think I will tire of you in my city home. Rose, how can you doubt me so?"



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.—PRUSSIAN RECRUITING IN THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.—SEE PAGE 583.

what you have to-night but love." He bowed lower to where he could look into the girl's dark eyes. "Tell me, Rose—tell me truly that you love me, and some day, when my name is clear from stain, you will be my wife."

The face so close to his was deathly white—white from her wound, whiter still with the martyrdom of self-sacrifice, but her voice was firm and unshaken.

"Fred, I do love you—love you as only a girl's heart can—love you better than life itself; but I can never, never be your wife."

The young man started to his knees, rocking the boat dangerously as he did so.

The honest voice faltered, but the girl stopped him with a gesture.

"It is not that, Fred," she answered, quickly. "But there is a barrier between us now, insurmountable—you must not ask me why—I cannot tell it to you; but oh, if you love me, have pity! May God forgive me, I can never be your wife!" and hiding her face, the tears trickled through her fingers, while the slight form shook with sobs she tried vainly to suppress.

Helpless in his own misery to comfort a sorrow that he could not understand, Hasbrook sat in silence as the shores slipped rapidly by.

Now familiar landmarks came in view, and

with a deft movement of the oar the boat's head was run into the bank.

The grating of the keel aroused the almost unconscious girl.

"Where are we?" she asked, gazing about with tear-dimmed eyes that blinded her. "Why are you going ashore, Fred?"

me, wounded, and so weak you can scarcely walk? They can take me; but I will not leave till you are safe."

"Oh, I wish you would—for my sake, Fred. Our home is sure to be searched, and if you are caught now, there will be no mercy shown."

For his only answer he lifted her in his strong



FREDERICK AFTER THE DEFEAT AT KOLIN.

"This is the landing that leads home—come!" and he lifted her up in his arms.

"Home? home? no, not home!" her voice had a strange tremor in it, then the tone as suddenly changed. "Yes, I will go home, but you must not go with me; you must be miles down the river before daylight."

"Do you think I will leave you," he said, indignantly—"you who have risked so much for

arms, and toiled upward to where a solitary light pierced the darkness. It streamed out from the window of a rough, one-story house, perched upon the side of the bluff. Hasbrook kicked at the door, and was almost instantly confronted by a tall, heavily bearded man, holding a lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other. At sight of Hasbrook he staggered back, and nearly dropped the lamp, so great was his agitation.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I supposed you were dead before this. What do you want here?"

"I've brought Rose home; she has been hurt——"

Ere he could finish, the man sprang anxiously forward. "Not dead!" he cried. "Don't tell me she is dead!"

"No, she is not dead, or badly hurt, I think, but she fainted as we came up the path;" and waiting for no more, he crossed the little room and placed the girl upon the bed. "Quick!" he cried. "What is that upon the table—brandy?"

Mechanically the man passed him the bottle, and then the two bent over the unconscious girl.

The daylight was streaming in when Hasbrook left her to go—daylight, although the lamp was still burning with feeble ray.

"Good-by, Rose," he whispered. "I must go now; but if I live, I shall return to you again."

She held out her hand, and as he took it he bowed and kissed her again, then walked to the door. Butler barred the way, his eyes wild from excitement and drink.

"Go back!" he cried, sternly—"back! They are coming up the hill; if they catch sight of you, you're a dead man. Get back there! You know I hate you, Fred Hasbrook, but for the girl's sake I'll give you a chance this time."

Through the open door Hasbrook caught a glimpse of figures below the house, then Butler's strong arm pushed him back and closed the door.

"Hullo, Butler!" some one shouted. "Have yer seen anything ov that fellar Hasbrook, what killed Loomer yesterday?"

"Hasbrook?" was the reply. "Why, did that fellow get away? Thought you were going to lynch him last night."

"Got away? Yes!" chimed in another voice, impatiently; "an' I reckon yer gal kno's somethin' about it, if you don't."

"Yas," sang out a third; "an' we're goin' through yer ol' ranch jest fer luck."

Butler ripped out an oath.

"I don't care a continental for Hasbrook, or your whole gang," he retorted, savagely; "but there'll be some dead fools around here if you attempt to step inside of my shanty. You'll do well to remember that, gents."

There was a moment's hesitation, then a rush of feet, oaths, blows, the sharp crack of a re-

volver a sharp volley, and Butler's huge figure crashed open the door and fell upon the floor.

Forgetting his own danger, Hasbrook sprang to the side of the fallen man and lifted his head on his knee. His face was ghastly, and blood was flowing in a stream from a jagged wound over his heart. His eyes were closed and his lips compressed in pain. Out the open door, in the glow of the sunlight, the regulators, frightened at their work, and forgetting all about their quest in the face of this second tragedy, were hastening away.

Butler opened his eyes. "Water!" he whispered; "for mercy's sake, give me some water!" Rose held a glass to his lips with trembling hand.

His eyes closed, then opened again, and stared wildly about.

"Gone—have they gone?" he muttered. "Yes, and I am going! Don't look so at me! I'm dying—I tell you, dying! Bend down here—both of you. It hurts me to speak. I want to say that the boy never did it—never did it. I—I killed Loomer, and shoved the pistol——" He choked for breath, flung one arm into the air, sank back with a shudder, and was dead.

Rose was sobbing on Hasbrook's breast. For some time neither spoke, then he whispered:

"Dear, was—was this the barrier? Did you know this before?"

She bent her head, but could not speak.

"And now, darling, now," he pleaded, "if, knowing it all, I beg for you, will you come?"

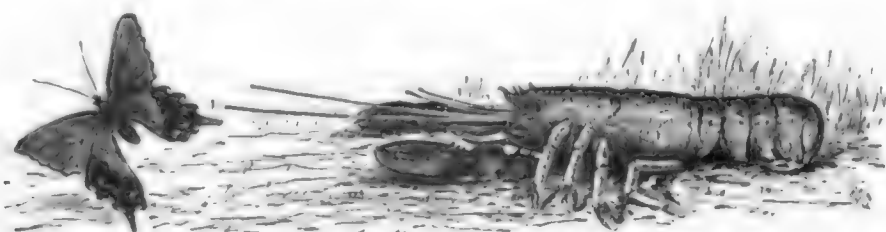
She glanced up into his honest, loving face through tears, and placed her hand in his.

"You are all that is left me in the world, Fred," she answered, gravely. "I will go with you."

And the sun, streaming in through the broken door-way, rested in a wave of gold upon the brown hair of the living and the gray hair of the dead.

* * * * *

Out in a Far Western settlement, bearing a different name, which is honored and respected wherever spoken, Fred Hasbrook has made for himself a home. To the people of Hopeton the murder of George Loomer will ever remain a mystery, for the secret rests between those two, who buried it forever in Horace Butler's lonely grave, beneath the ashes of his desolate and abandoned home.



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

III.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR: CAMPAIGNS OF 1756, 1757, 1758.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

THE Seven Years' War properly commenced on August 28th, 1756, when Frederick gave the order for his army to commence its advance toward Bohemia. He had been in readiness since early in the Summer, but had delayed until now, to meet the wishes of England and Hanover. His march lay of necessity through Saxony. Almost at the last moment he made proposals for an amicable arrangement with the Saxon Court. But Augustus III., the Elector-King of Saxony and Poland, and his Minister, Count Brühl, had become as eager as was Maria Theresa for the overthrow of the Prussian Kingdom. They were now at Warsaw, but had they been at Dresden the result would have been the same. Frederick had good reason to believe that among the Saxon State papers would be found positive proofs of the nature and extent of the conspiracy which had been formed against him. These papers had been packed up to be sent to Warsaw, and were placed in the apartments of the Electress. A Prussian officer appeared and demanded the papers. The Electress refused to give them up, and seated herself on the box containing them. She was lifted from her seat with scant ceremony, and the papers were seized and sent to Frederick. The essential documents were at once published throughout all Europe. They showed that in this instance Frederick had done no wrong; he had merely forestalled a covert blow which was meant to be fatal to him.

As the Prussians advanced, the Saxon army, 18,000 strong, fell back toward the Bohemian frontier, finally taking up an almost impregnable position on the heights near Pirna, on the Elbe, four leagues south-east of Dresden, which they were confident they could hold until the Austrians should come to their aid. "If we cannot get at them," said Frederick, "we will starve them out." After some weeks an army of 30,000 Austrians, under Marshal Brown, approached. Frederick left a part of his force to hold the Saxons in the vise in which they were, and with all that could be spared marched out to meet Brown. On the morning of October 1st the two armies came unexpectedly in sight of each other at Lobositz, where the spurs of the Erzgebirge range slope down into the great Bohemian plain. A dense fog overspread the region, and for a time neither side could clearly make out the position of the other. A confused fight ensued, lasting for hours, one party here and the other there appearing to have the better of it. At last a bayonet-charge by the Prussian grena-

diers decided the issue of the day; the Austrians retired from the field in good order. They had been handled with a skill and had fought with a steadiness which Frederick had never before seen. "My soldiers," he said, "have never performed such miracles of bravery since I have had the honor to command them; but," he added, forebodingly, "these are not the old Austrians."

The fate of the Saxons at Pirna was soon decided. Their supplies were exhausted, and not a mouthful of food could be got through the Prussian lines of investment. They were reduced to the alternative of surrendering or of breaking through the Prussian environments. They chose the bolder course. Having sent a request to Marshal Brown to come to their aid, they sallied from their works, crossed the Elbe, and tried to move in the direction where they expected to find their friends. But the Prussians were on the alert. A strong line of palisades and earth-works was stretched over hill and dale right between the Saxons and the Austrian covering party. As the Saxons moved forward every rood of ground behind them was occupied by the Prussians. The Saxons could neither go backward nor forward. Half starved and half frozen, they had nothing to do but to lay down their arms. The Elector Augustus managed to slip back to Warsaw, hoping that he might there be able to do something against Frederick, who had virtually made himself master of the Electorate.

With this virtual conquest of Saxony the campaign of 1756 came to an end. To Frederick himself the result might present itself in two quite different aspects. On the one hand, he had won a victory over the Austrians, and had possessed himself of Saxony—if he could but hold it. On the other hand, he had made no decided impression upon Austria. The core of the dominions of the Empress-Queen was untouched, and she was still in a position to renew the war with increased vigor the next year; and, moreover, France and Russia were yet to be dealt with. So much, therefore, had been left undone, that nothing effective had been accomplished.

Frederick passed the Winter of 1756-57 mainly at Dresden. Once, at least, he paid a flying visit to his capital, which he was not to see again for more than six years. To all seeming he thought more of verse-making and amusement than of war or politics. His hand, however, lay heavily on the Saxons, upon whom he levied contributions limited only by their ability to pay them. But as every day brought fresh reports of the



SEYDLITZ AT ROSSBACH.

mighty hosts which were being mustered against him, not only by Austria, but by France and Russia, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was in imminent peril. He drew up minute directions as to how affairs should be conducted should anything happen to him. To Count Finkenstein, his most trusted Minister, he wrote that, in case he himself should be taken prisoner, no attention should be paid to any orders which he might happen to issue while he was in the hands of the enemy. The Minister, and his brother who would replace him—he being childless—were enjoined on peril of their heads to carry on the war just as though he himself had never lived; and, above all, not the smallest bit of territory, or a single mark of money, should be paid by way of ransom for his person.

At the opening of the campaign of 1757, the main hope for Prussia lay in the fact that France and Russia were far from being in readiness to move; and the time which would suit the one might not suit the other. If he could at once strike Austria with his full force, he might crush her before her allies could come to her aid. At

the end of April, 1757, the Prussian troops were put in motion. They moved in three columns from the north-west, the north and the east, but all converging upon Prague, the capital of Bohemia. The Austrians had expected such an attack, but not quite so early in the season; and they were not fully prepared to meet it. Their forces, not yet united into a compact army, fell back toward Prague, suffering heavily in men and munitions. But when they were concentrated at Prague, they were nearly as strong as the Prussians, and they might look for speedy reinforcements from other armies, which were on their way from the south-west.

The Austrians, about 60,000 strong, had taken up a strong position on the heights to the east of Prague. To storm these heights Frederick had about 64,000 men, for he was obliged to leave a considerable force to keep watch upon the city itself, and the works immediately around it. The battle of Prague opened early on the morning of May 6th. The Prussian cavalry skirted around to the enemy's rear, and made some havoc; but the infantry were long unable to carry the

Austrian positions. They pressed up the heights amidst a hail of bullets, but were repelled, and could with difficulty be brought to renew the storm. In the very agony of the conflict the stout old Schwerin—seventy-two years of age—saw his battalions brought to a stand-still. He caught a flag from the color-bearer, and shouted, "Forward, my children! See, the enemy is weakening already!" With these words upon his lips, he fell dead from his horse, shot through by five bullets. His fall inspired his men with fresh vigor. Here a point, and there another, was gained in the Austrian lines. At length the watchful eye of Frederick perceived a gap wide enough to admit a cavalry charge. Through this his squadrons dashed; the whole line of heights was gained, and the Austrians were forced to take refuge within the walls of Prague, sorely pressed by the victors.

The battle of Prague was the bloodiest which

had been fought in Europe for half a century, and one of the bloodiest which were to be fought for another half-century. The Prussian loss in killed and wounded was some 13,000; that of the Austrians about the same, besides 10,000 prisoners. "On that day," said Frederick, "fell the pillars of the Prussian infantry. The death of Schwerin blasted the laurels of a victory bought with such precious blood." The Austrians lost Marshal Brown, who gave promise of being their ablest general. He fell mortally wounded at the head of his grenadiers. He was the actual commander in this battle, for Prince Charles of Lorraine, the brother-in-law of the Empress-Queen, had been early seized with a violent cramp in the breast, and was borne back senseless to Prague.

The battle of Prague was a brilliant victory for the Prussians, but it was not a great defeat for the Austrians. They were indeed shut up in Prague; but they were for the present safe



FREDERICK AT THE CAMP-FIRE.

enough there, and it required the greater part of the Prussian force to maintain the blockade. Moreover, Daun was approaching with an army of 60,000. If these could not be prevented from uniting with those at Prague, the siege must be abandoned, and the Prussians must give up Bohemia and retreat to Saxony.

From the investment of Prague Frederick could spare only about 30,000 men for the encounter with Daun. On June 18th he found the enemy awaiting him at Kolin, some ten leagues east of Prague, in a position already chosen upon a chain of low hills. Frederick's original plan of action was the same which had proved so successful at Hohenfriedberg twelve years before, in the Second Silesian War. It was to fling his main force upon one wing of the greatly outnumbering enemy. But the plan of action was deviated from: some say by Frederick's own order; others, with more probability, have it that some of his officers—among whom is specially named Prince Maurice of Dessau—either misunderstood the order they had received, or acted upon their own volition. Be this as it may, the result was disastrous. The weight of the attack fell upon the strong Austrian centre. The advance was checked, and there were no supports who could be brought in, while the Austrians there were continually strengthened by fresh men. The few Prussians at this vital point, broken into squads, were soon in rapid flight. Frederick vainly attempted to stop them; he could gather round him barely forty men, with whom he charged straight at the Austrian batteries. But when nearly all were shot down around him, he was at last restrained by an adjutant, who asked him, "Does Your Majesty intend to take these batteries alone?" Frederick looked around him, and saw that his force was altogether too weak for the work in hand; and he gave the order to retreat. "With four more battalions," he afterward said, "I could have gained a victory." His loss on that day was fully 12,000 men; that of the Austrians, about 8,000.

The Austrians thought they had merely repulsed a sharp attack; they did not dream that they had won a great victory which they might have made a decisive one, and made no attempt at pursuit. Frederick made good speed back to Prague. Once he dismounted to give his tired horse a little rest, and seated himself near the door of a peasant's hut. A cavalryman brought him a drink of water—in his helmet, they say. "The battle is lost," said the trooper, "but our Lord God still lives." Frederick made no direct reply, but sat lost in thought. After awhile he said, apparently speaking to himself: "Everybody must have his misfortunes; mine are beginning

now. Not to be moved by them, one must have bowels of iron and a heart of brass."

Things had not for some time been going on well in the army before Prague. Many of his officers—among them his own brother, Prince August Wilhelm, the heir-presumptive to the crown—had come to look mistrustfully at Frederick's adventurous plans. "Phaeton has had his fall," they said, "and we don't know what may happen to us." One thing was certain, the Prussians must abandon the investment of Prague, and retreat to Saxony. To conciliate those who had set themselves against him, Frederick committed the direct command of the larger division in the retreat to his brother, who proved unequal to the task, came more than once into sore straits, and suffered considerable loss. Frederick, who had brought his division safely through, reproached his brother sharply. The prince took the matter so much to heart that he gave up his command in the army, and soon after died.

Simultaneously with the disasters in Bohemia, the other enemies of Frederick began to bestir themselves. A Russian force of 100,000 swarmed into East-Prussia, and on August 30th gained a decided victory at Gross-Jägendorf. The Swedes sallied out from Stralsund, and overran those parts of Pomerania lying on the Lower Oder. But of more immediate consequence was it that the French on the Lower Rhine had gained the upper hand of the English and Hanoverians. In order to save Hanover from utter devastation, the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. of England, had agreed to a convention by which the French were left free to turn their whole force against the King of Prussia, and an army of 100,000 was already on the march. The French King also agreed to pay 10,000 Bavarians and Württembergers, who were to serve under the Austrian colors.

On September 19th, a portion of the largest French army, under Soubise, had got as far as the neighborhood of Gotha, and the principal officers resolved to have a sumptuous dinner in that city to celebrate the victory which they were going to win in a few days. The gay company were about to sit down to the table when the festivities were rudely interrupted. The dashing Seydlitz, with 2,000 cavalry, was scouting in those parts. The French officers made the best of their way out of Gotha on one side, just as Seydlitz was entering on the other, leaving their untasted dinner and all their baggage behind them. The Prussian officers fell to upon the viands, while the men broke open the trunks and, in mockery, tricked themselves out in the frippery which they contained. The French did not on that day make any close acquaintance with Seydlitz; but they were to know him in a few days; for the Prussian

army—Frederick himself and 20,000 others—were coming in search of them.

On November 1st, Frederick came in sight of the French, 50,000 strong, posted at Mûcheln, on the River Saale, in a position so strong that with his less than half their force he did not venture to attack them. He fell back a few miles to the heights near the village of Rossbach. The French thought this to be a retreat, and confident of an easy victory, they undertook to prevent the possibility of their escape by marching so as to fall upon the Prussians in flank and on the rear. Frederick watched the long column stretching itself out, growing momentarily longer and weaker at every point. Then he gave the word to charge, before they had time to form themselves into anything like order of battle. The fight was over almost as soon as it was begun. Next to Frederick the honors of the day belong to Seydlitz, whose cavalry put the enemy to utter rout before the quick-moving Prussian infantry could come up to take part in it; and the most that the cavalry had to do was to pursue a flying enemy, too much broken to make even a show of fighting. The victory cost Frederick only three or four hundred men; the French lost as many thousands, besides 7,000 prisoners and all their guns. The French army, as an army, was utterly destroyed; and, as it happened, this was the only engagement during the Seven Years' War in which the French bore any part directly against the Prussians.

But things had been going ill for Frederick everywhere except where he himself was present. Silesia was invaded by a large Imperial force under Prince Charles of Lorraine. The Duke of Bevern, who had been left in command there, was incompetent for the position. The strong fortress of Schweidnitz, the key of all Silesia, was taken after a short investment: Bevern was defeated and made prisoner at a battle under the walls of Breslau, and the city at once opened its gates to the Austrians. The smoke of Rossbach had scarcely cleared up when Frederick hurried to Silesia. He took with him 14,000 men—all of the victors of Rossbach who were in marching condition; to these he added 18,000 men, the fragments of Bevern's forces. With these 32,000 he advanced to encounter Prince Charles, whose numbers were not less than 60,000—some place them at 80,000.

The Imperialists occupied an intrenched camp just outside of the walls of Breslau. When Frederick came up, he resolved to attack the next morning. He called his principal officers around him, and made no attempt to hide from them the hazards they were about to encounter. "Farewell, gentlemen," he said, in conclusion; "tomorrow we shall have beaten the enemy, or we

have looked upon each other for the last time. Tell your men what I have told you." At night he made a round of the camp-fires of his regiments. Extra rations of food and drink had been served out, and the men were in the highest spirits, exulting even at the odds against them. It was well that Frederick, when he spoke German, spoke it, as he says, "like a coachman," for his words were just such as they were wont to speak and hear. He came to the camp-fire of the Guards: "What bringest thou here so late?" asked an old Guardsman. "Good news, my children; to-morrow we'll give the Austrians a sound drubbing." "That will we, *bei Gott*." "But just see how they've intrenched themselves." "If all the devils out of hell were there, we'd pitch 'em out; you just tell us to go ahead." "Well, we'll see what you can do. Now lie down for a nap, and good sleep to you." He came to the camp-fire of a Pomeranian regiment: "Now, my children, how will things go to-morrow? the fellows are pretty nigh twice as many as we are." "That's all right; there are no Pomeranians among them: thou knowest what they can do." "Yes, I know, or else I wouldn't fight 'em to-morrow. To-morrow we'll trounce these Austrians, or be dead men all of us."

The Austrians seem to have feared that Frederick would not, after all, dare to attack them in their intrenched camp, and in order to entice him to meet them in the open field, they fell back some three leagues to the little village of Leuthen, where they awaited his approach, confident that they would make quick work of "that Potsdam watch-parade," as they contemptuously styled the Prussians. But the Imperialists, though twice as many as the Prussians, were not so strong in proportion. They were a mixed army, none of whom had served together. There were none of those seasoned Austrians who had encountered Frederick not without success. If he had beaten them at Lobositz and Prague, they had beaten him at Kolin. Moreover, among them were the Würtemburgers—all Lutherans—who had been hired out to the French by their Duke to fight for the Empress-Queen, and who would rather have fought on the side of Protestant Prussia than on that of Catholic Austria.

Frederick came in sight of the enemy at Leuthen on the morning of December 5th, just one month after his victory over the French at Rossbach. The battle began at noon. Frederick, as was his wont, made his attack upon one flank, and here, fortunately, were posted the Würtemburgers, upon whom the first blow fell. They certainly showed no eagerness for the combat, but soon broke and rushed back in disorder upon those who stood next, throwing them also into confusion, and all together were flung back upon

the centre before the other wing of the Imperialists could be brought into action. Frederick himself directed every movement, and—otherwise than had happened at Kolin—his orders were neither misunderstood nor disregarded. At every point of actual fighting the Prussians seem to have had at the moment the greater numerical force. The Imperialist swarms were ridden over or driven back, and before the short Winter day was over they were in disorderly retreat. As darkness closed in, pious songs were heard here and there among the Prussian ranks, until finally the whole army broke out into the grand German *Te Deum*. “Nun danket alle Gott!”

Leuthen, taken all in all, ranks foremost among the great victories of Frederick. It was not, like Rossbach, one easily won through the utter incompetence of the opposing commander. It cost the Prussians nearly 6,000 men; the Imperialist loss was about 27,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners taken in the pursuit; they lost also about 50 stand of colors, 100 guns and 4,000 wagons. Religious enthusiasm had much to do with this victory; but never had Frederick's troops fought more stoutly, never had his officers done better, never had his own capacity as a general been so conspicuously manifested.

“That battle,” says Napoleon, “was a masterpiece; of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederick to a place in the first rank among generals.”

The tidings of the victory of Leuthen, following so closely upon that of Rossbach, caused an immense sensation throughout Europe, notably in France and England. “At Paris,” wrote D'Alembert to Voltaire, “everybody's head is turned about the King of Prussia; five months ago he was dragged in the mire.” In England the news was received with universal acclamation. Frederick's birthday, coming not long after, was celebrated as a national holiday. London was ablaze with illumination. Painters all over the kingdom were kept busy in altering the old tavern-signs into what might be taken as portraits of the Prussian hero. In default of a better, the addition of a pigtail and a cocked hat transformed the “Vernon Arms” into the “Frederick Arms.” William Pitt, not yet Earl of Chatham, had lately come into power. His cardinal policy was the war with France. He declared that His Majesty's Electorate of Hanover ought to be as dear to Englishmen as the County of Hampshire; that France must be humbled in the heart of Germany as well as on the high

seas, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the plains of Bengal. A closer alliance was formed with Prussia; England would supply troops to meet the French; all that she asked of Frederick was the loan of “the best general he could spare” to command the English and Hanoverians. Frederick sent his brother-in-law, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who had shown noted capacity at Prague and elsewhere, and who proved himself to be the second general of his time. Parliament was in full accord with the Minister, and voted to Frederick an annual subsidy of nearly £700,000; which in his case was equivalent to furnishing a force of 50,000 men.

The victory of Leuthen closed the campaign of 1757. Breslau opened its gates at once; and the strong fortress of Schweidnitz was the only spot in



FIELD-MARSHAL KEITH AT HOCHKIRCH.



FREDERICK AND SEYDLITZ AFTER THE BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

Silesia which remained to the Empress-Queen. The campaign of 1758 opened with favorable auspices for Frederick. On the Rhine, Prince Ferdinand more than held his own against the French. Frederick had given the English a general worthy of victory; in Count Clermont, Pompadour had given the French a general made to be beaten. After committing ravages in Hanover, he was surprised in June at Crevelt. "It is certain," says the French Marquis de Vogel, "that Clermont was at his table in his head-quarters at one o'clock; that he had lost the battle at six, arrived at Reuss at half-past eleven, and went to bed at midnight. That is doing a great deal in a short time."

Frederick had formed his plan for 1758. It was, as before, to attack the Empress-Queen in her own dominions. The Austrians and Imperialists were awaiting him in Bohemia. His attack was made in Moravia, to the east. He advanced as far as Olmutz, and laid siege to that fortified city; if this were speedily captured, the way to Vienna lay open to him. But the fortifications were stronger than had been supposed; and to reduce these, he must await the arrival of heavy artillery from Silesia. The huge train was attacked by Laudohn in the wooded region of

Northern Moravia, and lost all its guns and ammunition; the troops with difficulty making their way back to Silesia, toward which the enemy now began to move. Nothing was left to Frederick but to abandon the siege of Olmutz, and hurry back to the defense of Silesia. He was soon confronted by a new peril. Austria and Russia had secretly concerted a plan to fall upon Frederick in the heart of his own territory. The Russians, who had been ravaging in East-Prussen and Pomerania, marched south-westward, and laid siege to Küstrin, only twenty leagues from Berlin. Frederick hastened thither with 14,000 men, to whom were added 18,000 more who had fallen back before the Russians, whose advance they had vainly attempted to stay.

On August 25th he attacked the Russians, 50,000 strong, at Zorndorf, near Küstrin. In the Russian infantry he found an enemy of a different kind from any he had before met. They had not the training and discipline requisite to execute complicated manœuvres; but they would stand stolidly where they were ordered to stand. To conquer them, one must cut them down or ride over them. The fight was long and desperate, and the Prussians would most likely have lost the day, except for the cavalry under Seydlitz, whose

squadrons seemed ubiquitous; now supporting the infantry, now dashing by themselves upon some wavering column of the enemy. The Russians, rolled up into a heavy mass, were pressed off the field, defeated, but not routed. The Prussian loss was 10,000; that of the Russians, still greater. Frederick fully recognized the services of Seydlitz on that day. "Without that man," said he, pointing to Seydlitz, as they rode up side by side in the evening, "it would have turned out ill for us."

The Empress-Queen had meanwhile been vigorously carrying out her part of the agreement with Russia. The main body of the Imperial troops was placed under the command of the cautious Daun and the impetuous Laudohn. Daun's army lay in Saxony, the centre being at Hochkirch, some ten leagues north-east of Dresden, while strong detachments were beginning to lay siege to the Prussian strongholds in Saxony on the one side and Silesia on the other. If Frederick should make an attempt on either wing, Daun could bar the way or fall upon his rear. He therefore resolved to strike at the centre, and took up a position right in front of it. Perhaps he imagined Daun would withdraw before this bold demonstration; at all events, he did not anticipate any attack upon himself. But Daun was fully aware of the comparative weakness of the enemy, and on the morning of October 14th, in those stillest hours which precede daybreak, he fell with an overwhelming force upon Frederick's encampment. The sleeping Prussians were taken wholly by surprise; they had not time to put on their clothes or seize their weapons before the enemy were in their midst. When morning broke, Frederick saw that the day was lost, and nothing was left but to retreat as best he might. The retreat was executed with difficulty, and at the sacrifice of all his stores and most of his guns. The Prussian loss was 8,000 men; that of the Austrians, considerable less. Five of Frederick's generals were among the slain. Among these was Field-marshal Keith. The brave Scotchman, while endeavoring to rally his men, was severely wounded, but refused to quit the field; in a few moments more he was killed by an Austrian bullet.

Daun was confident that he had the enemy in his hands. To General Harsch, who was laying siege to the Silesian fortress of Niesse, he wrote: "Go on with your operations against Niesse. Be quite at your ease as to the King. I will give good account of him."

But Frederick was equal to the emergency. In a few days he got his army well in hand, and what with gathering together the garrisons and guns from the neighboring fortresses he was as strong as he had been before the defeat at Hochkirch. By a circuitous and rapid march he

eluded Daun, and made his way to Silesia. Harsch precipitately raised the siege of Niesse, and retreated to Bohemia. Daun now availed himself of the absence of Frederick to press operations in Saxony. He advanced to Dresden, which was stoutly defended by the Prussian garrison. What between the Prussians within and the Austrians without, the city fared hardly. The beautiful suburbs were burned, and Daun was on the point of fighting his way through the city street by street, when tidings came that Frederick, having cleared Silesia of the Austrians, was on his way toward Saxony by forced marches. Daun broke up the investment of Dresden, and retreated to Bohemia; and on November 20th Frederick made his triumphal entry into the Saxon capital.

The campaign of 1758 had been a glorious one notwithstanding the initial check at Olmutz and the signal defeat at Hochkirch. Frederick passed the ensuing Winter mainly at Breslau, where he was even more than usually busy with verse-making. To these months belong numerous cutting epigrams aimed against the great league that had been formed against him; against Louis XV. and Pompadour and the Czarina Elizabeth; against the "ridiculous Soubise," the "sleepy Daun," and "the whole raft" of princes and harlots and generals, all of whom, with their hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of troops, had not been able to get the better of him.

LITERARY FACILITY.

By G. L. A.

GENIUS has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. This, like some similar definitions, is but an attempt to compress within the limits of a neatly framed and epigrammatic sentence the volatile essence of a subtle and altogether indefinable intellectual gift. The capacity for taking pains has often, no doubt, been possessed by men of genius, but, on the other hand, there have been not a few writers who, it may be granted, were painstaking in the highest degree, but to whose work there is yet wanting the magical and vivifying touch of genius. And again, this mysterious quality is to be found in works written *currente calamo*—works on whose composition but little pains were expended, whatever capacity for such labor their authors may have possessed.

"I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of spirit are so dearly bought,"

says Drummond of Hawthornden. "Toil of spirit" is not an expression to be defined in terms of days and weeks. Yet sometimes the inspired singer has produced heavenly lays with but little apparent toil of any kind.

There is an old tradition to show that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written in response to the desire, or, rather, command, of Queen Elizabeth, who was anxious to see *Falstaff*, with whose humors she was familiar in the two parts of "Henry IV.," represented as a victim of the tender passion, and that in consequence Shakespeare wrote and produced that mirthful play within the short period of a fortnight. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, one of the best of Shakespearean authorities, regarded this tradition as deserving of favorable attention, if not implicit credence. It is, however, certain that Shakespeare did write with great rapidity, and that he paid little, if any, attention to revision and correction. "The players," says Ben Jonson, "have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that, in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line." Heminges and Condell, his fellow-actors, in their preface to the first folio collection of the plays, bear the same testimony. Jonson himself would seem, from entries in Henslowe's "Diary," to have written one of his massive dramas in little more than three weeks.

The great Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, bequeathed to his country such a mass of dramatic work, so many scores of plays of all kinds, that his rate of production must have been exceedingly rapid. Some ridiculous stories have been told as to the extraordinary facility with which he penned his dramas. That he wrote a play in a morning before breakfast we may be content to disbelieve, for, as Hazlitt remarks, he had time enough to do it after. It is, indeed, as a rule, but second-rate work that is produced with such extreme rapidity. Only a poetaster, like Miss Anna Seward, could have the presumption to talk of translating an Ode of Horace while dressing her hair.

One of the most facile, and at the same time most diligent, of book-makers of the last century was Dr. Hill, who could earn, to the astonishment and envy of Grub Street, the noble income of fifteen guineas a week by working on a large scale for the wholesale book-sellers. At one period of his career he was employed simultaneously on six voluminous works of botany, husbandry, etc., which were published in weekly numbers. Hogarth, in one of his plates, has a representation of a sturdy porter heavily over-weighted with a pile of the doctor's ponderous tomes. Boswell's early correspondent, Andrew Erskine, describes him with humorous exaggeration as writing "a folio every month, a quarto every fortnight, an octavo every week, and a duodecimo every day." Dr. Hill enjoyed his fifteen guineas a week, but his works perished with him.

Dr. Johnson, sluggish as he was, could yet,

when spurred by necessity, write with great rapidity matter by no means ephemeral. His "Rasselas" was written in the evenings of a single week. He once remarked to Goldsmith, with evident appreciation of his own speed, that he had written, in one day, a hundred lines of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." Lope de Vega would have smiled at such a modest "output" as the result of a day's work, and, indeed, there is hardly anything more variable than the degree of facility in production possessed by poets and dramatists of undoubted genius. Three weeks was the usual time allotted by Victor Hugo to the penning of a five-act tragedy, while Congreve is said to have spent the greater part of three years in writing and polishing his single essay in the same kind of dramatic composition. The latter, however, could on occasion work very rapidly.

In 1704, Vanbrugh, Congreve and Walsh produced a version of Molière's farce, "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac." Each poet took an act, and the whole was done in two mornings. "Squire Trelooby," as it was called, became very popular, and the authors, or, rather, adapters, were doubtless proud of their celerity. In the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, Congreve remarks:

"The World by this important project sees
Confederates can dispatch if once they please."

The most powerful tragedy of modern times, the "Cenci," was the result of only two months' labor. During its composition, Shelley worked at high pressure, and, naturally enough, in a state of continued ill health. He says himself that the work was a fine antidote to nervous medicines, and kept up the pain in his side, from which he suffered, as sticks do a fire. The play, powerful as it is, bears evident marks of the feverish haste in which it was written. Drummmond's "toil of spirit" was not wanting, but such toil so unremittingly endured was good neither for play nor poet.

Lamb's genius was of a different order. His best things were not the production of the pen of a ready writer. He told Crabb Robinson that he could write acrostics and album verses and things of like nature with a facility that approached that of the Italian *improvisatori*, but that he had great difficulty in composing either verse or prose which he himself wished to be excellent. The pain and difficulty, the toil of spirit, were not thrown away. Lamb's literary baggage may be small, but the greater part is of superlative quality.

But of all the ready writers, the greatest was Sir Walter Scott. Considering the rapidity with which he wrote, and the great extent of his works, it is astonishing that the literary heritage which

he has bequeathed to us should be of so valuable and enduring a nature as it is generally acknowledged to be. Verse and prose he wrote with almost equal facility. The first canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was the result of three days' confinement to the house from the kick of a horse, and thereafter the poem proceeded at the rate of about a canto a week. The second and third volumes of "Waverley" were begun and completed between June 4th and July 1st,

ings of value have been produced in one or other of these ways. It is given but a few writers of literature, properly so-called, to pursue the middle path of steady, uniform, unhesitating and unhurrying production. The poet, or the novelist, is not often found who can, like Anthony Trollope, plan out a book into so many chapters a month, and so many pages a day, and who can then sit down every morning and write the allotted task, neither waiting for inspiration nor



THE POWER OF SOUND.—PICTURE BY C. REICHERT.

1814. "Waverley's" successor was written with like rapidity, for Scott himself said that "Guy Mannering" was the work of six weeks at a Christmas. No reader needs to be reminded of the stupendous amount of work performed in an incredibly short space of time after the fatal smash that involved Scott in the ruin of Constable and Ballantyne.

It would be tedious to multiply further instances either of extreme rapidity or of painful slowness in composition. Most imaginative writ-

hurrying anxiously toward the goal, but calmly adding page to page until the tale of work is done. It would be of evil omen for literature should such a mode of production ever become general. But there is no fear of such a catastrophe. A good book, as Milton says, is the life-blood of a master spirit, and such life-blood, although it may move sluggishly in one, or stir the bounding pulses to feverish activity in another, can yet never be distilled in daily doses of carefully calculated weight and volume.



"AS HE SPOKE, I GATHERED MY FORCES, AND THREW MYSELF UPON HIM."

THE MIDDLE ROOM. A STORY OF HEREDITY.

BY STEELE PENN.

My grandparents on my father's side were born and lived all their lives in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.

Beyond this I knew very little of them, for my father, who moved early in life to the Western

city where I was brought up, was a taciturn man, and not given to reminiscences. I had heard him say that my grandfather was a small farmer, who died in middle age, and was buried in a very old Moravian cemetery, and he on several occasions

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expressed regret that he had never seen his grave. As my father was in easy circumstances, I wondered, although I said nothing, that he did not go back, and I long cherished a desire to visit the homestead myself. This desire I did not find an opportunity to gratify until I was past thirty, and both my parents had been dead for years. It was then that business, to my great satisfaction, called me to Pennsylvania, and, indeed, to the immediate neighborhood; so I set myself about collecting what data I could that might avail me on the trip. It was, as I have intimated, meagre. My grandfather's name was Rudolph Bergoman, and he was of what is known as "Pennsylvania Dutch" extraction. The house, I learned, lay a mile or so from a little village, not necessary to name, and was quite near the burying-ground in which rested his bones.

This cemetery proved to be my real clew, for I discovered at the village that Bergoman was such a common name in that section that tracing this particular one would rival the traditional search for a needle in a hay-stack. However, by dint of much inquiry, I got on the right track, hired a horse and started out.

It was quite a pretty day in Autumn, and coming, as I did, from a bustling manufacturing city, the drowsy quiet of the country struck me with a sense of overpowering strangeness. A sort of haze was in the atmosphere, the landscape looked marvelously shadowy and unsubstantial, the distant mountains had the appearance of images projected in water, and an indescribable air of restfulness pervaded all things. This part of Pennsylvania is, or was then, extremely primitive. As I passed into the hills it seemed to me to be a veritable Sleepy Hollow. The houses were quaint and squat, and had the stamp of being there for a century, at least. All of them had immense brick chimneys, that suggested old-fashioned ovens, and long, gray well-sweeps in the barnyards pointed their fingers toward the meridian.

I was so charmed with the surroundings, that I half forgot my errand, but the appearance of a phlegmatic farmer, trundling along upon a wagon of apples, recalled me, and I stopped to inquire the way.

"De Bergoman blace?" he said, slowly. "I don't know dot."

He spoke with so strong a Dutch accent, I could scarcely understand him.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Rudolph Bergoman?" I asked, rather hopelessly.

"Yes."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, overjoyed. "then you are just the man I want. Where is his house?"

"He is dead."

"Yes, I know; but the house?"

"Doc Blackwell live in dot house now."

"Well, where is it?" I repeated, impatiently.

"I say Doc Blackwell, he live dere," returned the native, rather emphatically.

"Yes, I hear you. But where is it? Which way?"

The man gave me a very curious look, but he arose directly and pointed out the road with his whip-stock.

I found the house without difficulty. It was a low, broad, one-story structure built of heavy timbers and standing back some distance from the roadway. I recollected hearing my father once speak of a porch where he played when a boy, and, sure enough, there it was, with a shingled roof supported by huge, square uprights. There was an illy kept garden in the front and a dilapidated stable in the rear. As I approached slowly, examining the surroundings with eager interest, the door opened and a man stepped upon the porch. He was tall and stooped and very gray. His face, which was rather striking, was smoothly shaved, and he caressed his chin with one hand as he regarded me.

"Is this Dr. Blackwell?" I inquired, raising my hat.

"Yes, sir."

The instant I heard his voice I knew he was a gentleman, for there was that easy suavity in the way he pronounced the two little monosyllables that formed a hall-mark, so to speak, of birth and breeding. I drew near and told my story, to which he listened with polite attention.

"You are right," he said; "this is the old Bergoman house. I purchased it from a connection of your grandfather's—a cousin, I believe. Tie your horse anywhere, sir, and come in. You are very welcome. The place has changed but little, I fancy, these fifty years."

There was an air of gentle melancholy about the old man that was irresistible, and I warmed toward him at once. He led the way into the front room, which was large and bare. The floor was evidently made of logs, and was worn into hills and valleys, in which the high-backed chairs tilted unsteadily. An old-fashioned bed stood in one corner, and in another was a cabinet of books. I noticed a volume on the window-sill, with a pair of silver-bowed spectacles in it for a mark.

"Nothing has been removed," said the doctor, smiling. "I have adapted myself to the house. These pegs that I use for clothing were, I imagine, originally rests for a gun. The walls, you see, are blackened by Heaven knows how many tallow-candles. Well, I have grown to like it better than paper. I think it soothes the eyes."

There was little of interest about the apartment except its associations, and I followed the doctor into the middle room. This was irregular

in shape, the walls at one end coming quite close together.

"I do not understand the arrangement of this partition," he remarked; "it was probably built for some forgotten convenience. I take my meals in this room, and sometimes sleep here. The place is too small to classify. I live all over it."

I was paying little attention, for as I crossed the threshold I was suddenly conscious of a strange and subtle sense of familiarity. I had the feeling, which most people have experienced in some degree, that I had seen this spot before, perhaps in a dream, and it chilled and frightened me. For an instant I seemed to be on the point of remembering all about it, and then, slowly, like a dissolving view, the sensation passed away and left me puzzled and a trifle amused at my receptibility. However, the room was certainly sombre in its suggestions. There was only one window, and that was boarded half-way up, and the balance filled in with panes no larger than one's hand, set in a very heavy frame. At the narrow end of the place was a huge, ugly and apparently useless beam, crossing transversely from wall to wall. There was a good deal of furniture scattered about, too old to be sightly, and not old enough to be antique, the only possible exception being a Dutch cupboard, with long brass hinges and zinc doors modeled in the best style of the last century. As I examined these details I thoroughly regained my composure.

"This room is full of memories," said the doctor, unconsciously touching the chord of my thoughts. "Do you observe this circular mark upon the wall, like the blade of a scimitar? That was made by the almost imperceptible touch of the pendulum of an old wall-sweep clock. How long it must have taken to abrade the beam that way! Ah, me," he added, with a sigh, "months and months, years and years, hopes and fears and lives ticked into eternity, and only the black smear on the wall!"

And then for the first time it came to me how much of companionship and almost human association there is in a clock. The throb of this one was probably the earliest recollection of my father, and maybe of his father, too, and the hands of both had doubtless drawn the chain that wound it.

The third room, in the rear, was a kitchen, and had an immense brick oven that reminded me of a laboratory. This resemblance was heightened by numerous bottles, bulbs and test-tubes that shared the walls with the pots and pans, and the doctor smilingly explained that he sometimes conducted experiments there.

"I have retired from practice, as I presume you have surmised," he said, "and I make all my mistakes in theory now."

The afternoon was waning, and I had yet to visit the cemetery. Dr. Blackwell knew the place, and volunteered to accompany me. The Moravian settlement to which it originally belonged had disappeared, and it was in the further stages of neglect, so that I had difficulty, among the briers and many sunken spots, in finding the grave I sought. It was quite overgrown, but when I cleared away the weeds, we read the epitaph, still legible. I took off my hat, and it pleased me to see that the doctor had raised his also.

We stood there for some time, both musing, and then started across lots for the house. As we neared it, Dr. Blackwell took my arm.

"My dear sir," he said, "I have a proposition to make to you. There are many things about this place of interest to you. It is the home of your ancestors, and you have not yet seen the half. Now that you are here, why not stay? Stay a week, if you will, but at least stay over night. Hold," he continued, for I was about to interrupt, "and hear me through. I have two excellent reasons why you should agree: First, the road is bad, and difficult to find in the dark; second, the village hotel is abominable. I have an extra bed, can promise you a fair supper, and, as I am my own household, you need not fear of incommoding anybody. On the contrary, I shall be greatly obliged to you for your company."

I was strongly inclined to accept, if for nothing else than to see more of my host, who had impressed me most favorably; and in short, after a few conventional objections and a little urging, I consented.

When we re-entered the house, Dr. Blackwell's slight tinge of melancholy wore away, and he became a *bon camarade*. His rising spirits were infectious, and I congratulated myself that I had remained, particularly when he went about preparing a very savory supper. I insisted upon helping, and we were as merry as two school-boys camping out.

"It is a great mistake to look down on cooks," said the doctor. "In olden times kings hung good cooks with stars and orders, and bad ones with hemp. It was a felony to serve pie-crust underdone. The fact is, cooking is a noble art. I am proud, sir, of only two things: I can make an omelet and cure pneumonia, if it is not too far advanced; but I pledge you my word, I am vainer of the omelet than the pneumonia."

So he rambled on, with good-natured badinage, and we made a capital supper. After the dishes were cleared away, he produced a canister of tobacco and two pipes. These he carried into the middle room, and when he had locked the doors and trimmed the lamps, we settled ourselves for solid comfort.

"This tobacco," expounded the doctor, "is fit for the gods. A recluse like myself has plenty of time to cultivate those little foibles that really take the rough corners off of life, and I spent over a month adjusting the proportions of the mixture. It is sixty per cent. Turkish, thirty per cent. perique—real perique, mind you, from St. James's Parish—and ten per cent. mild Virginian, sun-cured. It is the tribute of the pasha and the



FOREST DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.—NIGHT SCENE IN THE BURNING MOUNTAINS.—SEE PAGE 600.

planter, and the breath of the tropics is loosened in its smoke."

I do not know how long we talked—some hours, perhaps—but gradually I became aware that my spirits were flagging, and I wished that he would cease. I found myself growing nervous and distraught, and, by degrees too fine to tell in words, the feeling I had experienced upon entering the room came back upon me. It was not as it came at first—sudden, that is to say, and like a shot; but slowly, insidiously, imperceptibly, gathering

strength out of its very nothingness, the conviction grew upon me that this room was not strange to me, but was connected with some event, some shocking or appalling thing I was about to recollect. What was it? Something I had dreamed, perhaps, for my memory seemed to anticipate every angle of the wall, the little panes of the window, the ungainly table of dark-colored wood. Something, I knew not what, was on my tongue's end, as the saying is, like a half-remembered name.

I tried to calm myself, but without avail. A ringing came in my ears, and when I spoke I had the curious sense of listening to what I said, that is sometimes the forerunner of fever.

I had lost the drift of Dr. Blackwell's talk, when he stopped and looked at me keenly.

"Pardon me," he said; "you look distressed—are you ill?"

"I have a slight headache," I replied. "I fear I have smoked too much."

"Where is the pain?"

"Here, in the temple."

"Ah, I see. It is neuralgia. I suspect that the fifth nerve is affected. It extends here, and here, and springs from a ganglia——"

I no longer heard him. My every sense was riveted upon a sudden and frightful change in his appearance. He had grown livid, his skin looked like tallow, and his eyes, which seemed to have receded in their sockets, scintillated like coals. His lips were dry and bloodless, and as he talked with indescribable rapidity, he repeatedly drew his tongue across them.

"It is a disease of the fifth nerve," I heard him say, "and it begins with a low, throbbing pain, like a toothache. Then it goes away. The second paroxysm is worse, and the third worse yet. The intervals are shorter. It grows and grows and swells until it is a torture, then an agony, then a hell of anguish, that rather than endure you would destroy yourself!—you would take your life!"

"But, doctor——" I stammered, in consternation.

"Listen!" he exclaimed, pointing his finger at me to enjoin silence; "you cannot deceive my eye. Do you think I cannot see that you are suffering hideously? It was inexcusable in me not to notice it before! Why, you are pale as death! Let me feel your pulse—it is fluttering like a leaf. You are writhing on the rack this instant!"

"No, no! you are wrong; you——"

"Calm yourself. Do you know the cure? There is but one—it is extirpation. The nerve must be cut out; it must be drawn from its bony socket, and all its lace-like filaments destroyed. This is where science pains to cure. Ah, my



A RACE WITH THE FLAMES.

friend, there is no time like the present—we will perform the operation to-night—this evening—now!”

“Doctor!” I exclaimed, springing up, “for Heaven’s sake——”

He forced me down.

“It is nothing,” he said. “I will give you permanent relief. You are a man of nerve, for you have endured this torment without a word. Your head on the table for a quarter of an hour, and it is all over. Then I can make you comfortable here while the wound heals.”

I knew now with what I had to deal, and a sob of uncontrollable terror escaped me. But over every other emotion was the utter amazement of the thing—the grotesque horror of metamorphosis. The bland, melancholy face had disappeared, and was now merely a mask of livid flesh; the pleasant and courteous speech was a shrill torrent of half-coherent words, running on into the other with that dreadful gubbling noise which

lingers longest in the memory of one who has visited a mad-house.

Meantime he sprang with ape-like agility to the old Dutch cupboard, wrenched it open and dragged out a long black box. It contained a set of surgeon's instruments.

"See!" he babbled, lifting out a blade; "these are the finest made. A razor is dull by contrast. They are from Corot's, of Paris. Now for the sponges and warm water!"

As he spoke, I gathered my forces, and threw myself upon him. I was nerved by fear, but he was very strong; and we swayed a moment, overturning chairs and dragging clothing from its hooks. Then, in some manner, I caught the blade of the scalpel in my left hand, laying it open across the palm. The sudden pang and sight of blood collapsed me, and I sank down as nervous as a corpse.

"So," said the doctor, coolly resuming his former tone, "you realize that a physician must sometimes be a master. You are not in a condition at present to judge of your own interests, and it was fortunate that I was able to overpower you. That scratch on your hand is nothing—a mere flea-bite. We will dress that after the operation."

I made no effort to rise, and he walked to the door that led to the front room. Here he paused, and eyed me steadfastly.

"I am going to get towels and water in this room," he said, at length; "but I warn you it is useless to resist further. I anticipated trouble with you early in the evening, and wedged the kitchen-door fast."

I do not think that anything thus far so horrified me as this remark. I realized then that all the evening the cheerful, debonair gentleman who had chatted so pleasantly of music, literature, art, and a hundred other things, was really a lunatic, revolving in his mind a premeditated plot.

I could hear him moving about in the adjoining room, and pouring water into some vessel, but I had reached that tension of terror where my brain and muscles were incapable of action. A spell like that of the nightmare bound me.

It was then, as I lay there upon the floor, that the thing occurred that has caused me to pen this narrative; but now that I approach it I falter and pause, and am tempted to dismiss the task, for I feel my utter inability to describe it, to reduce it to words and make it even reasonably clear. As nearly as I can express it, I rose to my feet and walked across the floor, not of my own volition, but in obedience to some power or impulse independent of my will, and that moved me as an automaton is moved. It did not surprise me, for I was in a frame of mind in which I accepted it as one accepts impossible situations in

dreams; yet I remember that I wondered, in a dull way, what I was about to do. I stopped before the huge beam, which I have mentioned as transversely crossing the narrow end of the room, and passed my hand along its under surface. Near the centre my fingers encountered a little peg. I drew it unhesitatingly toward me, and, still without surprise, I saw the beam raise slightly, and the entire end of the room open like a door, leaving an aperture to the right wide enough for me to pass through. It was the work of an instant for me to gain the other side and push the partition back in place. Then the reaction seized me, and I fell to the ground in a swoon.

When I came to I was lying in a little shed, built to the side of the house; it was morning and I was surrounded by a crowd of men and women. It was a long time before I was able to tell a coherent story or make coherence out of theirs, but this is what I finally learned: For years past Dr. Blackwell had been known to be insane—even dangerous, for he had more than once imperiled life; but, through the common apathy of a country settlement, no effort was made to place him under restraint. People simply avoided his house, and abandoned him to his own devices. Fortunately for me, early on this particular morning he was found wandering near the village with a bloody knife in his hand, and babbling a confused story of an operation and a stranger at his house, and after he had been safely locked up, the investigation that was instituted resulted in my discovery. I may as well say here that he was subsequently taken to a State institution for the insane, and has not, as far as I know, yet performed his celebrated extirpation of the fifth nerve. He came, so I have since been informed, of most excellent and even distinguished family, and was the author of a text-book that is still referred to as an authority.

But to return. When I came to tell my story, people looked at each other and smiled, nor did they credit it until they had entered the house and examined for themselves the mechanism of the wall.

Then they were lost in amazement. Viewed by daylight, the whole arrangement was astonishingly crude, but effective. The shed in which I was found covered a space exactly equal to the wall at the end of the middle room, which, instead of being made of roughly squared logs, like the balance of the house, was constructed of a frame-work of planks. This was hinged at the side, and the log I have described was so balanced as to act as a bolt, a counterpoise making it yield to a slight pull. This was the general plan, the details cannot be made more plain without a diagram, and the rust upon the hinges clearly indi-

cated that they had been moved for the first time in very many years.

But what was the meaning of this singular and sinister contrivance in this old-fashioned country house? Many were the surmises, yet to me my discovery of it, the mysterious manner in which it was made known, was so infinitely stranger, that I paid but little heed to the conjectures, none of which approached the bounds of plausibility. But I did not seek to unravel it. I preferred to regard it as one of those unfathomable things that occasionally crop out in life, and that are not to be even investigated with safety. It opened too many avenues of uncanny speculation, too many theories which men who value their peace of mind should hesitate to entertain.

When I returned to my home I was not less anxious to dismiss it altogether, or at least forget it as best I might, and as I studiously avoided ever alluding to it, or even thinking over it, I would have probably been successful, but for an incident which occurred only a few days ago, which not only vividly recalls the adventure, but throws a new and peculiar light upon it. It has also in a great measure overcome my repugnance to the subject for the reason that, to my mind at least, it gives a clew to an explanation which is, in a certain way, more natural than I had deemed possible. The circumstance was this: I was in the office of my lawyer, and having finished my business, was about to go, when he asked me to remain a moment, and opening his safe, took out a bundle of papers.

"This package was left here," he said, "by your father a number of years ago, and you may as well take charge of it yourself. I don't think it is of any value—merely some old receipts, or something of the sort—but it might be well to look them over before destroying them."

I opened the bundle rather carelessly that evening. It was, as the lawyer surmised, mainly receipts, business memoranda and forgotten accounts, but at the bottom I found a most surprising letter. As nearly as I can ascertain, it was written by my grandfather to a cousin of his, whose name I have a faint recollection of hearing my father sometimes mention. It was addressed on the outside to "Mistress Abigail Herndon, by hand of John Wall, Esquire," and in the corner was a memorandum of "sixpence, postman's fee." The "Emil" alluded to in the letter was my father, but how it came into his possession I have not the slightest idea. This is a copy of it *verbatim*:

"MY DEAR COUSIN: I write to you am'dst a time of much trouble and travail, but thanks be the Lord's, my dear boy Emil is safe, at least fr'm danger in this commonwealth. I warned him from the first to fly, for albeit he struck the blow in anger but not in malice, our courts

take little cognizance of these points; but the boy did not know his peril, and would not hark to me. So I set myself about to devise some means that he might not be surprised and taken without warning, and here, dear Abigail, I am sorely perplexed whether I did right or no. What I did was this: You mind, our middyl room had entrance upon a porch, but since you have seen us, this I have had removed, and built a milk-house where it stood. The end of the room was closed with a greate shutter of planks, and this I hinged so that it opened like a door and made a private and secrete exit from the place. It is bolted with a beam, and is a right cunning piece of handiwork. Well, I was none too soon, for that very day a true warrant was writ for Emil's detain, and at night the high sheriff and constables came for him from Evanstown. They came to the front door and back, but he heard their voices, and slipped out by the way I had fashioned, and were none the wiser. It was a providence indeed, for had he fallen into their hands, I doubt not he would have fared hardly, and life itself was in deadly danger. Next night I saw him safely started on his way. He goes to a settlement on the Ohio, where he has a letter at hand for our goode friend Mr. Parker, and I hope and pray that this deplorable event which has caste such blight upon us all will be outlived among strangers. I know, deare cousin, that many would hold me culpable, inasmuch as I connived at his escape; but I feel that if I have not been a goode citizen, I have been at leaste a goode father, and thus I trust I may receive forgiveness if I erred. We are all much caste down, but be assured of our affectionate regards. I await your letter with anxiety. Y'r aff't. kinsman,
RUDOLPH BERGOMAN."

Two things are tolerably apparent from this letter: First, that my father either killed or seriously injured some one in his youth, and that explains his never revisiting his home; second, that he and I were both in great and imminent danger in the same room, and both escaped by the same means. My friends tell me that I sometimes raise my head with a gesture so like my father that it startles them; I have his eyes, his voice, his knack at figures and his taste for music, and having all of these, is it possible, is it in the confines of reason, that some faint memory has passed down, awakened and vivified by the place and hour and deadly peril of the instant? But I do not know. I have not convinced myself, and offer it as the one suggestion in a statement of facts that I have endeavored to render as succinct as possible.

THE centre of the bulb-culture in Holland (says *Gartenflora*) is still at Haarlem, as it has been during two centuries and a half. Hyacinths are especially in favor just now, and ground suitable for their cultivation has sold for as much as \$13,500 an acre, as against about \$1,000 given for land of other kinds. The expense of cultivation is placed at about \$300 an acre for hyacinths and \$160 for tulips; and it is noted that artificial manures are never used. Narcissus is also grown in vast quantities near Haarlem, chiefly for exportation to England.

FOREST DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

FIVE thousand miles of forest fires ! Five thousand miles of travel amid smoke and flame ! An atmosphere so murky and dense that, though the journey was amid mountains, their outlines were not even dimly discernible ! A strange experience, indeed ! The sky, that is usually so blue and clear as to be translucent in tone and feeling, had become yellow, murky, dark and dispiriting ! The clear, bright air, commonly laden with health-giving ozone, was heavy with acrid gases, pressing low and close to the black earth. Clouds of smoky haze were parted only by the lurid light



1. TRUCKEE RIVER, OUTLET OF LAKE TAHOE. 2. SPRUCE AND FIR FORESTS, BASE OF MOUNT HOLMES.



BURNT-OUT SETTLEMENT TAKING REFUGE IN A SWAMP.

of red-riven flames rushing roaringly to the top of some noble pine, dark hemlock, rugged spruce or stately redwood tree, devouring its beauty and destroying it forever. Such was a vivid part of an experience had during the late Summer of 1889.

Our party, starting on August 1st from St. Paul, after crossing the Dakotas, found itself speeding up the Valley of the Yellowstone, hemmed in by great mountain ranges, the sides and the summits of which we never saw. The Valley of the Yellowstone for a long distance forms the pathway of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Naturally it is advertised as affording, and justly so, some of the noblest mountain scenery on the continent. But travelers that Summer had no opportunity afforded them of enjoying such scenery, for none of it was visible. A strange sight, indeed, apart altogether from the feeling evoked by the enormous destruction of which it was the visible sign, was this riding from the Bad Lands of the Missouri, just beyond North Dakota, through the Yellowstone's superb valley, into the Gallatin's basin and cañons where Bozeman, with its fine agricultural area, finds shelter; up the sides and across the summits of the northern Rockies, leaving behind the waters flowing to the Gulf and Mid-Atlantic; through the rugged intra-mountain region, where Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Garrison and Missoula are found in the midst of their remarkable activities; over and down again toward the Pacific Coast, passing through the tremendous ranges and mountain formations of Northern Idaho, North-west Montana and Eastern Washington—only and everywhere to find the same yellow-black pall of smoke darkening the horizon's uttermost limits, and leaving, as we rolled on, the impression of a sternly frowning force or power, behind the blackening haze, that one could hardly comprehend. This was the dim, almost terrifying feeling by which we were overawed, far more, than by the outlines of the huge ranges we apprehended rather than knew were so close to vision and yet so completely unseen. Down! down! we went to Puget Sound. Even there, standing at Tacoma and trying to look across the shadowed waters for a glimpse of far and famous peaks, we met the same heavy, smoke-made haze, evidence beyond doubt of the vast forest fires that raged around us. Even the great trees—those magnificent pines of the North-west—were hardly perceptible. They barely defined themselves amid the fire-breathing mist and cloud. So black were they, as a rule, that their great bulks only added to the darkness of the strange landscape.

I remember particularly one night when our special train stopped to obtain water. It was in the midst of a forest actually on fire. Along the

earth, black and burnt, ran, as far as human eyes could penetrate, back, front and on one side of the track, fierce and countless tongues and lines of fire. Deep from the forest, as if it moaned with agony, came the hot breathing of the flames that rushed along the ground and roared up the trunks of noble trees; at first stealthily, then boldly leaping upward with vivid flashes, illuminating momentarily every twig and branch that in a second it licked with fire and blasted with savage blackness! Higher and higher mounted the distant flames, climbing the lofty trunks of its victims until it consumed the crowning leaves and feathery foliage, when all at once it would seem to leap into the air and make crimson the smoke, driving it apart as if by a cyclone-rush, thus carrying by leaps and roars the fateful fire to far-distant tree-tops. Still below crept the silent lines of red light, devouring as they ran! Still climbed the little flames, gathering power as they rose! Still roared the crimson-breathing tempest! We stood there, hushed and awed, watching with strange feelings the wonderful yet fearsome spectacle of a vast forest on fire!

From the Bad Lands of the Missouri to the shores of Puget Sound we rode amid the sad evidences of destruction, sometimes near, sometimes afar off, but always in that 1,200 miles feeling it a visible, sentient, hideous fact! So, too, when we passed southward to Portland, and eastward again along the noble Columbia, into Eastern Oregon and Washington, across the northern portion of the Snake River into Southern Idaho, and from thence along that wonderful basalt-rimmed Basin of the Snake Valley, with its tremendous American Falls, to Pocatello—for more than 1,000 miles the heavy air was smoke-laden, and the evidences of burning woodlands were visible on all sides. Afar off, and yet not so far but that we could see, hung low the blackening clouds above the National Park and the region round about. North and East Wyoming and adjacent Idaho and Montana were all on fire. By great exertions the fires were perceptibly kept under within the wonderful Park itself, but all the ranges, basins and valleys that hem it in have been blackened and denuded.

An area in Wyoming 100 by 80 miles was entirely swept over in one day. The fire ran at the rate of ten miles an hour, devastating one of the finest and most compact bodies of growing timber in the entire North-west. The destruction in Northern Washington and Idaho, as well as in Eastern Oregon, was almost beyond computation. Intelligent witnesses say that, in their judgment, more timber was destroyed by fire during that three months of flame than had been cut down or wasted in the whole North-west for the previous twenty-five years.

In the Great Basin region—that is, Utah and Nevada—we passed out of the fire and the smoke, only because there is so little timber to burn. Yet in Nevada, far to the north and north-west of the Central Pacific's track, the heavy smoke could be seen darkening the sky. South of the Snake River, from the Cañon region of the Owyhee, amid the eastern foot-hills of the Sierras, over them in Lassen County, Cal., and further yet to the north, where grand old Shasta raises its summit marked with snow-capped glaciers, the distant clouds told of the devastating flames. All along the California Sierras, from north to south, where they merge into the Mother Mountains, our party either saw or heard directly of the progress of the flames. In Southern California, on both sides of the San Joaquin Valley, they worked enormous destruction. Forest fires were roaring along the ranges that mark the Antelope Valley and the Mojave Desert to the east. Their smoke was seen over the San Bernardino Basin. Flames were visible in the Cucamonga Valley. On the higher portions of San Diego County the burning trees cast their glow over the gray desolation of the Colorado Desert. The lovely valleys and foot-hills of the California Coast Range escaped not. Their magnificent forests of redwood, whose superb trees tower in massive columns from 250 to 350 feet in height, were savagely depleted and ravaged. All along the Pacific Coast the timber suffered greatly. Only Arizona pine forests on the Colorado Plateau seem to have largely escaped the prevailing and flaming devastation. Further to the east, as again we swung round on our girdling journey of 14,000 miles, our party was once more thrown into the fire belt. Northern New Mexico, Colorado and Eastern Wyoming were afflicted. The same story of desolation was told; the same blackened ruin was seen on all sides.

It is useless to attempt a further description. Most certainly it was a marvelous object-lesson to impress upon the legislators in the party the overwhelming need of a forest-protective policy. But what shall that be? There's the rub. There still remain as part of the public domain beyond the 100th meridian of west longitude at least 200,000 square miles of wood or forest lands, still more or less heavily timbered. In Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Idaho, Montana and Washington there are not less than 90,000 square miles of forest lands, none of which, if cleared, could be used for arable purposes. How much of this is still unscathed from the recent destruction it is difficult to say. But the loss is enormous. In the whole region there are not over thirty persons employed by the General Land Office to look after and protect the public timber. What a farcical fact is that! A consider-

able number of witnesses were examined, during the irrigation inquiry, as to what should be done to protect the timber. With the exception of two or three persons, all these witnesses—practical Western men, who well know the value of the mountain timber—declared themselves in favor of the enactment of rigid forestry laws by both local and national authority. Without exception, all were hostile to the ridiculous system of secret agents or detectives now in vogue. The general opinion was that Congress should reserve forever from sale all the non-arable timber land, and authorize the employment of a certain number of forest inspectors, each one to be assigned to a defined district; that such officer should be a reputable citizen of the district, be paid a proper salary, and devote all his time to the conservation of the public timber, the use thereof to be under his direction; that he should have power, in the case of fire, to call upon the citizens, and the troops also (if any are within his district), to assist in stamping it out; and that certain rewards should be given for the detection of timber-robbery and fire-setting. The inspector, it was argued, ought to have magisterial powers—certainly authority to arrest and hold offenders—while United States Commissioners should be required to hear and make early disposition of such offenses. The Philadelphia Forestry Congress of 1889 also suggested a policy quite similar to that presented by the men who live amid the forest fires. Public opinion differs as to whether or not the mountain communities are virile and ethical enough to be relied upon in effectually aiding the work of timber preservation. But whether so or not, the instinct of self-protection is a fervent ally. The Department of Agriculture has a Cattle Bureau, and its agents find active support everywhere among farmers and cattle-raisers in the stamping out of infectious diseases.

It is high time that steps were taken to protect our mountain timber, and that, too, without regard to the correctness or otherwise of the theory that trees hold the earth-water, prevent torrents and lessen aridity by distributing the rain-fall in a more regular and satisfactory manner. I do not propose to discuss any technical question. An industrial interest that is annually worth at least \$1,500,000,000 deserves, as to the source from which it is derived, some considerable care and attention, alike protective and restorative in character. This does not need argument.

One other scene that was witnessed on the journey under review, and I have done. One lovely morning in the last days of August our party of Congressional investigators left Carson, Nev., for a visit to Lake Tahoe, thence across it, and by stage down Truckee River to the station of that

name in California. The routes taken enabled us to examine the localities—Lake Tahoe, the grades and roads thereto, with the drainage areas, their value for irrigation, storage and distribution purposes. Lake Tahoe is a magnificent body of water up on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas. It is the central gem of a huge necklace of lovely lakes. It lies encircled by bare peaks, at an altitude of 6,216 feet. The mountains range from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above the lake. It is from twelve to fourteen miles in width, and some twenty-five miles in length. In sublimity of scenery it is almost unsurpassed. The mountains, black, gray, brown, sere, with here and there patches of untrodden snow, browned, however, by dust and erosion, are largely denuded of their

who control them are the bonanza managers of the Comstock Mines. Below the surface in the mines of that lode timber enough has already been consumed to build a city larger than San Francisco. Nearly all the ties and other lumber required in constructing and maintaining the Central Pacific Railroad have come from the various mills at Lake Tahoe and on the Truckee River Valley, its outlet. It was a wonderful sight. Taken in connection with the forest-fires region that had been passed through, it gave a startling conception, indeed, of the rapid destruction of our once vast mountain forests. The day was spent on Lake Tahoe. Amid the long shadows of the Sierras' Summer sunset for fifteen miles we rode down the ruggedly bold, picturesque



IN THE BURNT DISTRICT.

timber—chiefly the immense Sierra pines, Douglas spruces, fir and hemlock trees. A ride of twenty-six miles—twenty by coach and six on a lumber railroad, that went down by gravity to the shores of the lake—was marked by the evidences of timber devastation. A huge flume ranged the whole length of our twenty miles of mountain-climbing. In it, with persistent regularity, came floating down to Carson miles of planks, freshly cut from the mountain trees. The saw-mills are on the shore of the lake itself. A little town has grown up around them. How immense they are may be realized when it is known that 250,000 feet of lumber, board measure, are cut every twenty-four hours. These mills run all the time for about eight months in the year, and a part of the remaining four. The men

Valley of the Truckee River. It made a sombre and most striking picture. The gorges were narrow; the mountain-sides, steep, precipitous, rugged and lofty. A few trees stood boldly outlined against the azure. Amid all their depths, as far as the eye could penetrate, the smoky haze of distant fires filled every interstice. The pungent odor of burning timber filled the atmosphere. The illustrations give some faint idea of the rugged desolation produced by the wholesale destruction of the fine trees that once covered the precipitous sides and gorges of the bold mountains that hemmed us in. As far as the eye could reach, the primal timber had almost vanished. The coniferous second growth, feeble and few, comparatively speaking, could be seen in patches of rugged trunks and dark foliage; while for miles

THE PLAINS AT THE BASE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY W. WHITTREDGE, N.Y.



upon miles the stumps that indicated destruction were, with the rugged mountains, the one marked feature of the bold, desolate scenery. The night shadows were more pleasant than such a picture of devastation. As they fell about us, all were asking what should be done to save our forests?

THE WRONG HORSE.

A NEAR-SIGHTED youth (writes James Payn), on going in for his medical examination, was thus advised by that guide, philosopher and friend, his "crammer": "The doctor will ask you about the horses on the common; say 'gray,' very rapidly, for all horses are either gray or bay." This was, no doubt, a too hasty generalization; but it is the fact that to persons who do not concern themselves with the equine race, horses are very much alike. A young gentleman of my acquaintance, who used that animal merely as the means of locomotion—"the means and not the end"—was once given a "mount" by the friend with whom he was staying to visit Reading races. On coming away he had taken the animal which was offered to him out of the crowded booth without investigation, and rode home on it. His host met him at the lodge-gate, and with the quick eye of a proprietor perceived there had been an exchange which might (or might not) be a robbery. "Why, that's not *my* horse, Ned." "Is it not?" replied the enthusiastic equestrian. "It looked extremely like him." I know another case, where matters turned out much worse. A good man of business, but one who was a very careless rider, Mr. A, was wont to come to town on horseback every day, and put his horse up at a certain livery-stable. Mr. B, a friend of his, used to do the like, and, on calling for his nag, one evening, had another brought out to him by the hostler. "That's not my horse," he said; "that's Mr. A's horse." "Then Mr. A must have taken your horse by mistake, sir." "If so," said B, with gravity, "he is a dead man." And so, indeed, it turned out. Poor A, riding home with loose rein and careless seat, upon, as he thought, his own quiet steed, was thrown and killed upon the spot by a buck-jumper.

CAMEOS.

FIGURES engraved in low relief on different kinds of siliceous stones, shells, etc., having layers of divers colors, are called cameos. The art dates back to very remote antiquity, some of these ancient engravings upon stones forming valuable and interesting departments in both public and private collections of antiquities. To the general reader a descriptive and historical account of these exquisite antique gems of

art would be of interest. But the interest of the jeweler, lover of art though he may be, centres in merchantable cameos; the seat of their principal production having, until late years, been in France and the south of Europe. Modern art has made many attempts to discover some suitable material for the purpose, more easily wrought, the hardness of the siliceous stones precluding the possibility of their coming into general use. The best and most common substitutes are the shells of molluscous animals. Several kinds of these afford the necessary variety of color, and at the same time are soft enough to be worked with ease, and yet sufficiently hard to resist any amount of wear. Early cameos were made from the wreath-shells (*turbines*), which have an opaque external coat overlaying an internal pearly one. Seba and Rumphius figure many specimens of these which their collections contained. They are now only to be met with in the cabinets of the curious.

The flesh-eating univalves (*gasteropoda*) are peculiar for having their shells formed of three layers of calcareous matter; each layer being composed of three perpendicular laminae placed side by side, the central being placed at right angles to the inner and outer ones. This structure gives great strength to the shell, and furnishes the cameo-cutter with the means of giving a peculiar surface to his work, carefully designing his sketch, so that the direction of the laminae of the central layer is longitudinal to the axis of the figure.

The shells mostly used by modern artists are "bull's-mouth," which has the inner lining of the shell red; from this cameos are formed having a sardonyx ground. The "black helmet," with a blackish interior layer, is used for onyx ground. The "horned helmet" has a yellow ground; the queen's-conch (*Strombus gigas*), a pink ground. Most of the pink cameos of any considerable size have the pink ground variable in color, from the fact that the color of the lining becomes paler, or fades out, as it proceeds back in the interior of the shell.

From Rome, which for many years was the centre of the shell-cameo trade, the art has spread over the civilized world. For several years past it has been a regular branch of the fine arts in the United States. Most of the larger cities support one or more of these artists, whose business is mostly confined to the cutting of portraits. The whole expense of cameos being the value of the artistic labor bestowed upon them, their production here as merchandise is impossible, owing to the high cost of such labor.

Those who desire a likeness less perishable than a photograph, painting, or penciling, and are

willing to pay for the skilled labor necessary to produce it, are the persons from whom our artists derive their support.

Such portraits can be executed in great beauty and perfection either in stone or shell; the latter being less expensive, from the fact of its being easily wrought by such steel tools as gravers, chisels, files, etc.

Stone cameos are almost wholly produced upon siliceous stones, which as a family contain nearly all the semi-valuable gems, such as amethyst, agate, onyx, opal, jasper, moss-agate, cat's-eye, sardonyx, etc. Musically speaking, all these latter are beautiful variations upon quartz as the theme.

Chalcedony is a mixture of crystallized and amorphous quartz, agates being composed of irregular layers of chalcedony of various colors. Ribbon-agate is formed of alternate and nearly parallel layers of chalcedony with jasper or quartz or amethyst. The most beautiful are obtained in Saxony and Liberia.

Fortification-agate is found in Scotland and on the Rhine. On cutting it across, and polishing it, the interior shows zigzag lines, bearing a slight resemblance to the plan of a modern fortification. Chalcedony variously colored, traversed with red veins of jasper, sometimes taking foliiform ramifications, is called moss-agate. These siliceous stones are adapted to the purpose of the lapidary from their diversity of structure and color. For the cameo-cutter the onyx, in two or more colors superposed, is the favorite.

Steel tools in themselves are valueless in cutting these stones; corundum and diamond-dust alone have sufficient hardness to abrade them, and are always used for this purpose. The whole process from beginning to end is grinding. All the tools used are adjuncts to the simplest form of lathe; namely, a foot-wheel, lathe-head with a simple mandrel through it, with a small pulley on its centre. The whole lathe-head is protected by a sheet-iron cover, through which the nose of the mandrel projects. The purpose of this covering is to shield it from contact with the arm of the operator, which constantly rests upon it when in use. The mandrel is pierced with a female screw into which all the grinding-tools are fitted.

These tools, by which all the operations are performed, are nothing more than steel chucks about three inches long, screwed firmly into the nose of the mandrel, and the end turned into such shape as the particular service required of it demands.

This turning up of the chuck is invariably done by an ordinary graver; the rest, a separate and independent affair, being a short cast-iron column rising from a broad base or sole, which is merely set on the bench in such a position as

the work in hand requires. The thousands of angles, curves, convex, concave and plain surfaces, which, combined in millions of ways, go to make up the "human face divine," require hundreds of these little grinding-tools. The profile of the face intended to be transferred to stone is photographed, and from that the artist makes his drawing on the surface of an onyx or agate in two colors, one superposed upon the other, the upper layer of stone being rough-ground away down to the under one, so as to leave a mass in the centre projecting, or raised sufficiently to afford material for the head and face which it is to be formed into. The outline is then traced, and all the superfluous portion ground away. The parts of the figure most in relief or most prominent are then traced, and worked into approximate forms.

These preliminary operations can be very well performed by subordinates, as no particular artistic skill is required. But from this part onward the artist must be a sculptor, and the tedious work progresses by grinding a little concave here, a little line there, a little dot in this place and a projection in that, by means of the various-shaped cutters revolving in the lathe; a little diamond-dust and oil being applied to their periphery with a bit of goose-quill. Constant consultation of the model photograph is necessary; for, if any prominent feature is erroneously ground away, it cannot, as in painting, be reproduced: once gone, it is gone forever. These delicate operations are constantly under inspection through a lens; and when the whole, in its most minute particulars, is completed, it becomes a proper subject for even microscopic examination.

The *American Jeweler*, to which we are indebted for most of these details, adds: "In watching from day to day and week to week the slow growth of the stone into likeness, the hesitancy is, which most to admire—the skill, or the patience, of the artist. It seems incredible to what perfection of resemblance some minute specimens of this art arrive. Why should colossal statues of Minerva, Hercules or Cupid, receive more applause than exquisite miniatures of the same? If the world pours out its wealth, and shouts its loudest praises, to those who produce such works in marble, and with such gross tools as chisel and mallet, why is he not equally or more deserving of fame who does the same thing upon amethyst, and within the space of a lady's ring?"

BISMARCK'S LAST WALTZ.

At the time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, Mme. Carotte, whose memoirs of Court life at the

Tuilleries have lately been published, distinguished herself with Prince Bismarek.

"At a grand ball given at this time at the Tuilleries, and during the cotillon which I myself led off, the roguish thought entered my mind to offer

"This little incident—so little in accordance with Count Bismarek's gravity, and with the part he was already playing in the affairs of the world, afforded much amusement to the sovereigns and the others present, for they scarcely expected to

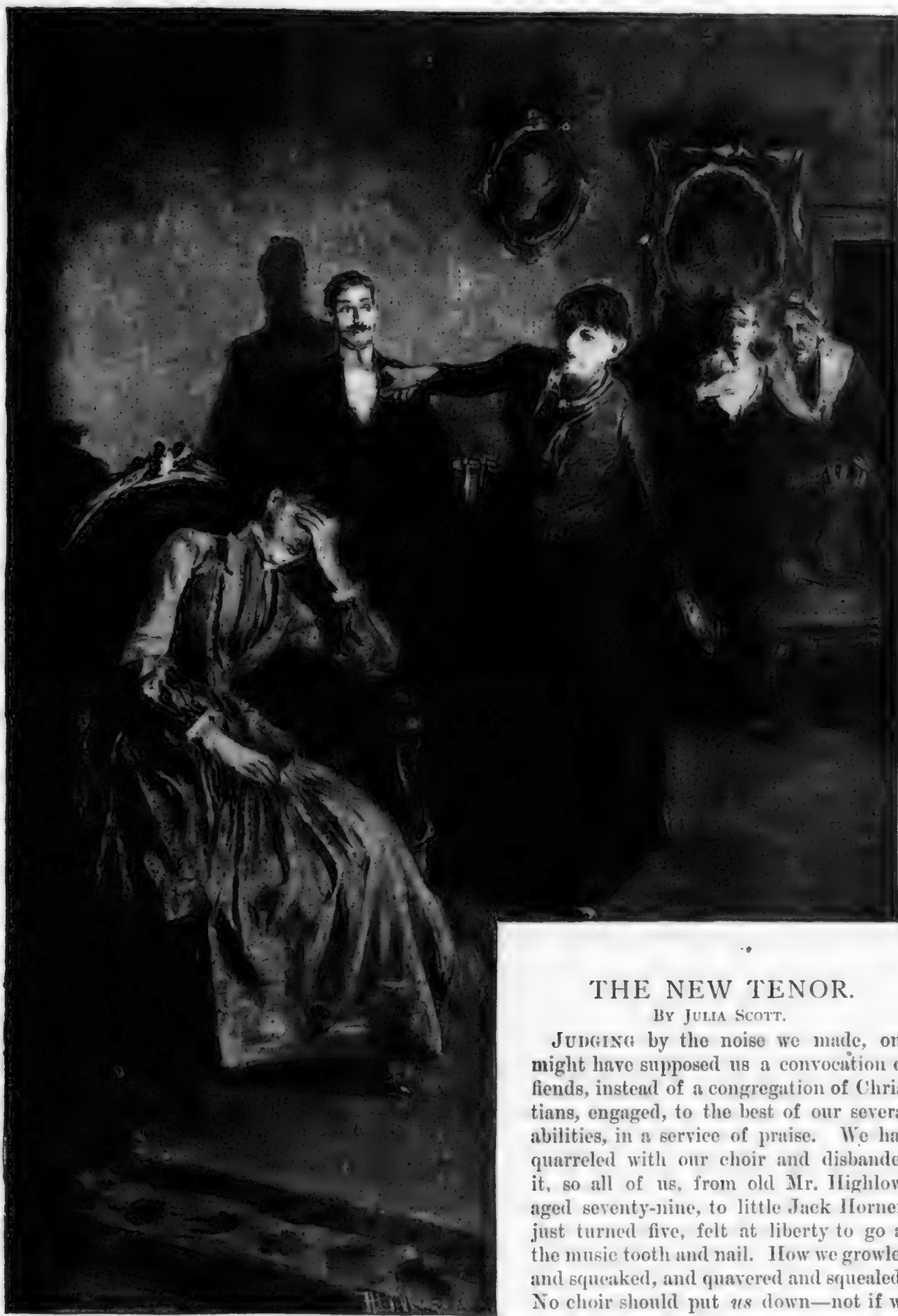


"PARTED"; OR, THE LADY AND HER SKIRT.—A MISHAP IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

to Count Bismarek, who was in a corner watching the dancing, a bunch of roses, which was the signal for a waltz. M. de Bismarek was at that moment the object of general attention. He accepted the bouquet, and, yielding to my invitation, danced a long waltz with me, making his way very cleverly through the crowd of other dancers.

see M. de Bismarek mixing with a crowd of youthful dancers.

"In escorting me back to my place, he took an artificial rosebud from the lapel of his coat, and, offering it to me, said: 'Be pleased, madame, to preserve this as a souvenir of the last waltz I shall ever dance, and which I shall never forget.'"



"SHE FLUNG OUT HER STRONG BROWN ARM TOWARD HIM AS SHE SPOKE, AND OH, WE ALL SAW IN HIS FACE THAT SHE TOLD THE TRUTH!"

Vol. XXIX., No. 5—39.

THE NEW TENOR.

BY JULIA SCOTT.

JUDGING by the noise we made, one might have supposed us a convocation of fiends, instead of a congregation of Christians, engaged, to the best of our several abilities, in a service of praise. We had quarreled with our choir and disbanded it, so all of us, from old Mr. Highlow, aged seventy-nine, to little Jack Horner, just turned five, felt at liberty to go at the music tooth and nail. How we growled and squeaked, and quavered and squealed! No choir should put *us* down—not if we knew ourselves! The minister—good young man, with a taste for Bach and Handel, and an ear trained by long years

of drill as a choir-boy—mopped his brow after the Glorias, quailed visibly at the Venite, and writhed as one in bodily torment at our "Rose of Sharon" Te Deum; but what cared we for hypersensitive-ness? What mattered a few extra notes thrown into the air, or a decided preponderance of falsetto, if the heart of the singer was attuned to praise?

So we thought for two or three Sundays, then symptoms of discontent were manifested. It is all very well to sing off pitch and out of tune yourself, but you cannot long tolerate your accomplices in hymn-wrecking. From criticising the choir, we lapsed into the most uncomplimentary candor concerning one another's vocalization, and in less than a month's time started neighborhood feuds that I am afraid will not die out this side of Judgment Day. Something had to be done, or the congregation of St. Cecilia's would have been rent into as many fragments as it had voices.

The Vestry did it. They arose as one man, and took fine promises and abject humility and servile flattery, and went and groveled before the members of the choir and entreated them, as they valued the hearing of the congregation, to come and deliver it out of the power of the amateur singer. After much hanging back, the choir, with the exception of the first tenor, came again and sang as of old.

Because of the tenor's contumacy, a card appeared in the papers, setting forth the fact that we wished some one of glorious voice, and modest ambitions in the matter of salary, to fill his place.

The call met with but one response, a tenor sweet to hear and fair to see. I was at the Senior Warden's house when he came. Oh, how handsome he was! Just like the hero of a grand opera, with his silky black hair and mustache, his melancholy, brilliant dark eyes, his sudden, flashing smile, his clear olive complexion, that paled and darkened in some mysterious way, but never flushed! He was presented to us all—Mrs. Fane, the Warden's wife, Alice, his daughter, and me.

We asked him to sing, and with the grace of a courtier he complied.

I do not expect to hear sweeter words wedded to sweeter sounds in paradise! He struck a few rich chords, and began with that grand old hymn we hear so seldom now, "Quicunque Vult." It seemed to me that I had gone back ages, and was listening to the saints and martyrs in the Catacombs singing it as they sang it in those days of blood and pain when religion was a thing that could not be traded on! While our pulses were still thrilling with the noble words and tones, the music changed into a chant. Never could I forget it, if I lived till the stars grew old—"Ben-

edictus qui venit in nomine Domine." Scarcely did the strain die on the air when he sang to the same score these English words:

"Who is the angel that cometh?

Pain.

Let us arise and go forth to greet him.

Not in vain

Is the summons come for us to meet him;

He will stay

And darken our sun.

He will stay

A desolate night, a weary day.

Since in that shadow our work is done,

And in that shadow our crowns are won,

Let us say still, while his bitter chalice

Slowly into our hearts is poured,

Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord."

Ah! I thought it was a providence that sent him. I felt sure that he came in the name of the Lord, and and so did Alice—sweet Alice, the fairest flower in all our garden of girls. I used to think of the "Blessed Damsel" when she sat at the organ on Sundays, she was so fine and sweet.

As she listened with a deeper rose on the smooth oval of her cheek, an unaccustomed light in her gentle blue eyes, I wondered, even then, if those tranquil symphonies she and the rector used to play through the long evenings would not soon have in them a note of unrest.

Poor Mr. Herwick! dear, good man that he always was and always will be! His simple dignity and unostentatious merit made him seem handsome in the eyes of his parishioners, even though his pale, thin face was freckled, his brown locks scant, and his trim side-whiskers sandy. Dear soul, he was charmed with our new tenor (Victor Heath, he called himself), and used to stand by the organ, at week-day rehearsal, when Victor sang and Alice played, with the rapt expression of a saint. By and by a little trouble crept into his look, a faint shadow at first, but day by day I saw it deepen. Gradually the duets were discontinued; indeed, there was little time for them.

The new tenor's voice created quite a *furor*; he was invited everywhere, and, although he was quite able to play his own accompaniments when he first came to us, in a little while it was an understood fact that he would not, or could not, sing unless Alice played. I think they loved each other from the first—he and Alice—and no wonder! They were so handsome, and such a contrast; she was so fair and small, he so dark and stately. Both were young, both worshiped the beautiful as it appeals to the ear and to the eye.

The Winter slipped away pleasantly enough to every one but Mr. Herwick. As for Alice, she grew more beautiful every day—love, you know,

is the great beautifier. She loved, and loving, trusted, and was happy. As for Victor Heath, some struggle was going on in his soul. One day he would be wildly gay—the next, melancholy as if he were almost resolved to be rid of life and its perplexities; but through all moods his devotion never wavered.

Easter was late that year, and Nature commemorated the Resurrection with flowers. The whole earth seemed abloom with them, white, blue, pink and golden. Violets, snow-drops, hepaticas, hyacinths, daffodils, great tulips splashed with red and gold, lifted their cups wherever they could get leave, and the air of the conservatories was faint with the incense of lilies and jasmine stars. In St. Cecilia's we heaped blossom upon blossom, until the Lord's sanctuary was adorned like a bride that waits a heavenly bridegroom. And our music! I always love the triumphant Easter music; the joy that cometh after sorrow is so much greater than the joy that is mere gladness. I love it, and I listen always with joyful tears; but I never heard anthems so sweet or so jubilant as when Victor Heath led them. There was exultation in his voice, I could not think was born of Heaven. Involuntarily, I looked at Alice. Ah! my pretty, white dove had a great pink passion-flower on her breast that I knew never grew in our greenhouses. Victor must have sent to the city for it. I sighed when I saw it, for I thought of Mr. Herwick.

I wish goodness counted for more than show in this world.

Alice ran into my house next day to tell me her great secret; as if, dear, innocent heart, there *was* any secret!

"Dear friend," she said, "I do not know how I can deserve such happiness. That a simple girl like me should inspire love in one so gifted, so wise as Victor, is almost too wonderful for belief. And yet," she made haste to add, while tears stood in her pretty eyes, "I cannot doubt it. Oh! if I could, I should die!"

"We none of us know what we can endure until we are tried," I said, laying my hand on her arm; "and, oh! my dear, forgive an old woman, because she loves you, for asking how do you know you will not be? What do you know of this handsome lad except that he is handsome?"

"I know that he is the best, the noblest of men!" cried Alice, shaking off my hand; "and if he were not, if he were anything base suspicion might suggest, I love him, *love* him, and would barter my happiness—ay, my life—to secure his."

"Oh! Alice, do not be angry. I never saw you so before. Forgive me if I have spoken amiss. Do not leave me. I meant no harm."

"I know you did not," relented Alice, half ashamed of her vehemence. "Forgive me. I

am not quite myself to-day, for papa has not been kind, and says we must wait a year to prove ourselves and each other. As if a year could change us!"

Well, so she forgave me, and forgot me, too, to all intents and purposes. She came to my home no more, and was only distantly kind when we met elsewhere. Victor did not imitate her. He sought me everywhere, and was determined I should be his friend, and I was, I really was. No one could help liking him, but when people reach my age they often like without trusting—not that they actually distrust, but the many disappointments of the past have taught them to hold trust in reserve till time or circumstance applies a test to pleasant speech and flattering manner. Mr. Herwick said in one of his sermons that suspicion is a vice of the age even more than avarice. Perhaps he was right, but I wish he had not said it, for it made Alice look at me with a proud little smile. I was hurt, but not enough to prevent my going home with her mother after service.

It was a beautiful evening in the last of May, and we loitered along the street, talking softly of the perfect Mays when we were girls and the world seemed so much younger. We passed Alice and Victor, but presently they overtook us, and we all went into the house together. Alice had given her lover a great red velvet rose, of the kind we used to call Hebron roses, and he wore it on his breast as proudly as another man might a star and ribbon from his sovereign. They sat down across the room from us, near a window, and spoke together in murmurs, so as not to disturb our gossip of the days that were no more. By and by a silence fell on us all, and the lovers turned their faces and looked out upon the night. Mrs. Fane and I glanced at them, and smiled as old women will at the tender follies of the young.

"It is not the starlight they see," I whispered, "'A light that was never on land or sea' is shining for them."

Almost as I spoke, I saw a wild, fierce face pressed close against the pane for a second, and Victor fell back like a man wounded unto death. Before I could go to him, before Alice so much as stretched out her hand, the door was flung open, and a strange, disheveled woman came in, with a terrible cry.

"Aha! my Victor, I have found you!" she exclaimed, exultantly. "It has been a weary search, but success—*success* makes amends for all disappointments."

Victor Heath's eyes glazed like a dead man's, and he answered never a word.

"Who are you? Why do you come into my house like this?" quavered Mrs. Fane.

"Who am I?" mimicked the fury, biting her

livid lips and clutching at the bosom of her faded red gown; "and why do I come here? I am Victor Heath's wife, good madam, and I come here for my lawful husband. Look at him, and prove my words!"

She flung out her strong brown arm toward him as she spoke, and oh, we all saw in his face that she told the truth!

Alice had risen, but at that fierce, gypsy-looking creature's words she sank down with a little moan, and hid her face.

are mine—*mine!* You cannot shake me off. I'll follow you to perdition, if need be!"

"I thought you went there alone, two years ago," he muttered, bitterly. "I heard so."

"No, no; I'll not go without you, my husband," she said, with a fiend's laugh. "So come, let us away together. We are no company for respectable Christians."

"God help me! that is true," he groaned.

He looked about him desperately as he spoke, and oh! I have never seen the anguish of death as bitter as the anguish of despair that was on him when his glance fell on Alice.

She, poor, smitten dove, still had her face covered, and gave no sign.

"Come!" said the wife, "or I call the neighbors in to hear your pretty story and the story of your new love cowering yonder."

He turned to me, as if some vain plea for intercession trembled on his lips. I could not speak, but I motioned toward the door. He dropped his head, and groping unsteadily, like a blind man, went away from us, his wife following when she had snatched the red rose from his breast and trampled on its sweetness.

As the outer door shut with a clang, Alice rose up with her arms flung high above her head, and wailing but the one word, "Victor!" fell down upon the floor, so cold, so white, so rigid, I

thought surely the good God, in His infinite pity, had taken her home to heaven; but it was not to be. Life, with its wine all spilled, its rose-leaves dying, was still left to her.

All night we who loved her most sat by her, chafing her clinched hands, bathing her hot brow, calling her by every pet name dear to her childhood, striving by every means love could suggest to win her from that stony silence, that horrible quietude; but all in vain. Love was powerless, skill was powerless. In the early morning I went home, and there, at my door, was Victor Heath.



POTTAWATOMIE TRADITIONS OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON.—THE STATUE OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON, AT CINCINNATI.—SEE PAGE 616.

"So he has been making love to you, has he?" jeered the creature. "Just so he did with me; but he tired of me, as he would of you, you white little fool!" she added, savagely. "But he is *mine*, remember that. Come away, Victor—with your wife!"

"Never!" cried Victor, stung into life by her words, and stepping between her and Alice as he advanced. "You blighted my youth—you shall not drag down my manhood. Begone from the place—your presence contaminates!"

"No, I will not begone!" she shrieked. "You

"Oh, how dare you!" I cried, and as I spoke my voice broke in a gust of sobs.

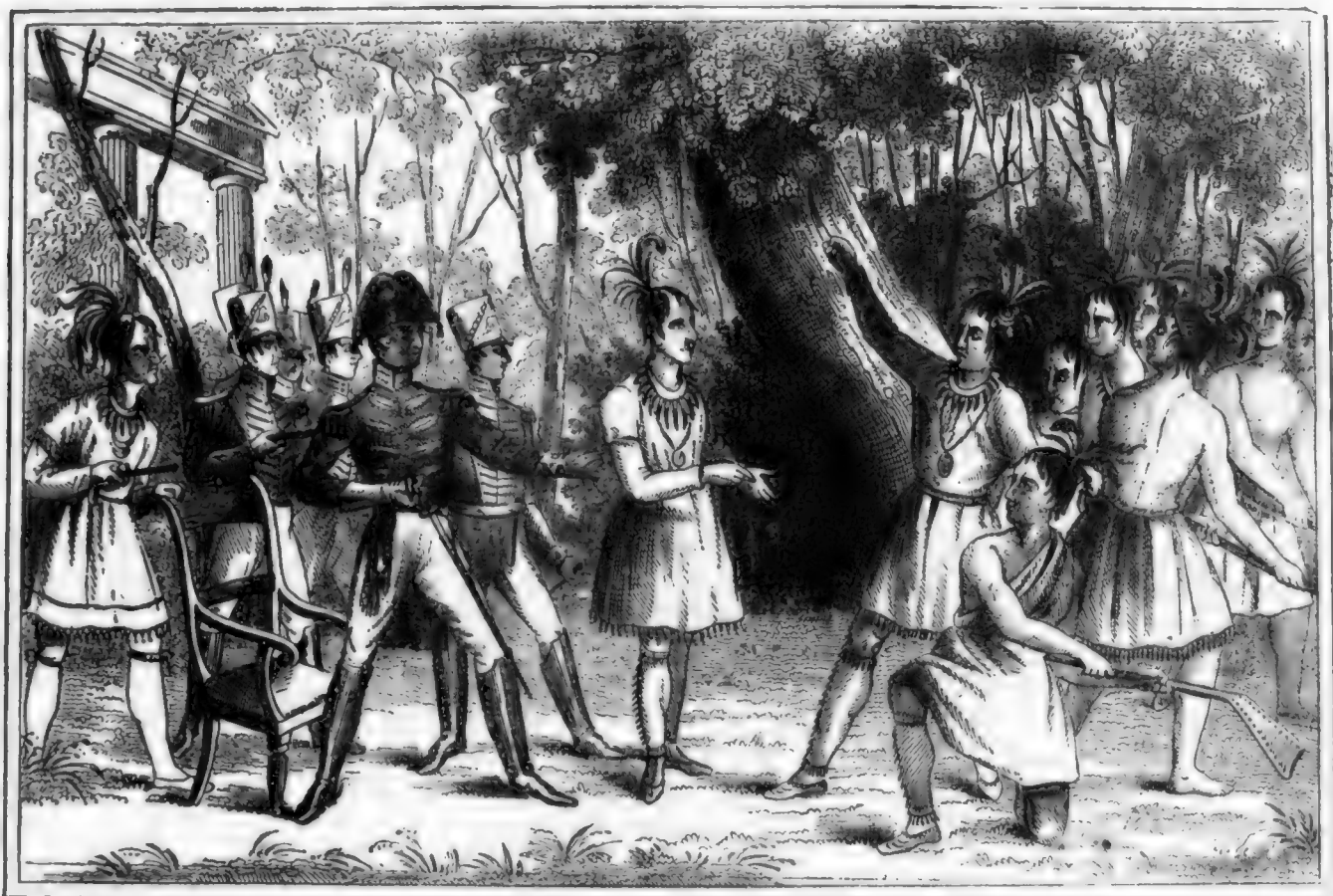
"Do not judge me till you hear my story," he entreated. "Let me go in with you. I will not keep you long."

I was moved with compassion, he looked so wan and old, so wretched with suffering. Therefore I took him into the house with me.

Sitting there, in the chill and heaviness of the dawn, he told me of his past.

He was a minister's son, reared in the quiet of a country parsonage, knowing little of, and caring not at all for, the world and its ways. On Sundays he sang in the choir; on week-days he studied

self he realized his mistake. And she—she soon tired of "the boy she had taken to raise," as their companions called him, and recognizing no law but her own caprice, turned to older men. After his first fury cooled, he determined to go his way and leave her to hers. Then her whim changed, and she determined to win him back. For half a dozen years she followed him, thwarted him—barred every door of success, quenched every hope of advancement in his profession. Finally, the persecution ceased, and he heard she was dead. In the meantime his health had suffered, and he left the stage to rest. Reading our advertisement for a tenor, he came to us. The rest I knew.



GEN. HARRISON AND TECUMSEH AT VINCENNES, AUGUST, 1810.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN 1840.

and wrote with his father, and learned music of his mother. When he was seventeen he lost both parents, and, helpless as a little girl, was turned adrift on the world, to make or mar his fortune. How he had marred it, I saw. He went to the city, and, drifting from one vicissitude to another, sick at heart and wishing nothing so much of life as to be rid of it, finally joined an opera company, of little fame, as chorus-singer. The prima-donna, a handsome, dashing woman of almost twice his age, saw him, fancied him, married him with scarcely any volition on his part. He had liked her well enough, was grateful for her kind words—the only ones he had heard since his mother died; but almost as soon as he had bound him-

Poor, poor boy! I took his hand in both of mine, and we sat a little time silent.

"I have given her all I have in the world," he continued, heavily, for his strength was spent—"all I thought dear Alice and I should enjoy together—that she may go away and leave my poor love in peace. As for me, I have promised her to begone, too—but not with her! not with her! And now a last favor. I ask it as the dying ask a boon. Help me to see Alice once more, that I may beg the sweet soul's forgiveness for the evil I have wrought her. Then I will go out of her life forever."

"She would not know you," I said, bitterly, my anger rising again.

At that he was in a dreadful way, and would have hurried to her home had I not restrained him. Finally, after a woful scene, I promised to intercede with the Fanes, and gain him, if possible, a last look at his loved and lost one.

I half repented of my promise, and in fear and trembling told my errand. At the first sound of his name a flush swept over her face, the tense nerves relaxed, and a passion of tears shook her like a storm. I weep now at the remembrance.

When she had no more tears to shed, she said :

"Tell him I cannot see him."

Her father approved ; then she wept again, and her mood changed.

"He is not to blame !" she cried.

No one contradicted her ; how could we bear to do it ?

The day wore away somehow, and at even-tide I made ready to go home.

"You are going to him !" sobbed Alice. "Let me go with you, and see him once more and die."

How weak good women are !

Let my story hasten to its close. I brought him to her ; we could not withstand her pleading. How they met and how they parted I may not say. When they had bidden farewell for all time, he went out into the darkness, and the sound of his retreating footsteps was lost in the drip, drip of the warm Spring rain falling from the eaves.

"I never like to hear the rain drip down like that," said Alice to her mother. "It sounds like the dropping of blood."

Mrs. Fane gave a weak little sob, and caught her daughter's hand. The same instant a terrible cry rang out on the night, and a voice that made us tremble shrieked :

"Ah, villain, would you go back to her ? Take this for your perfidy !"

There was a groan, a crash among the lilac borders, then all was still save the drip, drip, like the dropping of blood.

We ran out, wildly searching for what we feared to find. It was Alice that stumbled over it—clasped it in her arms—would not loosen her hold until her father dragged her away. It was no longer Victor. The assassin's dagger had speeded well.

We carried the poor clay in, and laid it down in the room where we had first heard our tenor sing :

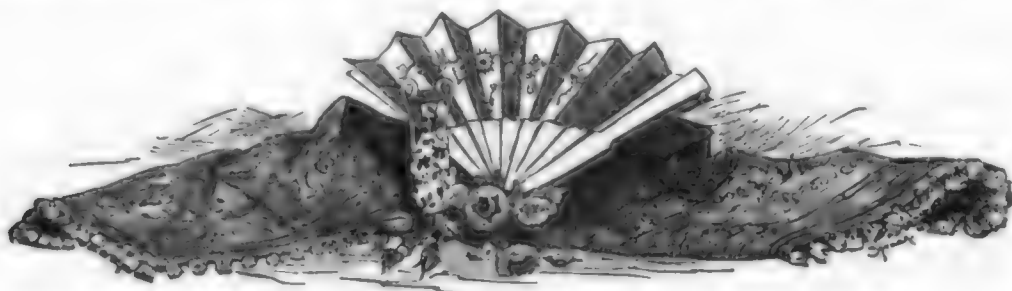
"Who is the angel that cometh?
Pain."

Pain was the angel that came, but I believe, as I believe in Heaven, that Victor saw another. there came such a smile on that beautiful dead face that night.

The prince of darkness hid his own, I think, for the murderess could never be traced.

And Alice ? Alice seemed just slipping through the gates ajar for many a weary day, but youth held her back. No, she is not happy, but she is content to wait. Mr. Herwick is her best friend ; he has taught her to live for others, and many rise up and call her blessed. I used to sigh and fret for her, and murmur that the Lord was not good to women when He let them live on after such experiences ; but I have learned that some lives are to humanity a song, and some a sermon, and a blessed few, "purified as by fire," a benediction.

"She came from out the furnace flame
Of sorrow strong to help the weak.
And gifted with good words to speak
In times of grief or shame."



GINSENG.

By J. C. WATKINS.

THE subject of this article is not, as some may imagine, a town or village in the Celestial Empire, for if there is a town or city in the land of "pigtales" bearing this name, the writer is in utter ignorance of its geography. Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolium*) is simply an ordinary-looking weed, the stock or stem of which grows about one foot high ; is smooth, round, of a reddish-green color, divided at the top into three short branches,

with three to five leaves to each branch, and a flower-stem in the centre of the branches. The flower is small and white, followed by a large red berry.

The root of the plant (and it is of the root that we wish especially to speak) is soft, thick, whitish and bulbous, from one to three inches long, though sometimes much longer, with wrinkles running around it, and a few small fibres

attached. There are generally two or three roots to a stalk. It has a peculiar, pleasant, sweetish, slightly bitter and aromatic taste. It is found in most of the States, usually growing in rich, shady soils.

It possesses some valuable medicinal properties. The root is a mild tonic nervine, and somewhat stimulant and diuretic, and may be used in substance, decoction or tincture—most commonly used in bitters along with other articles. It is considered a valuable medicine for children, and has been recommended in asthma, palsy, and nervous affections generally.

So much for ginseng considered botanically and medicinally. It is, however, as an article of commerce that we propose further to consider it.

Ginseng-root, or, in the common vernacular, "sang," in its prepared state (dried or clarified), is exported from this country in large quantities. The principal market for it is China, where it usually brings a good price, as it is always in demand.

It may be interesting to the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY to know how this commodity finds its way into the commerce of the country, and consequently becomes one of "our natural resources," and an element of considerable wealth.

The usual time for digging ginseng is during the early Summer and on till late in the Fall; the later in the season the better, as the roots are firmer, and do not shrink in weight so much by the drying process. That dug in the Spring and early Summer is soft, and not so large as that which is dug later. It generally takes four pounds of green "Spring dug" ginseng to make one pound when dry, while of the "Fall dug" it only loses about two-thirds; *i.e.*, three pounds of "green" will weigh one pound when "dry."

The digging is done principally by persons who make a kind of business of it during the "sanging" season, and are called "sangers," or "sang-diggers." They "camp" in a good locality for their business, until they have dug about all the ginseng-roots in the vicinity of their camp, and for two or three miles around, when they pack up, and pitch camp in another place. Men, women and children go in gangs together, each armed with a "sang-hoe" and cotton haversack, or "poke," as they call it, in which to put the roots as they are "dug." They seem to enjoy this nomadic life hugely. During the Winter they engage in other employments, such as cutting wood, getting out saw-logs, working at public works, "digging" coal, etc.; but as soon as the ginseng season comes, most of them go out "a-sangin'."

The country merchants buy the ginseng from these sangers in its green or undried state, generally paying for it with merchandise, though

some pay part in money. The usual price for the green roots is from 20 to 30 cents per pound, though sometimes it is worth more. It is dried by spreading it out in a dry place, or in a kind of kiln made for the purpose. Some merchants or buyers clarify it, which is done by steaming thoroughly and then drying it. Ordinary dry ginseng is worth in New York or Philadelphia from \$1.20 to \$1.40 per pound. The clarified is worth 20 cents per pound more, or from \$1.40 to \$1.60 per pound. A country merchant sometimes handles twelve or fifteen hundred pounds of dry ginseng in a single season. An expert "sang-digger" can make from \$2 to \$4 a day when the sang is at all plentiful.

Farmers and their boys frequently spend a week or two during the season in this employment, though they seldom go out of their immediate neighborhood for this purpose. In some parts of West Virginia ginseng grows in abundance, but is not now so plentiful as it was formerly. The ginseng from this State usually brings the outside prices on account of its superior size and quality.

It is thought that it can be successfully cultivated, the same as any other plant raised in the field or garden. If this be the case, it will no doubt prove a valuable addition to the productions of the farm.

It might be proper to say before closing this article that the country merchants, or those who buy ginseng from those who dig it, usually ship it when dry to commission merchants in some of the large cities, generally New York or Philadelphia, who sell it for them to exporters.

The cost of marketing it, including freights, commissions and other charges, does not exceed eight or ten cents per pound. Figures are not generally considered interesting reading, or we might have gone to the trouble of ascertaining the number of pounds of ginseng-roots annually exported from this country, etc., etc.; but, presuming we have consumed too much space already, we will leave the little plant to flourish in its shady bower in the forest, unmolested.

THERE are many substances which have the property of rendering the fabrics to which they are applied incombustible, but they usually spoil them, either by changing the color or by stiffening them so much that they cannot be used. An easy and safe way of protecting curtains and mosquito-nets against fire is said to be by steeping them in a solution of phosphate of ammonia, obtained by mixing one-half a liter of water (one pint) with one hundred grammes (about three ounces) of phosphate. In this way the color and texture remain unaltered.



MADORE B. BEAUBIEN.



POTTAWATOMIE YOUTH.

POTTAWATOMIE TRADITIONS OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON.

BY GEORGE E. FOSTER.

"THE old men of my people tell many traditions of the grandfather of the new Great Father at Washington."

The speaker was a bright Pottawatomie Indian, who had been educated in part in the mission schools of the Indian Territory, receiving a finishing touch at a Kansas academy, and then, true to his people, had returned to them, settling down on a farm at the Sacred Heart Mission, which is located near the centre of the Indian Territory. This mission, as its name indicates, is a Roman Catholic one. Indeed, Catholicism, which the Indians call "the French religion," is the faith of the majority of the "Citizen Band" of Pottawatomies, and they trace their religious traditions back to the days of Marquette and Allouez. A mission on the St. Joseph River was long the preaching-point of the Black Gowns, but shortly after the French were dispossessed of their territory in America it was abandoned. In 1832—

—the Pottawatomies sent to Detroit for priests, to bring them also books, and once more to teach them the faith that their forefathers had embraced. As a result, Father Stephen Badin was sent among them, who again started a church-building on the St. Joseph River. Eight years after, the spiritual welfare of the Western tribes was largely in the hands of the Jesuits; and through the appointment of Father de Smet, Father Hogan was made the spiritual adviser of the Pottawatomies, who translated the Prayer-book into the Indian language. In 1842, J. F. Diel, a scholastic, was sent to teach the Indian children the rudiments of the English language while the tribe was at Sugar Creek, Kan., and while there he learned their language. He subsequently pursued further studies in the St. Louis University, was ordained a priest, and became the Superior of St. Mary's Mission School in Kansas. In 1848, the Rev. Maurice Galliard, who had fled from his native Switzerland on account of the persecutions of the Jesuits by a people far more advanced in civilization than the Pottawatomies, came to and found a peaceful home among the Indians. He learned their lan-



A POTTAWATOMIE COWBOY.

guage, and translated two books, and followed the Pottawatomies into the wilds of the Indian Territory, where he founded St. Mary's College and the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

When the Citizen Band arrived at their new home in the Territory in 1875, the ancient French religion was administered by Father Robat, who established a flourishing mission among them, and the Pottawatomies, who had always been noted for their liberality toward their superiors, again manifested the same by donating the section of land where was established the Mission of the Sacred Heart, near which the Pottawatomie youth spoke the words placed at the opening of this article.

The young Indian was leaning against the split-rail fence of his own farm, and resting after several hours of steady work at crop-gathering.



SACRED HEART MISSION, INDIAN TERRITORY.

The landscape that he gazed upon was a fine, rolling prairie, with here and there a piece of timber-land, the whole watered by creeks and springs. On an intermediate knoll, surrounded by a thick body of timber on the north and west, and well sheltered from Winter storms, stood the mission buildings, and not far beyond flowed the sluggish waters of the Canadian River.

The Indian youth, save for the tawny color of his skin, would hardly be recognized as such by a traveler unfamiliar with Indian Territory civilization. His face was a direct refutation of that oft-repeated insinuation that a member of his race must become dead in order to be good. He wore the dress of civilization, and although working in his field, had not forgotten to put on collar and tie. The triumphant gleam in his eye had in it nothing of the barbarian or savage; it was the result of a consciousness of duty well performed, as he looked out on the crops which were the fruits of his own labor.

It was on the close of election week in the

States, and when I drew the rein of my tired pony to converse with the youth, he eagerly asked me the election news. Nearly every English-speaking Indian in the Territory is, in a small way, a politician. The Cherokees had their three political parties; the Creeks had the same number; the Choctaws and the Chickasaws had hotly contested elections; and even up among the Osages, candidates were working up their programmes several months ahead. Moreover, each tribe was watching with eager eyes the movements of the two great parties in the States.

"My people," continued the young Pottawat-

omie, "called General Harrison 'Msko-pkough' (red seal), on account of his official stamp being impressed in red sealing-wax. Hence his campaign pledge that he and his Government would forever live up to their agreements, which pledge oftentimes the Indians found *brittle*.

"Yes," continued the Pottawatomie, "General Harrison had great power conferred on him by the Government of the United States. Among other things, he was 'military white chief' of the North-west Territory, and transacted a good deal

of important business for his Government in the way of arbitrating peace and making treaties with the various tribes which inhabited that region."

"How do you keep the date of your traditions?" I asked.

"I will tell you," replied the young Pottawatomie, as he drew himself up on the topmost rail of the fence surrounding his farm. "Our old men, in relating any portion of their history, use such cumbersome expressions as, 'The days when our grandfathers fought the Keech-chi-mack-man-nuk' (big knives). This would take a historian back to the days of General Harrison. Now, to arrive at a near or exact date, they say like this: 'When our great-grandfathers fought the white descendants of the Indian-exterminators and witch-destroyers side by side with the Saganash (Saxon) or British.' This would mean in the days of the American Revolution. 'The Indian-exterminators' would mean the first arrivals of the Saxon race. 'The witch-destroyers' were their descendants, some years later."

"Is it not strange that the Pottawatomies can relate so many happenings of old times?"

"No, I do not think so. It was only last year that Gabriel Nan-wag-gzah died, at the age of one hundred and twenty-five years."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, for a moment losing confidence in the accuracy of my young friend.

"There cannot be more than two years out of the way in the estimate of his age," was the reply. "There are some in my tribe living to-day who think that Gabriel was still more advanced in years, for they remember when they were children he had a grown-up family. Jin-jaw, Nan-wag-gzah's youngest son by his second wife, is now sixty-six. In the dawn of the Revolution, Gabriel was old enough, when going with the hunters, to carry a coon, and when a boy is able to do that he is said to be about twelve years of age. He was a married man when the chiefs of his tribe went to meet St. Clair, the first authorized commissioner sent out by the United States Government to effect a treaty of peace. He well remembered, and used often to tell of, the days when the Pottawatomies owned a portion of Ohio, all of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and much of the country bordering on Lake Michigan from Chicago to Green Bay. He remembered every treaty made by his tribe with the Government."

"No," continued the Pottawatomie, "it is not strange that so many historical facts are ingrafted into our traditions. Our Indians from a very early period had the French mixed up among them, who in those early days were thoroughly informed of the news of every form of oppression, tyranny and bigotry which was transpiring among Saxon colonies of that date. Our ancestors had

various other sources of information as to what was going on in the land near the sea-shore. Sometimes it would come from an authorized deputation of Indian chiefs and their followers, who in those days were sent out by the tribes of the East to come and ask the assistance of our tribe to go and help cripple the white serpent that was fast crawling out of the sea. The information would sometimes come from a fragment of an Indian tribe or refugee band who were greatly thinned out or exterminated, and would be adopted into our tribe and given a home. That is one reason why so many things have become ingrafted into our traditions. It should also be remembered that *time* was of no value to our Indians. In those early days the Indian tribes were more sociable among themselves, consequently the greater part of our tribe was of a roving disposition. They had a name for every Indian tribe, of every river and of every mountainous country on the American Continent. Sometimes a fragment of our nation would go on a roving expedition to see the different countries of America, or to help some friendly nation carry on war against some hostile tribe. Forty years was a long absence, but all the disastrous wars that Indians have carried on against one another have been since the advent of the white race, who in their greediness in claiming a greater part of the continent have by various intrigues got the Indian tribes to aid them to fight against one another.

"The days when our great-ancestors aided the French against the Saxon squatters' would be a period further back. 'The days when our ancestors were sailors' is another historical figure. 'The days when our great-great-ancestors were warned by their ancient prophets that there would be a white monster crawl out of the sea with a book under his arm which would expound the doctrine of the Great Spirit, who would, after a short dormancy, curl himself up and destroy them with fire and water'—this would extend back to a period of a thousand years before Columbus discovered America."

"The time when my people called General Harrison the 'Red Seal' was about 1809, when part of the Pottawatomies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Shawnees, and other tribes, notwithstanding the various treaties of peace and acknowledgments of allegiance made with and to the United States, began to talk of starting another war for their ex-Father, Great Britain. The Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies had previously made a treaty with the British Government for Walpole Island, on the Canada side of the great lakes. These three nations foresaw that the American people would strip them of every possession; that the remnant of their descendants in course of

time would become paupers, and therefore the three nations reserved that island for the homeless of their people. While the matter of war was being discussed, the only action taken by the Indian tribes to accomplish that end was the formation of a great league. The secret conspiracy reached the ears of Red Seal (General Harrison), who had also been preparing to come among them with an army for more land. He arrived at the council-grounds in the Fall of 1810. The Indians, in order to have the greatest advantage if there should come a fight, selected the ground on which Red Seal and his followers might pitch camp. Here, a one-eyed, part Christian and part pagan prophet had for some time been propagating superstitious ideas in the minds of the half-witted old men and the foolish youth of the tribes. Either for mischief or in fun some of the white settlers had been instructing the prophet regarding the total eclipse of the moon which was to occur on a certain night, and persuaded him to foretell it to the Indians; and this the wily prophet, anxious to increase his power over the people, was not slow to do. He invited many Indians to come into camp at a certain hour and see the moon devoured; and the eclipse took place as the prophet had foretold. Although there was a long-standing adage among the Indian tribes setting forth that the Shawnees from time immemorial had been endeavoring to be prominent in matters of sorcery, prophecies and visions, but for all that the Great Manitou had never favored them in that line, these disciples of the prophet now agreed that the forecasting of the eclipse refuted everything that had ever been said against the Shawnee power of prophecy. Consequently it was easy for the prophet to make the Indians believe anything he said from this time.

"In the night, when General Harrison was camped among them, the prophet told the Indians that it was of no use to wait for the main forces and leaders; that the hour had already come to strike a blow. If they made an attack on General Harrison early on the following morning, the white man's bullet would be of no effect; his magazine would burn, and his powder would turn into ashes.

"The attack was made, according to the Shawnee prophet's direction. For half an hour the American troops were bewildered and in confusion, until they formed themselves into a line of battle. It looked to the Indians at one time as if the white men were making a retreat. Thus they began to be positive of success; but when they were about to cut off their retreat, the Americans grew desperate, and fought furiously. The Indians, seeing that their prophet's word was of no avail, began to give way in all quarters, and

received a punishment such as they had never received before. The Pottawatomies said that 'the Great Father chastised them like children.' In previous battles, the white man on a retreat would pull out a plug of tobacco and hand it to the Indian to take a chew, in order to save his life; but the Indians said that at the battle of Tippecanoe they fought hard for a chew of tobacco, but never got any all that day. The Indian forces with distinguished leaders who were to have done the fighting did not come until the battle had been fought.

"In a council held about this time, Tecumseh gave General Harrison a sharp reproof. The white general lost his temper and used violent language, whereupon Tecumseh arose with his stately dignity, and said: 'When great men get angry, it is time to put out the council-fire.' He then drew his blanket about him and stalked out of the assembly."

"Who killed Tecumseh?"

"That is a question the whites still dispute about," said the young Pottawatomie. "I dislike to make a discord in the sweet strains of American history; but at the battle of the Thames, Chobonaire, or Shobney, the Pottawatomie chief and warrior, was with Tecumseh when Tecumseh was killed. Shobney often insisted that Colonel Johnson did not kill Tecumseh in person, but as it was under his command, he (Colonel Johnson) had the right to claim the killing. Shobney said that he was near by when Tecumseh fell, and saw the white drummer-boy, a mere stripling, that shot him. The Indian school-boys, now gray-headed old men, who went to Colonel Johnson's school at Choctaw Academy, Kentucky, often say that Colonel Johnson in his conversations never claimed to have killed Tecumseh, but was always careful to say it was done under his command.

"Hog Moccasin was an old Pottawatomie warrior. The evening before the battle of Tippecanoe he was cleaning and scouring his gun. After he had it well greased and loaded, he smilingly turned to the young men and said: 'I tell you, when I point this gun at the white man tomorrow, it is going to make him cringe and tumble over.' In the morning, after the first volley of American musketry, Hog Moccasin was the first to tumble over wounded, with a ball through his breast. He was picked up, having done no service. Yet the boys always had great fun afterward at his self-confidence and the result. Years after, the boys at Cary Mission would ask him to show them his old wound. He would say: 'Why do you want to see where I got shot for? I have a notion to kill you for such impudence. It was no fun to me the way I suffered with that wound.' Still, he was not backward about showing it. He

would proudly unbutton his shirt-bosom and show his scar to the young sprouts.

"The Indians made up for their loss in this battle at Mackinaw, Malden, and at Detroit, where General Hull made a peaceable surrender; but when the American Government came into possession of the Territory, they made a treaty of peace with the Indians, who relinquished the greater part of their country.

"In the treaties and the payments after the second war, the Government Commissioners addressed the Indians like this: 'My children, we will no longer, as white people, use powder and lead to kill you off, but will use something simpler,

"Speaking of Chicago," my informant continued, "Madore B. Beaubien, a distinguished Pottawatomie, became identified with the early history of that city, where he kept a small trading house until his tribe moved to Council Bluffs. In 1828, when the Government had acquired the greatest portion of the Pottawatomie possessions by unfair treaties, and had no further object in keeping our people longer in ignorance, it sent Beaubien, Bourassa, Benjamin H. Bertrand, Luther Rice, and other Pottawatomies, who afterward became distinguished men, to a college in New York, that they might complete their education. Beaubien was the oldest of the Indians



GEN. HARRISON'S VICTORY AT TIPPECANOE, NOV. 7TH, 1811.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN 1840.

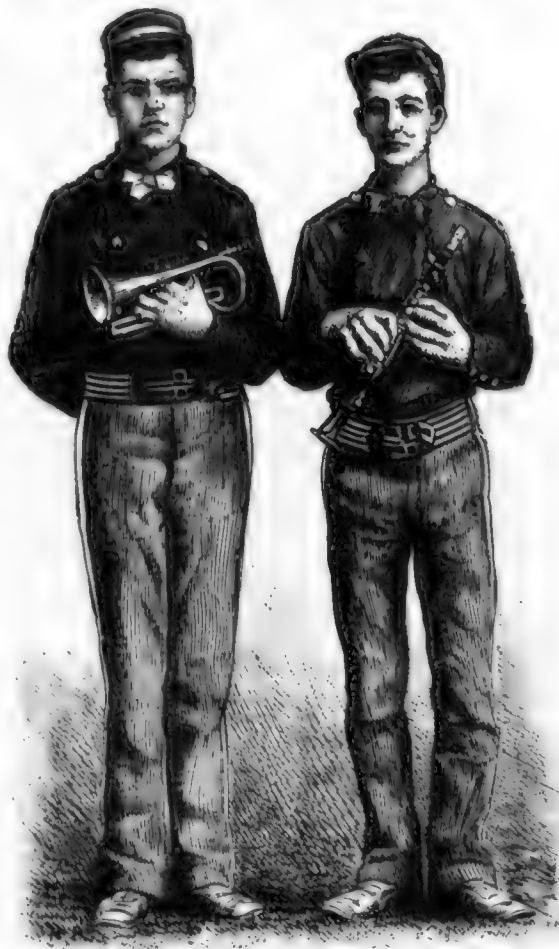
and that is water.' The Indians did not understand the meaning of the commissioners or agents, but after a payment they would ask their Father for a treat, which they called a 'suck from their mamma.' Whoever was a representative of the Great Father would then roll out three or four barrels of whisky. At the last treaty and big payment in Chicago, thirty Indians were killed in a drunken spree in one night in fights among themselves, the result of Uncle Sam's fire-water. I don't know whether or not it was General Harrison who made the address I have just quoted, but if it was he, it would not be strange. It is said he knew the effects of hard cider.

among the New York college graduates, and he was the last one who died. He was a member of the Pottawatomie Business Committee until 1868, when it was dissolved on account of the nation having become citizens of the United States.

"An-nash-mah, or Abram Burnett, son of O-sha-zak-pee, a chief of a small band of Indians which in 1832 resided between the St. Joseph and Wabash Rivers, and whose mother was Kor-za-gwa, daughter of O-chee-pas, speaker for Topen-ibee, was in more senses than one the big Pottawatomie chief of the last generation. In his full growth he was nearly seven feet high, excessively stout in proportion. Toward his last days he was

troubled with choking respiration. He employed a surgeon to make an incision into his abdomen and take out all superfluous flesh found adhering to his sides, as advised by the best medical talent. The doctors, with the greatest skill and delicacy known to surgical science, relieved him of a large quantity of fat, and when their distinguished patient was in a fair way to recovery, he unfortunately contracted a cold in the healing parts. After weeks of suffering, and gradual loss of flesh, he died, weighing after death 499 pounds.

"But Abram Burnett was for many years one of the leading chiefs of the Pottawatomie nation. He was a statesman of more than ordinary ability. It is related, on good authority, that in the prime of his manhood,



POTTAWATOMIE MUSICIANS.

before he grew to his immense proportions, Burnett could take two good-sized men by the collars of their coats with each hand, and either make them dance or bump their heads together with as much ease as a burly school-teacher could do the same with two little fractious pupils. Even in extreme old age the Pottawatomie Business Committee, organized in his day, and composed of the most enlightened and pugnacious men of the tribe, would sneak around when 'old Abe' got in a towering passion over some of their blunders in transacting the business of the tribe. They were afraid of the heavy gold-headed cane which he always carried.

"After the death of Luther Rice, J. N. Bourassa began his duties as interpreter for the



ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, KANSAS.

Government of the United States. He was well advanced among the educated men who understood the English and the Indian languages, and who were eager for that office. There were many jealous critics of his oral manipulation of both languages, and this led Colonel Bourassa to study up a peculiar system of interpreting which was both perfect and free from criticism. His graceful oratory, his dignified manners, and masterly style of interpreting for his people, led all Government officials in his time to assent that the Pottawatomie Indians were the best educated and most intelligent of any tribe in the West. He was fond of debating, proud of his Indian blood, and silenced many a white man who, defaming the good character of the Indian race, in many ways was reminded of the numerous weak points of the white people. Owing to his knowledge of military tactics, he was given the rank of colonel. He composed a complete Indian grammar, with its translation into English, for the use of St. Mary's College. Over forty years of his life were spent in research, collecting data and facts, and writing his history of the North American Indians; but he died in 1877, before his history was ready for publication. He was opposed to the issues presented to his people, in 1861, in regard to sectionizing and becoming citizens of the United States. He eloquently warned them of the fact that they were not ready to assume the duties of citizenship, and of the poverty and misery which would shortly overtake them if they followed such a course, and which since the downfall of their nation they have found verified. When his predictions came true, his heart was always sad for his people. He saw how rudely they were treated by the whites, and the various ways they were imposed upon in being swindled out of their estates, moneys and property. As he had prophesied, they became like orphans thrown out to face the harsh rebuffs and the impositions of this cold, greedy world."

"Your people seem to be a broken nation," said I, preparing to remount my now rested pony.

"True," answered the Pottawatomie, as he jumped down from the fence and stood beside me. "The Mexican Pottawatomes are located by executive order north of North Fox River, on the Sac and Fox Agency, west of the Sacs and Foxes, and east of the Oklahoma country. There have been many parties and bands, on account of some dissatisfaction, split off from the main branch of the Pottawatomie nation. Ninety-five years ago a party of 500 left the nation forever, whom the Pottawatomes have never traced to any tribe. Whether they went back to the steppes of Siberia, where the traditional happy hunting-ground is located, or whether they went to South

America, is a question which must be settled in the spirit-world of the hereafter. The chiefs of these 500, in an international feast, were not treated to the luxurious dish of bear's feet. Such a treat was considered, when dished out to the chiefs and warriors, as the favor of the gods; and on account of some disgraceful acts committed by the young men of this party in a war, their chiefs were denied the luxury, and on that account left the nation. In 1838, ninety persons left the nation, and form part of the Kickapoo nation, in Kansas. In 1868, the Pottawatomes again divided off from their course of body politic and government. The Citizen Band, numbering 1,600, made a final settlement with the United States Government, reserving to themselves, by agreement, a home in the Indian Territory, while the Prairie Band, numbering 700, chose not to become citizens, but to retain their tribal relationship. They are living on part of the old Pottawatomie Reservation in Kansas, under the same customs as have ever existed among them.

"The Citizen's Band have adopted the ways of civilization, and are slowly improving in every branch of progress. Notwithstanding their great poverty of a few years' back, and the poor country in which they were placed and expected to make their homes and maintain their civilized methods of livelihood, they are by degrees crawling up toward prosperity. The lessons of poverty and misery have taught them the habit of accumulation. They have no schools of their own, but they appreciate the true motives of education, and in consequence are placing their children in Hampton, Haskell Institute, the Chilocco schools, and many other schools supported and maintained by the Government out of appropriations for that purpose. You already know the history of the 'Sacred Heart Mission,'" he said, looking proudly to the building in the distance. "It is doing a good work. Since the demise of Father Robat, the Prefect Apostolic of the Territory has been Father Ignatius, while the subordinate, Father Thomas, is the Superior of 'Sacred Heart.' Their chapels, missions and schools are rapidly branching out through various parts of the Indian Territory."

I had now mounted my pony, and as I bade the young Pottawatomie good-by, he said: "There was an old axiom among the Algonquin nations, that the Ottawas were for councils; the Sacs, for warriors; and the Pottawatomes, for the chieftaincy; and it has been even so."

POET AND SHAH.

AN English nobleman, desirous of pleasing the Shah, when that potentate visited England, gave an entertainment and requested that all his guests

should wear their orders and insignia. Among those invited was Robert Browning, who had no orders of any kind. The poet was in a quandary, but remembering that his degree from Oxford entitled him to wear a red gown and cap, he so adorned himself, and put in an appearance. As the Shah looked over the assemblage, bedecked with tiaras, medals, garters, and what not, his eye fell on Browning's gown, and he asked to be presented to the great man in red. When this was done, he inquired who the great person was. When told that Browning was a poet, the Shah replied: "Ah, indeed! I am glad to meet you, Mr. Browning, for I am a poet myself."

MY LADY'S FLOWER.

BY LILIAN AMY PAUL.

BUT a bit of brown sea-weed, tossed roughly aside
By the storm-beaten waves as they fled,
Yet so tenderly rescued, I have it to-night,
While the hand that preserved it is dead.

And no flower that grows, and no gem that exists,
Is so fair or so priceless as this,
For my true lady's lips—ere forever they closed—
Breathed softly upon it a kiss.

And she wept, yes, she wept, as she laid it away,
The pale little flower of the sea;
And a soft prayer welled up from her innocent heart,
And the tear and the prayer were for me.

Oh, ere long I shall rest by my true lady's side;
Lay no land-flowers then on my bier,
But this bit of brown sea-weed place next to my heart,
That my lady may know it was dear.

BROWNING ON FAITH AND IMMORTALITY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Nonconformist* sends it a letter from a lady who, believing herself to be dying, thanked Mr. Browning for the spiritual aid she had derived from his poems, and expressed her satisfaction that so highly gifted a man of genius should hold to the great truths of religion and to a belief in immortality. In the course of Mr. Browning's reply, he said: "All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as

when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ, 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man.'"

THOUGHT AND BREATHING.

SOME interesting extracts from the Sanskrit Yoga-sûtras which treat very fully of the prânâyâma, or the expulsion and retention of breath, as a means of steadying the mind, are contributed to *Nature* by F. Max Müller.

A Yogi has first of all to assume certain postures which help him to fix his mind on certain objects. He cannot concentrate his mind while walking or running. He ought to assume a firm and pleasant position, one requiring little effort. To judge, however, from the description given of some of these postures, they would seem to us anything but pleasant.

When a Yogi has accustomed himself to his posture, he begins to regulate his breath—that is, he draws in the breath through one nostril, retains it for some time in the chest, and then emits it through the other nostril. The details of this process are given in the first chapter of the Yoga-sûtras, sûtra 37. Here the commentator states that the expulsion means the throwing out of the air from the lungs in a fixed quantity through a special effort. Retention is the restraint or stoppage of the motion of breath for a certain limited time. That stoppage is effected by two acts—by filling the lungs with external air, and by retaining therein the inhaled air. Thus the threefold prânâyâma, including the three acts of expiration, inspiration and retention of breath, fixes the thinking principle to one point of concentration. All the functions of the organs being preceded by that of the breath—there being always a correlation between breath and mind in their respective functions—the breath, when overcome by stopping all the functions of the organs, effects the concentration of the thinking principle to one object.

Râjendralal Mitra, to whom we owe a very valuable edition of the text and translation of the Yoga-sûtras, adds the following remarks: "All other Yogic and Tantric works regard the three acts of expiration, inspiration and retention performed in specific order to constitute prânâyâma. The order, however, is not always the same. . . . The mode of reckoning the time to be devoted to each act is regulated in one of two ways: (1) by so many repetitions of the syllable om, or the mystic mantra (formula) of the performer, or the specific mystic syllables (vîja) of that mantra; (2) by turning the thumb and the index-finger of the left hand round the left knee a given number of times. The time devoted to inspiration is the shortest and to retention the longest.

A Vaishnava, in his ordinary daily prayer, will repeat the Vija-mantra once while expiring, 7 times while inspiring, and 20 times while retaining. A Śākta repeats the mantra 16 times while inspiring, 64 times while retaining, and 32 times while expiring. These periods are frequently modified."

The usual mode of performing the prāṇāyāma is, after assuming the posture prescribed, to place the ring-finger of the right hand on the left nos-

trunk of a tree; therefore the wind should be stopped. As long as the breath remains in the body it is called living. Death is the exit of that breath, therefore it should be stopped."

Some of the minor works on Yoga expatiate on the sanitary and therapeutic advantages of practicing prāṇāyāma regularly at stated times. In America some spiritualistic doctors prescribe the same practice for curing diseases.

In India prāṇāyāma is only a means toward a



AFTER THE BALL.

Lady de Primrose—"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW DUCHESS?"

Mrs. Normanby—"OH, SHE'S A PERFECT PHONOGRAPH!"

Lady de Primrose—"I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Mrs. Normanby—"WELL, YOU SEE, SHE SPEAKS WITHOUT THINKING."

tril, pressing it so as to close it, and to expire with the right, then to press the right nostril with the thumb, and to inspire through the left nostril, and then to close the two nostrils with the ring-finger and the thumb, and to stop all breathing. The order is reversed in the next operation, and in the third act the first form is required. The *Hatthadipikā* says: "By the motion of the breath, the thinking principle moves; when that motion is stopped, it becomes motionless, and the Yogi becomes firm as the

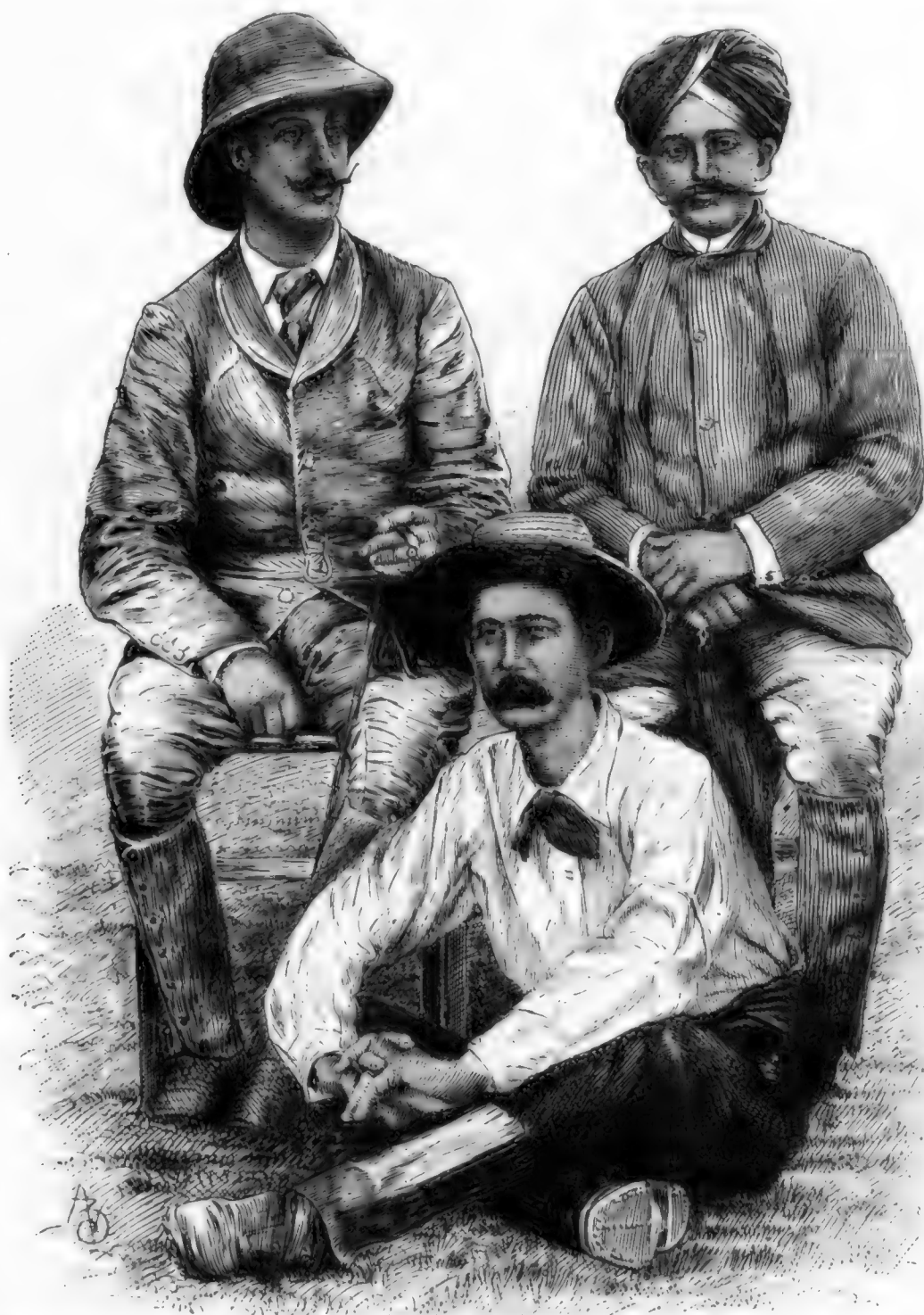
higher object—namely, the abstraction of the organs from their natural functions. It is a preliminary to Yoga, which consists in *dhāraṇā*, steadfastness, *dhyāna*, contemplation, and *samādhi*, meditation, or almost a cataleptic trance. These three are supposed to impart powers or *siddhis* which seem to us incredible, but which nevertheless are attested by the ancient Yogis in a very *bonâ-fide* spirit, and deserve examination, if only as instances of human credulity. I say nothing of modern impostures.

A PRINCE ELEPHANT-CATCHING.

BY A. MERVYN SMITH.

It was decided by the British Government, last Fall, that Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presum-

shooting in the tropical forests of the Orient, where game of all kinds—the mammoth elephant, the huge rhinoceros the fierce lion, the savage



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES.

SANDERSON, THE FAMOUS ELEPHANT-CATCHER.

THE RAJAH OF MYSORE.

tive of the British Crown, should visit India, the great dependency of England. It was settled that the visit should be an unofficial one, and that the prince should be allowed an opportunity of seeing all parts of India, and do a little hunting and

tiger, leopards, bears, wolves, alligators, boas, deer of all kinds, and game birds innumerable—is found in abundance. The tour was to last five months (November, 1889, to March, 1890), and during that time it was expected that the prince

would have traveled over 8,000 miles in India, and visited fifty-three of its largest cities.' The prince landed in Bombay (the largest sea-port in India, with a population of three-quarters of a million) on the 9th November; he then went on to Poona, the capital of the Mahratta country; from thence to the Nizam's dominions, where he did some leopard-hunting—*i. e.*, hunting deer with the aid of trained leopards, which run down the deer as stag-hounds do. From the Nizam's dominions he went to Mysore, the country of the ferocious Tipu, that Mohammedan King of Mysore who gave the English much trouble toward the end of the last century. He was killed in battle with the English, and his country made over to a Hindoo prince in alliance with the English. Mysore is a native State, having a Prince, or Rajah, of its own, but under British control. It has an area of 27,000 square miles, and a population of 5,000,000. Its revenue is \$6,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is paid to the British Government as tribute. Mysore is a table-land of about 3,000 feet above the sea-level, with here and there ranges of hills from 5,000 to 6,000 feet high. The hilly tracts are covered with dense forests made up of trees of immense growth, with an undergrowth of tall grass and brush-wood. In the forest tracts roam herds of elephants feeding on the luxuriant grasses and young wood, and occasionally making inroads into the nearest hamlets and feeding on the growing corn and sugarcane, of which they are particularly fond. Unless kept in check, they become more and more daring, their ravages extending for many miles round their forest homes, and what with the amount they eat and the amount trampled under foot, husbandry becomes impossible, so that in the interests of agriculture the elephants have either to be shot or trapped. As when tamed these brutes are very valuable as beasts of burden and for timber-hauling purpose, trapping is generally resorted to; it is only rarely that one is shot, and only those that show a disposition to attack man are thus disposed of.

The trapping operation is conducted on a gigantic scale, and requires months of careful labor and the employment of several hundred hands; but a successful capture is very remunerative, as from 100 to 200 of the great brutes are secured at one time; and these, when partially tamed, fetch from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each. Sport of this kind is not common even in India, the only country in the world where it is carried on, so that the catching of herds of wild elephants is rarely witnessed; and it was rightly deemed a sight worthy of the royal visitor.

The Rajah of Mysore invited Prince Albert Victor to visit his territories and witness the catching of several herds of wild elephants. This

invitation was accepted, and our first illustration shows the three most prominent personages of the hunting party at camp in the Mysore forest. The prince is attired in a light shooting-suit of tweeds, with a pith hat as a protection from the heat of the tropical sun. He is over the average height, of slender build, with shoulders well set up, large, prominent blue eyes and light hair. He speaks little, and is of retiring habits. He is particularly fond of shooting, preferring the shotgun and fowling to big game. He is a keen sportsman, and can endure much fatigue in search of game. He is fond of smoking, and seldom without cigarette or cigar in hand.

The Rajah of Mysore is a native sovereign, tributary to the British. He is a Hindoo of the orthodox kind, and has never left India. He has been educated by English gentlemen; and a British officer was his guardian until he ascended the throne in 1881. He is about the same age as the prince (twenty-six years), of broader build, but not so tall, by several inches. He speaks English with a slight stammer, and has the manners of an English gentleman.

Sanderson, the great elephant-catcher and hunter, is the son of a Wesleyan missionary for many years domiciled in Mysore. Young Sanderson showed no liking for his father's profession, and so joined the Mysore service as an engineer in the irrigation department; so fond was he of hunting wild beasts, and so thoroughly did he understand the habits of the denizens of the forests, that when the Government of Mysore decided on inaugurating extensive operations for the capture of elephants, which were doing much damage to cultivation, Sanderson was appointed to superintend the trapping. Before Sanderson's time, elephants were caught in Mysore by means of pitfalls, in which a single animal was trapped at a time; he introduced and improved the *keddah* system—to be presently described—by which means whole herds were secured at a time. So successful did he prove, and so remunerative was the trapping, that the Government of India applied for his services at Dacca, near Calcutta, where elephants were numerous. On a certain occasion at the Garo Hills he secured no less than 600 wild elephants at one time—the biggest take the world has known. Sanderson is a thin, wiry man of the Natty Bumppo style, and like Leatherstocking, he is an unerring shot, and many are the raging elephants and ferocious tigers he has brought down with a single shot when within a yard or two of the muzzle of his rifle. His book, "Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India," gives a good description of Indian sport. Unlike Cooper's hero, Sanderson cares not for deer-collops or tender morsels of bison; he is a strict vegetarian and of abstemious habits. In the

forests, where the bulk of his life is spent, he may be seen, coatless and hatless, giving instructions to his numerous attendants—trackers, beaters, mahouts (elephant-riders), shikarees (native hunters), woodmen, etc.—to each in his own language or dialect, and with such fluency and intimate acquaintance with their manners that he wins their hearts at once, and can do more with the wild races found in the elephant habitat than any other man; hence his success as an elephant-catcher, the wild men telling him where and when they saw herds of elephants and conducting him to the feeding-grounds of the great brutes through trackless forests.

The party also included Sir Edward Bradford, specially deputed to accompany Prince Albert Victor on his Indian tour; Sir Oliver St. John, a distinguished British officer of the Royal Engineer Corps; Captain Halford, Tenth Hussars, equerry to the prince; Major McIntyre, British officer commanding the Rajah's troops; and Dr. Jones, in medical charge of the prince during his tour. There were also present at the sport various members of the Mysore Government, visitors and others.

The scene of another illustration, showing elephants in the securing stockade, is near where a herd of thirty-seven wild elephants was found feeding in the dense forests of the Belligherry Rungans, a range of hills 5,000 feet high, and fifty miles south-east of Mysore city, the capital of the Rajah. The luxuriant undergrowth, the abundance of water, and its remoteness from the dwellings of human beings, make this valley a favorite feeding-ground of the elephants, which are compelled to leave the higher valleys of this range, on the breaking out of the monsoon or periodical rains. With the first showers in May, innumerable leeches spring into life, in the upper valleys, and no animal, not even the pachydermatous elephant, can withstand these blood-suckers—the pest of Indian hill ranges. The rains last till the end of November, when the dry season begins. With the rains, the leeches also disappear, and at the same time the hot sun dries up the fodder in the low valleys, and green food on which the elephant lives can only be had in the upper valleys; to which these animals betake themselves. It is well known that in Mysore elephant herds are found in the low-lying forests from May to November, and in the upper reaches during the other five months of the year.

The keddah, or elephant-catching, operations are always conducted from May to November. The herd in question numbered two enormous females, six tusked of medium size, seven young calves, or baby elephants, and twenty-two others, male and female, of various sizes. Sholigas (the wild aborigines of these hills) are carefully con-

cealed, watching the herd, and its whereabouts is communicated from day to day to Mr. Sanderson.

At about half a mile further up the valley, and in the direction in which the elephants are moving, is the keddah, or elephant-trap. The steep hills on each side here converge to a narrow pass, along which the elephants must move to get to the neighboring valley. The keddah may be described as three patches of forest inclosed by a trench eight feet deep and six wide. Such trench, easily crossed by any other animal, is an impassable barrier to the mighty monarch of the forest. These inclosures adjoin one another, and are connected by narrow entrances which can be strongly secured by a stile-like arrangement of posts, as soon as the elephants pass through. In addition to the trench, a palisading of poles is run up outside the trench, and well screened with bamboo-twigs, behind which the beaters conceal themselves till required. The first inclosure, known as the keddah, is about 150 acres in extent, and is well clothed with forest, the growth of underwood being stimulated by an occasional plowing, and by planting grasses and cereals that elephants are fond of. Opening on to this is the securing stockade, where the elephants are tied to great trees after being secured. This inclosure is one acre in extent, and is bare of undergrowth, the large trees alone being allowed to stand. The impounding stockade is a half-acre in extent, and comes next to the securing stockade; the entrance to it is by a flap-door hinged upward, and opened by means of a great hawser drawn through a block in the tops of the large trees which form the door-posts of this leviathan gate.

Another illustration shows the prince and the Rajah within the inclosure among the elephants. Of course there was considerable danger in entering the stockade on foot, for at any time a wild brute might have broken through the ring of tame elephants and charged the prince, when it would be difficult for a man on foot to get out of the way; and once within reach, a single kick from the ponderous feet would kill any man, and the lifeless body would be kneaded out of all recognition under the pillar-like legs of the great brute. Beside the prince, near a large tree, a circle of tame elephants is hemming in some seventeen wild ones, turned in from the impounding stockade. The great female has overset one of the tame elephants, broken through the ring and made in the direction of the prince. It is a moment of intense excitement. Would she charge the prince? Were we to witness a catastrophe which would outdo in horror the sad end of the Prince Imperial of France? The prince did not move a muscle; when the brute, in her mad career, came within a few yards of where he



CAPTURED ELEPHANTS TIED TO TREES IN THE "SECURING STOCKADE."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. C. BROWN.

was standing, Sanderson coolly threw up his arms with a "Hush!" and she swerved from her course and made off to the left.

It was with considerable difficulty that she was secured; her great size made her more than a match for any of the female elephants engaged



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR WITH SANDERSON, "THE ELEPHANT KING," IN A JUNGLE-CART, AT MYSORE.

securing the wild ones, so that the great fighting elephant of the Rajah, called "Jung Bahadur," was brought in to bully her. Wild elephants will

But let us hasten to the detailed narrative of a characteristic day's sport at the keddah.

We are at Billigherry Rungan Peak, a camp



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, THE RAJAH, AND SANDERSON, AT THE KEDDAH.

not attack the men on the backs of the tame elephants; let them once alight, and if seen by a wild one, it would be death to be caught.

specially prepared for the prince and those of his suite, on a peak within a mile of, and 600 feet above, the keddahs. We are here said to be above

the line of malaria, which makes the deep valleys so deadly. It was arranged that the prince should have *chola hazaree* at "Yelesaraga" (large camp) and we hurried off to the keddahs to witness the securing of the wild elephants already driven into the stockades. The inclosures, as already described, consist of three pieces of intrenched ground. The first, known as the keddah, is 150 acres in extent, and consists of well-wooded country, with plentiful fodder and water. Into this inclosure the herd was driven on the 9th of November, and secured, awaiting the prince's arrival. Beyond this are the two other inclosures, one behind the other. The gates between the keddah and securing stockade and the latter and impounding stockade being open, the drive is made of the elephants, who rush into the second inclosure, and then, seeing the apparent forest beyond, make for it, and conceal themselves in the tall bamboo. It was here that the herd had been previously driven, and to-day's work was to drive them into the securing stockade and tie them individually to the trees.

In this operation, twelve tame elephants, called koomkees, well trained to this work, and specially selected by Mr. Sanderson, had been purchased by the Mysore Government. Well-trained mahouts and noosers were also brought down from Dacca. Each "koomkee" had a mahout on its neck, armed with a long bamboo lance, with which to keep off the wild elephants, should they charge; and on two or three of the koomkees were placed noosers, whose business it is to hobble the hind legs of the wild elephants.

At a little after three, Mr. Sanderson arrived, wearing flannel shirt and trousers—no coat, the want of coat meaning business. He had a fowl-ing-piece in his hand, of which hereafter. A quarter to four, and no prince, and thirty-four elephants to secure. The elephants, I said, were secured in the impounding stockade. The order was now given to lift the gate separating it from the tying-up stockade, and for the beaters to place themselves on the sides farthest from the gate, Mr. Sanderson himself taking up a position on a platform next to the gate. As soon as it was opened and the beaters began to clap their hands, the herd approached the gate; and finding it open, the elephants, headed by two small tuskers, began filing through. When six had crossed the gate, the order to "let go hawser" was given, and down swung the heavy door, right in the face of the seventh elephant, Mr. Sanderson at the same time firing blank ammunition to frighten the herd from the gate. I can best describe what followed by a few pen-and-ink sketches of scenes in the securing yard.

Eleven of the koomkees, or decoy elephants, are females in their prime, and these were set to

surround the leader of the six elephants now in the yard, a young tusker, some twenty years old. This was the largest tusker in the herd, with fairly long tusks, one of which had met with an injury and hung lower than the other. It was amusing and instructive to see how the artful females decoyed the simple youth to the vicinity of a large tree, where they surrounded him and kept him quiet with elephantine blandishments, while the noosers slipped the hobbles round his hind legs, and then made him fast to the tree. Their work done, they set off to try their powers on another subject, and their poor dupe made frantic efforts to follow them, but all in vain—the stout hawser held.

The next to be noosed was a well-grown female, with a young calf, about a month old, by her side. She would have nothing to say to the koomkees, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she was surrounded and noosed, but no amount of persuasion could induce her to go near a tree, so that a large hawser had to be fastened to the hobbles, and a koomkee, taking the far end of the hawser in her mouth, and twisting her trunk round the rope, gave it a turn or two about the stump of a neighboring tree, while several others fairly pushed the hobbled mother toward the tree, the little calf roaring most piteously all the while. After considerable trouble this female was brought sufficiently near the tree to be firmly secured by her hind legs, and as soon as the koomkees left her, her struggles to free herself were truly marvelous. At one moment she was almost perpendicular, standing fairly on her hind legs, then down she was on her fore feet, kicking up her hind legs to free them from the rope. She would lie on the ground and roll from side to side, stretch her trunk on the ground, and grasp anything near, at the same time pulling with tremendous strength on the hawser. If her calf left her side for a moment she became furious, taking up earth with her trunk and flinging it at all around. Her exertions lasted over an hour, and it was piteous to see the attempts she made to stay the screaming of her calf. Her exertions had exhausted her, but nature has, it seems, provided the elephant with a means of refreshing itself. In the upper part of the stomach of these creatures is a cellular cavity, capable of holding from three to five gallons of water, and from this they can at any time take up a quantity with their trunks and blow it over themselves in fine spray. This was what the female did when she grew too exhausted to continue her efforts to free herself.

The prince arrived at twenty minutes to five, and it was arranged to allow a few more elephants from the impounding stockade into the securing stockade; for this purpose the beaters were sent

to frighten the herd and start it in the direction of the gate. But it was found that there were not sufficient coolies on the hawser to lift the ponderous door, so Mr. Sanderson proceeded to impress all the British officers present to assist in hauling at the rope. It was amusing to see some ten of these—colonels, majors, captains—hauling with a will among the coolies. The prince turned round, with a smile watching the novel way in which his personal staff was engaged, but the peremptory Sanderson would not let them off, but kept on exclaiming: "A little more, gentlemen! the door must go up." "There it goes! Now then, a strong pull!" and so on. When the gate was up, the elephants rushed in, and the signal to drop was given when seventeen had passed. Again, the blank cartridge was fired to frighten off the remainder.

Accompanied by Mr. Sanderson, the prince now ventures to enter the securing yard amongst the raging beasts. Many were afraid of an accident, but Mr. Sanderson said there was no danger. The prince took up a position near a large tree, from which the whole scene was visible. Again the heaving-in process was tried, but was for some time ineffectual, as a gigantic female led the wild ones and foiled all attempts to surround her. The gate was repeatedly charged by them, so that for fear of its being broken a huge koomkee was sent to guard it; but the wild ones formed up in line, one behind another, and trumpeted defiance. A very young tusker led the line, behind him came a larger tusker, then the great female, and after her several others.

When all attention was directed to this formation for battle the great female suddenly swung round and charged in the direction of the prince, as already recounted.

The big female had given so much trouble, and charged so frequently, that it was seen that nothing could be done until she was first secured, so all the female koomkees were directed to surround her. These she pushed aside, like so many ninepins, so the great "Jung Bahadur," the Maharajah's huge fighting elephant, was sent to tackle her.

She avoided the Jung several times, but at last turned on even this undaunted champion, the head of the koomkees, and especially purchased for his fighting powers. The Jung came at her with projecting tusks, and she rushed to the encounter, her trunk getting jammed in between his tusks. His immense strength told on her wearied form, and she was pushed on her haunches, and the other koomkees surrounded her; and the famous noosers Gumme and Frangle, Jemadars, managed to hobble her, after much trouble. It took a good hour to capture her, and with this the day's sport ended.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

A GEOLOGICAL PARODY.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and beasts merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances.
And in former ages played they many parts,
Their acts being seven ages. First *Eozoon*,
Lapped in the bosom of primeval seas.
And then the happy *Trilobite*, with "compound eyes,"
And "swimming feet," that crept in mud now turned
To school-boy's slate! And then the *Fishes*,
"Ganoids" with bony scales, and "placoids" like to
sharks.
In old red sandstone lakes. Then *Amphibians*,
Found in the coal and Jersey sandstone rocks.
Strange fellows they, not bearded like the pard;
Some thought them like to toads, more like the newts,
"Seeking the bubble reputation"
Of foot-prints on the sand. Then *Deinosaurs*,
In fair round belly, with food well lined,
Their eyes severe, erect on great hind legs,
The lords of Mesozoic times.
And so they played their part. The sixth age shifts
Into the *Bird*, a diver, six feet high—
Hesperornis it is called, with teeth in jaws,
Large skull and reptile-like affinities,
And yet a Bird! And his big wingless form
Was known to haunt the shores of all cretaceous seas;
Many fishes did he eat! Last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history
Is *Man*—his early childhood's mere oblivion—
With teeth, with eyes, with taste, with—everything.

HENRY N. HUTCHINSON.

BRASS-HAMMERING AND REPOUSSÉ-WORK.

By J. W. VAN OOST.

OF all the books I have read on repoussé-work, I have never found one that is explicit enough for the amateur. It seems to me that they are written only on theory, or with very little practical knowledge, and moreover they never begin at the foundation. There is not one amateur in a hundred who knows how to hammer up a shape, or even how to lay one out. This article is not intended to show how work is done on a pine board, or flat sheet of lead, which only consists of hammering the groundwork of the design and raising the figures in formless lumps by expansion. That is not repoussé-work, for by such a method no correct modeling, or beauty of form can be obtained. Those who have adopted it, I would strongly advise to give it up, if they hope ever to produce anything artistic.

Before touching on the designs given herewith, the pupil may ask, To what use can this work be put? The following is a list of shapes which will be of the most service, and make up into the most useful articles of every-day life: Sugar-bowls, fruit-bowls, salt-cellars, pin-bowls, candelabras, candlesticks, tea-trays, teapot-stands, crumb-trays, ash-trays, menu-holders, finger-plates, handkerchief-boxes, brush-backs, mirror-backs,

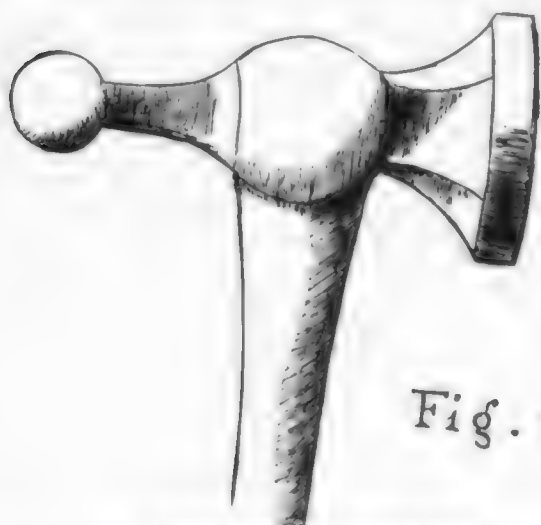


Fig. 1.

HAMMER FOR REPOUSSÉ-WORK.

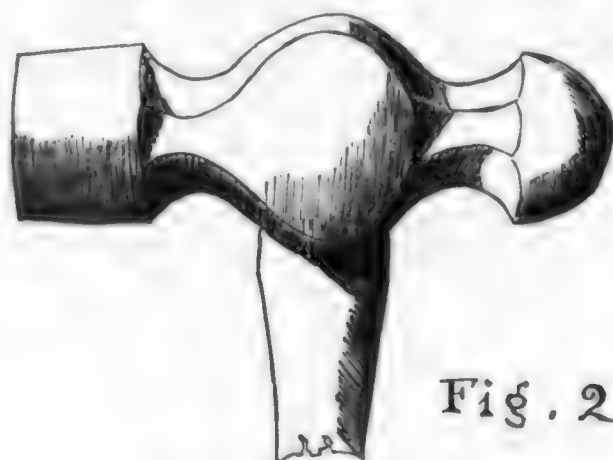


Fig. 2.

BALL-HEAD, OR RAISING-HAMMER.

fire-screens, box-corners, book-mounts, letter-racks, and other innumerable articles, which are in great demand at fancy fairs and bazaars.

As it is best to go to work in the least expensive way, first select the necessary tools, and a block of wood to be fastened on a table, or to stand on the floor—which is better—this block being 5 or 6 inches across the top. Hollow out about half the circumference to the depth of an inch, leaving no sharp edges; make it perfectly smooth. Procure a pair of tinsmith's shears, a 6-inch half-round rough file and smooth file, and a half-pound ball-end hammer. Keep this latter tool perfectly clean and bright at all times, and when

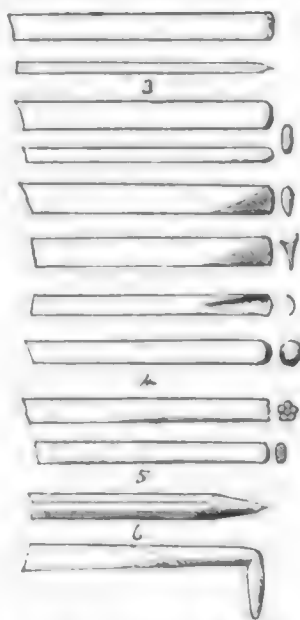


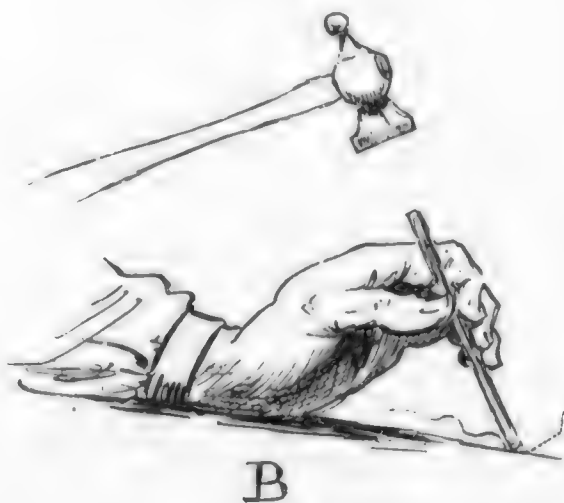
FIG. 3. TRACER, FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS.
FIG. 4. RAISING-TOOLS. FIG. 5. MAT-
TING-TOOLS. FIG. 6. CENTRE PUNCH.
FIG. 7. HOOK-BURNISHER.

not in use, grease it with a little oil.

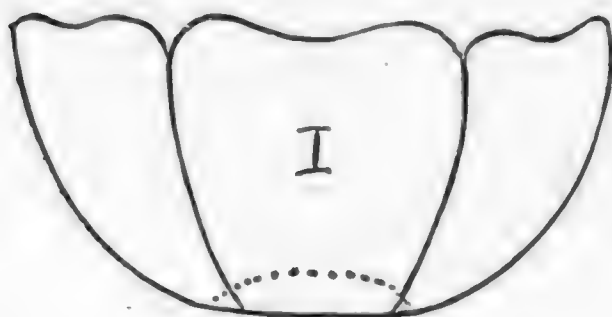
First, I will explain the hammering of a bowl, which in various sizes can be used for salt-cellars, sugar-bowls, or, on a large scale and shallow, for fruit-bowls and card-receptacles, instead of the flat tray now in use. We will now proceed to lay out a small bowl-shape, say a salt-cellar. Take a piece of 20-gauge sheet-brass, or 18-gauge copper, and mark a centre. This is done by means of a centre punch, a tool much like a large French nail, and which will answer our purpose very well. Strike this tool with the hammer upon your metal to mark the place to put your compasses in. Now scribe a circle of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches radius, cut



BRASS-HAMMERING.



REPOUSSÉ-WORK.



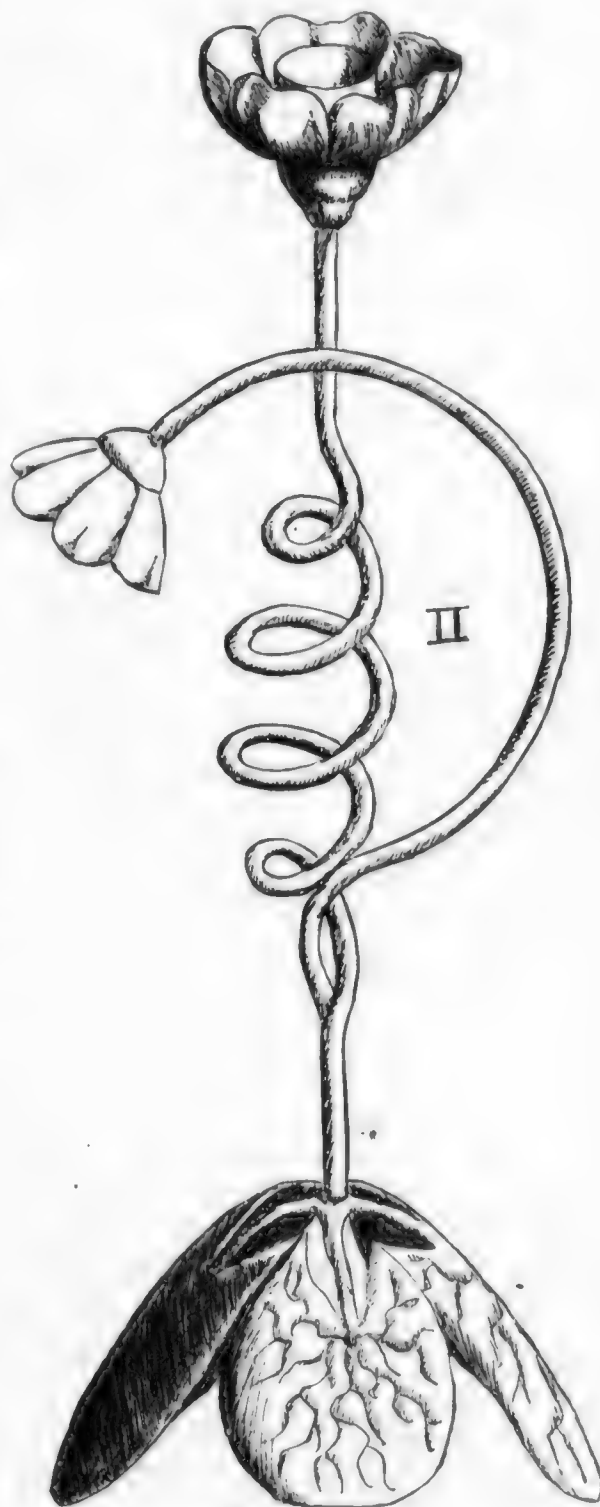
BOWL-FORM.

out with your shears, and file all sharp edges, which are otherwise liable to cut into the fingers.

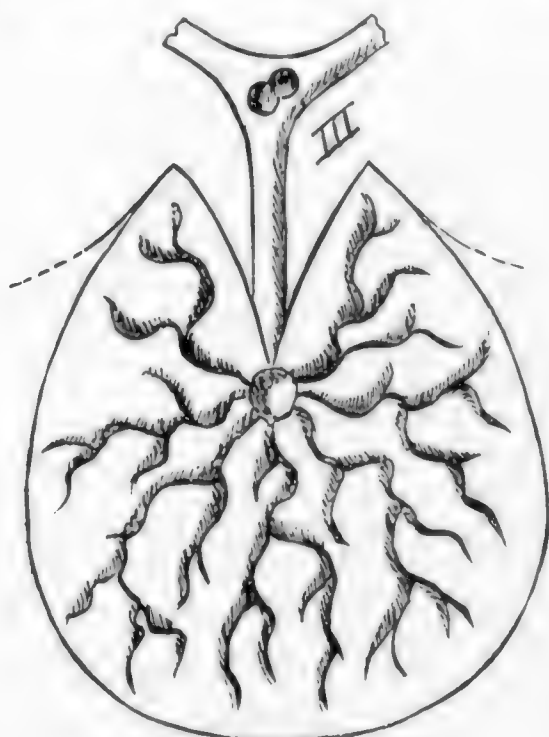
Now to form the bowl. Take the round disk of copper or brass, and hold it, between the thumb and two first fingers of the left hand, on the angle of the hollow of the block, and strike deliberately with the ball-end of the hammer round the outside of the metal, yet not striking the edge. Repeat this several times. Should the metal buckle round the edges, hammer them down. Never allow the irregularities to stay, as they are sometimes very hard to remove. Now go in a little further and continue the hammering, joining the strokes with the last beating, and so on, until you get within a half-inch of the centre. Gently tap this down. By this time the metal will have become very hard, therefore it must be softened. This is done by *annealing*. Place the shape in the fire, and let it remain there till it is a cherry-red; then remove it by means of pliers or tongs, and put it aside to cool. When cold, repeat the hammering, as before described. Should it get too hard before you have formed the shape

required, repeat the annealing as many times as necessary. Don't try to make these bowls too smooth, as the little rough hammer-marks add to their beauty.

Now, supposing the shape is worked up, we next make the foundation for it to stand upon. This



CANDELABRUM DESIGN, COMPLETE.



DETAIL OF LEAF FOR FOUNDATION.

is done by scribing a circle on the inside of the bowl, say $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch radius. Now place the bowl on the block, and go round the circle with a tracing-tool (this is like an ordinary chisel, but without the cutting edges); tap it very gently, and go round it two or three times. Now place

the bowl upside down on the table or bench, and knock the bottom in. Should the sides give way, knock the bottom back again, and repeat with the tracing-tool; then try again. This being done, we will fill the bowl with melted lead or pitch. Lead is much the best for small bowls, as it is cleaner; but for large bowls pitch must be used, which is a composition of common resin, plaster of Paris and oil, lard, or common fat. To make the composition, take 7 pounds common pitch-resin, 5 quarts dry plaster of Paris, $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of grease. Melt the pitch in an iron kettle, and add the plaster of Paris, being careful that it does not boil over, as it will take fire. Watch it all the time, and as soon as it begins to rise take it off the fire, add the grease (this amount of grease is for cold weather; in warm weather it will not require so much—you will, therefore, make up the deficiency by adding more plaster of Paris), and stir well with a stick or ladle.

Now fill the bowl with the composition, and leave to cool. When cold, divide the bowl in 5 or 7 spaces (Fig. 1), which will form the leaves. Do not get the spaces too accurate, as it spoils the effect. It is now necessary that you should have a leather ring, a wad of straw, or a sand-bag, to place the work upon to hammer it. By this means you hold the work in position and deaden the sound. A sand-bag is made about 10 inches square, of stout linen or sail-cloth, strongly sewn around the edges, leaving an inch at one corner to put the sand in. A round ring should be sewn in the centre of the bag, a little larger than a silver dollar, before putting in the sand. When the bag or cushion is filled, this ring makes it concave, so that a bowl, when being hammered, fits the hole. Another bag should be made without this ring, which you will find of great service. Now, with the ball-end of the hammer, hammer these lines into the composition about 1-16 of an inch in depth and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in width. Do not strike too hard, but go over it several times. Next take the tracing-tool and make a line up the centre; this is the parting of the leaves. Melt out the composition, and pour it back into the kettle, to be used again. Burn off all that remains, and while hot submerge in cold water. Now cut or file away a little between the leaves, as shown in Fig. 1. A pair of round-nose pliers is a very useful thing to have, especially at this stage. With such a tool you can shape the edges of the leaves, which gives the bowl a more distinguished appearance.

We now rub the bowl around the edges and all projecting parts with fine emery cloth, which not only takes off all roughness, but adds very much to the finish. This bowl, from the continued firing, has all sorts of colors, but not distinctly

developed. To develop these beautiful markings, we require some aqua fortis, which can be procured of any wholesale druggist for 60 cents per quart. In using this chemical be very careful not to get it on the clothes or hands. Make a weak solution of aqua fortis and water, and keep in a wooden bucket with a lid to it. Heat the article and submerge it in this solution, which is termed "pickle." Take out, wash well with clean cold water, and place on the stove to dry; or, better still, dry in fine sawdust (not resinous). Ashwood sawdust is generally used. This should be kept in a pan beside the stove in order to keep it dry.

The article is all ready now to be lacquered. Lacquer is a varnish composed of shellac and spirits of wine. The proportions are 2 ounces of shellac to 1 quart of spirits of wine. It is prepared by simple and repeated agitation. It should then be left to clear itself, and separated from the thicker portions and all impurities by decantation. If this is to be a very light-colored lacquer, the light should be excluded, as it darkens on exposure to light. Likewise the color can also be modified by the kind of lac employed. As you may frequently want differently colored lacquer, it is best to put the solution up in several bottles, and a lacquer of any kind can be produced at any time by using a pigment to give the desired shade.

To lacquer the article, place it on the stove and heat it to about 112° Fahrenheit. Take a wide camel's-hair brush and go over it rapidly, then place on the stove again; this gives it a glossy appearance not often attained in amateur work.

Another very pretty and easily constructed ornament on the above-mentioned form is a candlelabrum (Fig. 2). The foundation, which takes the form of three lily-leaves, is a bowl hammered from the flat metal, as before described, the radius being $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which is hammered to the depth of 2 inches, and if proper care be taken, will not exceed 4 inches across the bottom when finished. Mark off this bowl into 3 equal parts for the stems of leaves, making it full in the centre to receive the two stems, one for the flower and the other for the bud. Fill with composition, and draw on the leaves (Fig. 3); go over these with the tracing-tool, and when finished cut away the spare metal with a sharp chisel, melt out the pitch and make the hole to receive the stems, and finish all but lacquering. The candle-head or nozzle, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches radius, is precisely the same as the salt-cellar, except that the bottom is bumped out, instead of in, by means of a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bumping-tool; therefore the tracing-line will be on the outside, and this is done after the required depth is obtained, consequently it must again be filled with pitch, after which a hole

is made in the centre of this, and the wire, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick, is soldered in.

Soldering is done by means of a copper bit which is thoroughly heated to melt the solder. The parts to be soldered are well cleaned, and damped with spirits of salts, which should be killed before using by adding zinc in small quantities till ebullition ceases. When it has ceased, the spirits are termed *killed*. This killing should be done in the open air, as the fumes are very disagreeable. Zinc solder is a composition consisting of equal parts of tin and lead. It can be bought at any tinsmith's or hardware dealer's. Solder the bud on another piece. Twist up the spiral stem by means of the round-nose pliers, bend the stem with the bud, and solder together. Procure a piece of thin $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch brass tube, and saw off $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch. File a little chamfer on the inside at one end to receive the candle. This chamfer is to allow the candle to be slipped in easily. Solder to the nozzle. Solder on the foundation. Clean off all surplus solder, and lacquer. This can also be made as a candelabrum, with three nozzles and two buds, the longest in the centre, and the two buds intertwined. For this form it is necessary to increase the size of the foundation $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to balance the weight.

Dipping, burnishing, bronzing and lacquering are of the greatest importance, as they give the finishing touches to the work, and add much to its value.

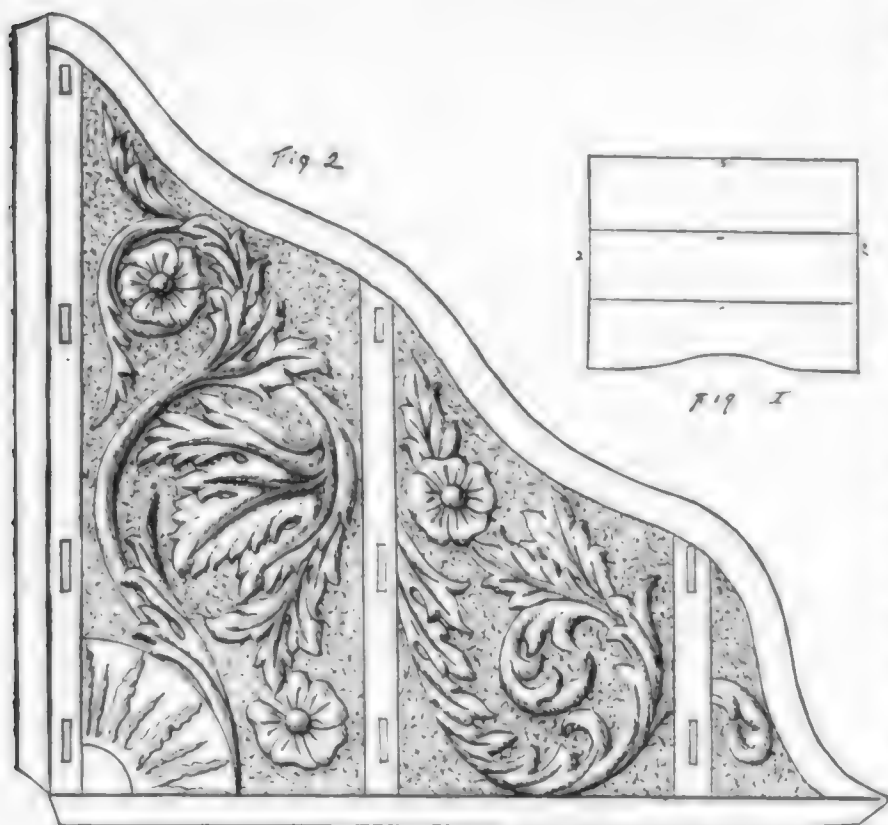
I will now explain the art of dipping: Procure a stone crock of the size best adapted to your work. This is for the aqua fortis, and must have a lid to it, as the fumes are very disagreeable. Also get two wooden buckets, one for the pickle, which you make by continued dipping, the other for clean water, which should be often changed. Take the article you wish to dip, and secure it by a copper wire or a pair of brass tongs, submerge in the aqua fortis extract, *rapidly* wash off in bucket number one, rinse in the clean water of bucket number two, and then dry in sawdust. Should there be any marks or stains, scour with fine sand and dip again. It is always best to put annealed work in pickle for an hour before dipping. This merely cleanses it of all dirt.

Burnishing is done by means of a very bright tool, of hardened and tempered steel. There are numerous shapes adapted for different kinds of work. A hook-burnisher (see tools), is of the greatest use, and will cover almost every kind of work, such as burnishing the inside of a bowl, the bottom, and all little nooks and corners. It may be useful to describe how this tool is made. Take about 6 inches of $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square steel, put it in the fire and heat to a *red* heat (not white, or you will burn the steel, and then it is of very little use; but should you accidentally do

so, make that end to go into the handle). Now, while this end is red-hot, strike it with a hammer upon some hard surface, first on one side, then on the other, until you have drawn the end down quite thin and square. Repeat the heating often, as it is very liable to split when cold. Drive this end in a handle, and repeat the hammering on the other end, but make this round. Should you not succeed, you can file it so, making it bright and smooth, and polishing it well with emery cloth. Now place in the fire again, and turn about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch to an angle of 45° , by putting it between a pair of pliers or in a vise. Polish again, and take out all marks and scratches, as these will cut the metal. Place about 2 inches of this tool in the fire and heat it as before; submerge a little beyond the hook in cold water. This is termed *hardening*. Now watch the polished part of the burnisher, and you will see a straw-and-blue color rapidly run toward the point. As soon as the straw color is within a quarter of an inch of the end, plunge in the water again, and the tool is tempered. Polish with fine emery powder on a piece of buff leather, and the tool is ready for use. Should the student not care to make his own tools, he can procure them at any jeweler's supply-store.

We will now burnish the bottom of a bowl. Take a basin of cold water, and in this put a little cream of tartar; this is to wet your work and keep it from tarnishing till you are ready to lacquer. The work must be held fast, or secured in some way; most things can be held in the vise, but a bowl cannot; the best way is to bore two holes in the bench about as far apart as the size of the bowl. Through these holes pass a thin rope, having it sufficiently long to reach your feet; fix the ends so that they almost reach the floor. Pass the loop of the rope over the bowl, and hold down with your foot, much in the same manner as a shoe-maker holds the last on his knees. Now take the burnisher and rub, pressing hard upon the part that is to be burnished until you have attained sufficient polish. Then remove and place in the water until required for lacquering.

There is some work which looks very handsome dead-dipped and relieved; that is, dipped continually in aqua fortis and washed in the pickle, and back again to the aqua fortis, till the work has a frosted appearance, which is termed *dead-dipped*. Relieving means burnishing all the highest parts, such as the edges of a leaf or flower of a design. Another very pretty coloring is a red bronze. This is acquired by binding the article to be bronzed with iron wire, and placing in pickle until it is a bright-red color. This can be made numerous other colors by heating different parts by means of a blowpipe and jet of gas. An



DESIGN FOR A PAPER OR LETTER RACK.—FIGS. 1 AND 2, FOUNDATION AND LEFT SIDE-PIECE.

ordinary mouth blowpipe is sufficient for the small work, but for large work and brazing purposes a hand-blowpipe and foot-bellows must be used.

Now that the student has had some practice with the tools, and understands the nature of the metal, and what can be done with a flat piece of brass, let us see what repoussé-work really is. The simplest literal definition of the work is *pushing* the metal in on one side and pushing out again on the other side—raising in relief—in fact, modeling the metal. We give for flat embossing a design for a paper-rack, which the pupil will understand must be kept quite flat, so it is evident the metal must be solidly backed up while working by some plastic material which will give at just the right spot, and at the same time possess a cohesive quality, which will make the metal and itself one solid mass. For this purpose we take the composition of pitch already

described, and place some in a shallow box, say 2 inches deep, and of sufficient size to receive the design. The metal must now be attached to the cement. This is done by warming the metal, and likewise the cement, and pressing the design upon the latter by weight or otherwise, until a uniform contact is obtained all over the metal.

The hammer (Fig. 1) should be light and steel-faced, with a slender yet strong handle. The tracing-tool (Fig. 3) is held at a slight angle, the point leading the way in which it is being pushed, and should be gently and rapidly tapped, as shown in Sketch B. Next are the raising-tools (Fig. 4). These are used after the metal has been turned face downward on the cement, and are hammered into the back of the design to produce on the face the modeled forms in relief. Turn the metal over

again and correct all irregularities, and mat the background in with the matting-tools (Fig. 5), of which there are numerous forms in the market. The metal used should always be large enough to allow of a margin.

The construction of the paper-rack is as follows: Fig. 1 is the foundation size, 8x11½ inches. Fig. 2 is the left side-piece. The extension strips are turned to an angle, one passing round the back and the other under the foundation, which is soldered to secure it. Figs. 3, 4 and 5 are the partitions, which have little extended strips that pass through slots in the sides and foundation only. Allow a trifle over the thickness of the metal for the sides, which are slightly riveted, and then tacked with solder. The strips that come through the foundation are bent up and soldered. The inside edges of the parts of the feet are chamfered, the ends turned and soldered

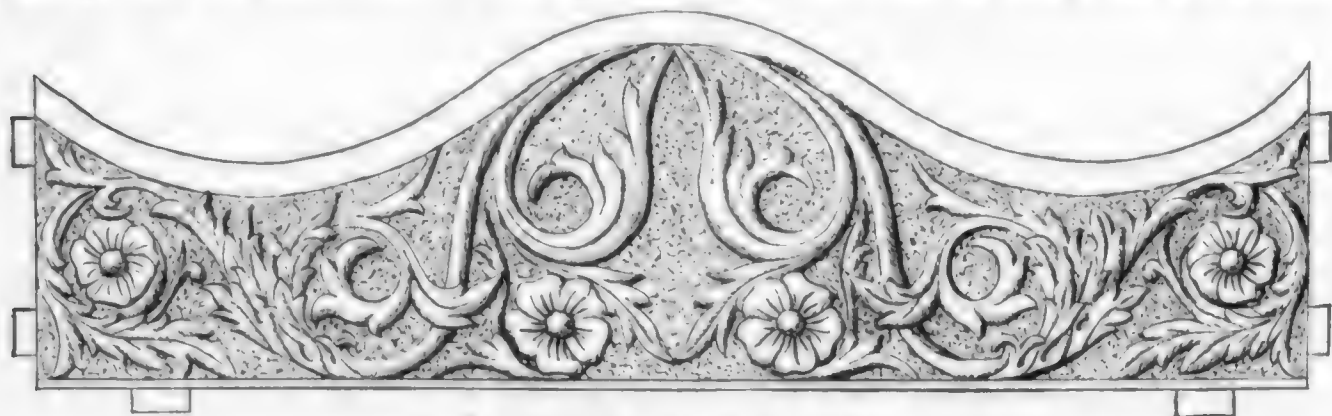


FIG. 3.—PARTITION, SHOWING EXTENSION STRIPS.

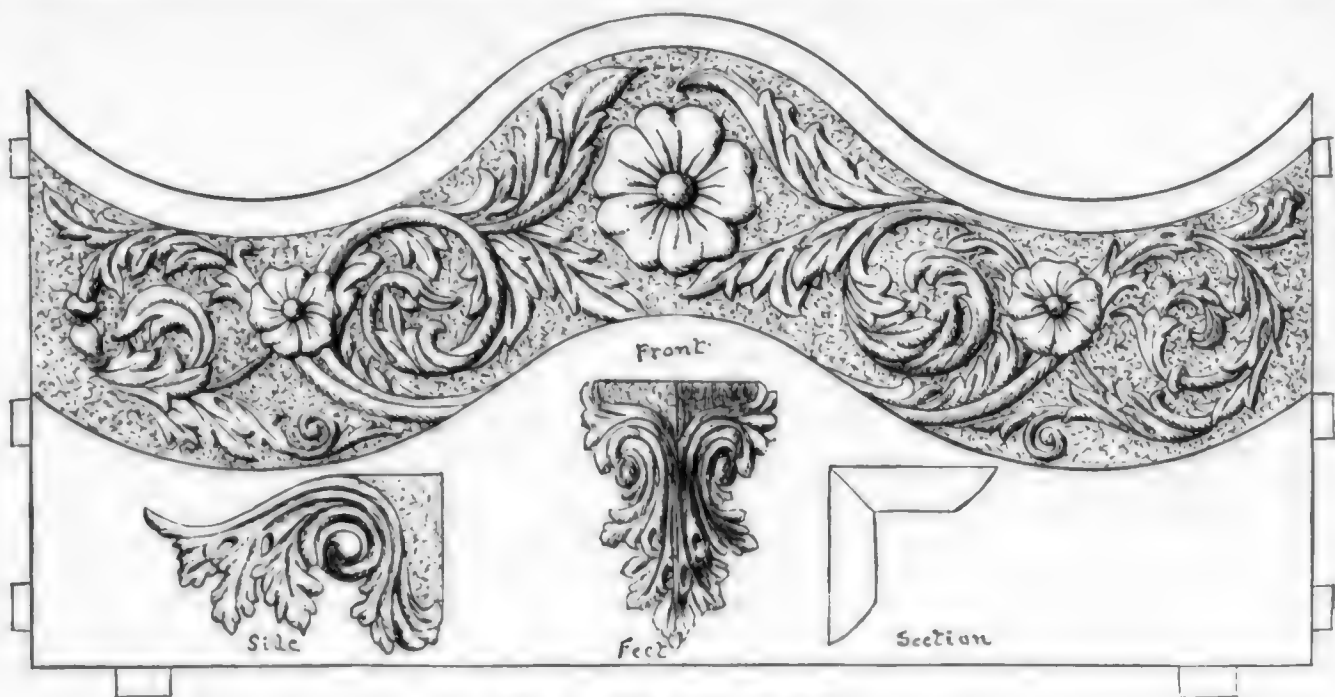


FIG. 4.— FRONT, SIDE AND FEET.

together to the corners of the foundation. Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch more to Fig. 5, and angle it to pass under the bottom the same as the sides.

GEOGRAPHICAL NEWS.

By GEORGE C. HURLBUT, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The first place belongs to a woman, the Countess de Sédieres, the daughter of the Colombian Consul-general in Paris. This lady was one of ten persons who set out from Quito, on the 10th December last, to make the ascent of Pichincha, the great mountain about eleven miles to the W. N. W. of that city. Pichincha is a hundred feet higher than Mont Blanc, and though perhaps less difficult to climb than the Swiss monarch of mountains, is still formidable enough to make demands on both energy and courage. The road from Quito led down into the Valley of Lluoa, where the night was to be spent; but the mosquitoes were troublesome, and by three o'clock in the morning all were awake and ready for the start. At that hour the air was fresh and even cold, and the stars glit-

tered in the heavens. The sunrise came like a flood of gold on the peaks, while the mists lay below like silver lakes. As the travelers climbed higher the horizon widened; they found themselves surrounded, under the pure blue sky, by the white masses of the glaciers, of which they counted fifteen, and beyond these the great summits of Cotopaxi and Antisana and Callambe and Chimborazo, looking down on the lesser heights. Before noon they reached the edge of the crater, an abyss of 1,500 feet in depth, divided by long ridges of rock rising like walls, and inclosing here and there plains of crystallized snow. Mme. de Sédieres is the only woman who has reached the summit of Pichincha.

COLONEL MARK S. BELL, R.E., has just made public the record of a remarkable journey, performed by him in 1887, through the Chinese Empire from Peking to Kashgar. Colonel Bell followed the great Central Asian trade route, very rarely traveled by a European, and he disguised himself in Chinese costume "to save being mobbed." The road is rather a beaten track than a highway, but could easily be made serviceable for an increased trade; and Colonel Bell thinks the Peking Government will be forced, by the increasing political difficulties



FIG. 5.— PARTITION.

of its relations with Russia, to take any active measures for improving its communications with its western provinces. On sections of the route there was an appearance of poverty in the country traversed, but the general impression is that of a region abounding in resources, and a population generally industrious, though badly governed. The mandarins appeared to be slothful and without sense of responsibility. The hold of China on her western provinces seems to be feeble, and Colonel Bell considers that under present conditions Kashgaria could not be defended against Russia. It lies beyond the Gobi Desert, and the chief points regarding the route connecting it with China are these: The great length of this one-cart communication—(1) Peking to the Wei Valley, 770 miles; (2) Wei Valley to Hami, 1,322 miles; (3) Hami to Ili, 800 miles; (4) Hami to Kashgar, 1,347 miles; *i.e.*, 3,439 miles from Peking to Kashgar, and 2,892 miles from Peking to Kulja. Mongolia, Colonel Bell thinks, is also at the mercy of Russia; but he finds that the Chinese have not wholly lost the secret of governing. All the Indians he met with in Kashgaria praised the Chinese rule, and had settled permanently in the country, preferring it to India. Part of Colonel Bell's journey lay through countries explored by Prjevalsky, of whom he speaks generally with high appreciation; but he thinks him unjust to the Abbé Huc. "Prjevalsky," he says, "has too hastily thrown discredit on the works of this talented Jesuit, to the pertinency of whose remarks and to the accuracy of whose observations, whenever and wherever I have been able to test them, I desire to pay tribute."

The most striking event in African travel is the crossing of the continent from the western to the eastern coast by Captain Trivier, the first Frenchman to accomplish the feat. This is the twelfth performance of the kind. Captain Trivier's predecessors having been: Silva Porto (Portuguese), Livingstone, Cameron and Stanley (Englishmen—the last having twice made the journey); Serpa Pinto (Portuguese), Capello and Ivens (Portuguese), Wissmann (German, twice), Lenz (Austrian), and Gleerup (Swede). Captain Trivier's is the shortest trip ever made across Africa, and one of the most modestly equipped. He was accompanied by two Senegalese, left the Congo River toward the end of December, 1888, and arrived at Quillimane on the 6th of December, 1889, without having fired a shot, except at game, or injured a single native on the way. He was the guest of Tippoo Tip, who treated him with great hospitality, and also of one of Tippoo Tip's sons, who is established at Kasongo. His observations will throw light, it is hoped, on the movements of the Mahdists toward the region of the great lakes, since the overthrow and retreat of Emin Pasha.

The annexation of the Sultanate of Opia by the Italians practically terminates the partition of Eastern Africa among the European powers. The region embraced in this annexation is situated on the coast, and reaches to the south the port of Kismayu, one of those ceded to the English by the Sultan of Zanzibar. On the other side of Kismayu begins the new German annexation, the extension of the Vitu colony. The port on this part of the coast hitherto known as Port Durnford has been named Hohenzollern Hafen. So far as the occupation of coasts and territories is concerned, the work of civilizing the Africans goes on with success; but it is to be expected that occasions of conflict, like that which is still unsettled between England and Portugal, will arise between the colonizing powers. Notwithstanding the great number of explorers actually engaged in the interior of Africa, it is still extremely difficult to obtain certain intelligence of events within a comparatively short distance of the sea, or the

great water-ways of the continent. There is great doubt concerning the fate of Dr. Peters. The last report affirms that he is alive and well, and pursuing his researches in the region of Mount Kenia, which is just under the Equator, and on the limit of the territory annexed by Great Britain through agreement with Germany two years ago. Statistics just published show that the German commerce with Zanzibar for 1888 amounted to 22 per cent. of the exports from Zanzibar and 27 per cent. of the imports. The total commerce of the port amounted to 27,000,000 marks, of which India had 10,800,000, and England 7,300,000. The German products imported are cotton goods, arms, cheap glassware and pottery, imitation pearls, and the like. The most valuable exports are ivory and spices.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

THE editor of *The Writer*, the Boston magazine for literary workers, has undertaken to compile a "Directory of American Writers, Editors and Publishers," which will be published at the earliest possible day. It has been thought best to include in the first edition only the names of writers who have had a contribution printed in some one of the leading magazines or weekly periodicals during the last five years, or who have had a book published within the last ten years. Writers who are included in either of these classes are requested to send *at once* to the editor of *The Writer*, P. O. Box 1905, Boston, Mass., the following items of information: (1) Name of writer; (2) Present residence; (3) Permanent business address; (4) Literary specialty; (5) Titles of principal articles or books printed, and dates of publication. The editor of the directory requests, in addition, that writers will send on a separate sheet, not for publication in the directory, autobiographical particulars, including date of birth, place of birth, parents' names, date of marriage, name of husband or wife, successive places of residence, title and date of first work printed, list of later works, and other such matter as would be suitable for publication in a "Biographical Dictionary of American Authors," now in course of preparation.

It is not reassuring to discover, at the outset, that Mr. Albert Ross—or possibly his publisher—has named a series of works from his prolific pen "The *Albatross* Series." Such a pun would go far toward justifying the crime committed by Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. The latest "*Albatross*" novel is entitled "*Speaking of Ellen*." Ellen is a mill-girl. She rules over thousands of mill-hands, with the autoeracy of a czar, and addresses her friends both in public and in private in high-falutin English, which often is bad English and bad grammar. Of course, as she leads a socialistic crowd, which, among other things, despises rank as well as riches, her socialistic serfs combine to call her the "*Marchioness of Riverfall*." She is not in the least like Dick Swiveller's marchioness, or like any other that we have heard of. She says, grandly, "I must prepare a manifesto," and "There is no person in Riverfall who would dare to question either my acts or my purposes." She speaks "with a set gaze like a seeress," and kisses her lover, one of the bloated capitalists, "in the most unrestrained manner." The Manchester England mill-hand says to Ellen, "In '93 you would have held up your hands in horror at the sweetest sight of all ages, the stream of aristocratic blood that flowed in the Place Louis Quinze," and much more in the same style. By a liberal use of dynamite, by shooting one heroine, driving another mad, and restoring a third to sight, the author keeps the reader's interest alive until the *finis*.

THE first anniversary of the Johnstown flood of May 31st, 1889, is at hand. So unprecedented and appalling a catastrophe naturally brought down a secondary deluge of newspaper and other literature, giving necessarily hurried, irresponsible, distorted and incomplete accounts of what had taken place, how it was supposed to have occurred, and what destruction it wrought. From this mass of sensational writing, it was the imperative task of the sober historian to extract the materials for a logical, connected and symmetrical narrative of the great flood, vivified by personal research on its scene, and by stories from the survivors' own lips. This task has been undertaken and performed by Editor J. J. McLaurin, of the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegram*. The result is "The Story of Johnstown," a handsome book of nearly four hundred quarto pages, with a hundred or more illustrations, which is of thrilling present interest, and must be of inestimable value to the future student and historian. A prefatory note from the Rev. Dr. Paxton, of New York, appears among the documents given, together with letters of indorsement and approval from Governor Beaver, General Hastings, and Members of the Relief Committee. Mr. McLaurin introduces his story of the flood with a chapter or two on the early settlement of Cambria County, the career of Father Gallitzin, the foundation of Johnstown, and its prosperous growth, the Cambria Iron Works, etc. The building of the South Fork Dam, the origin of the calamity of last year, is described in detail; then comes "The March of the Destroyer"—the mighty flood. Chapters like that on "The Wreck of the Day Express" are more thrilling than Jules Verne's fiction. "Hurricane, avalanche and deluge seemed to have concentrated their malignant energies for the utter extinction of Johnstown, which the waters reached at 4:07. An hour had been spent traversing the fourteen miles of contracted valley from the lam to the spot where the greatest ill was to be wrought. The velocity varied. Less rapid at first, its pace was tremendous at East Conemaugh and Woodvale. Thence the torrent had a straight course and traveled with increased speed. Whistles shrieked a brief intimation that something was wrong. People looked up the valley, saw a black mass rushing toward them and tried to run up-stairs. The water entered the houses and mounted the stairs almost as fast as the inmates did. Railroad-men, who saw the wave from the tops of the cars and from the hills, say that the vast cargo of trees, houses, earth and wreckage carried with it caused a short halt several times on the way from South Fork. Coming to a place where the channel narrowed suddenly, the mass of timbers and trees would crowd and jam and slacken up. Behind, the waters would back until the pressure forced out the mountainous blockade with an invincible push. Foreman Kelly, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, reported one of these stoppages above Conemaugh. The water was driven back and the spray rose fifty feet. The surface of the moving dam surged and boiled for a moment. Then the mass let go and tore down the valley, ravaging East Conemaugh and Franklin and exterminating Woodvale. It struck Johnstown squarely in the centre, crossed the heart of the town, plunged over Stony Creek, and ransacked the South Side before its impetus was again checked. Spectators on Prospect Hill fancied the middle of the stupendous wave was ten or fifteen feet higher than the outer edges. This series of checks is the only explanation that accounts for the time occupied in the passage from the dam. The speed greatly exceeded fourteen miles an hour when the wave was not impeded by unusual obstructions. Had there been no holding up, the distance would have been covered in thirty minutes, although the force could have been hardly more destructive. The rolling, grind-

ing movement hurled logs and other objects far above the average elevation of the surface, as if the wave were endowed with life. Ahead of it a phenomenal wind was noticed, which actually shoved houses from their foundations before the water touched them. In some degree at least this clears up what puzzled some of the eye-witnesses. They could not understand why no water appeared in front of the moving mass. The front was a squirming aggregation of trees, rocks, buildings, timbers, cars, earth, grass and everything picked up on the route, with a lake pushing behind it until the valley widened at Woodvale. There the water blended with the load it had collected, and the whole mass, without regard to the ordinary channel of the river, poured down upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of a half-dozen populous towns." Miraculous individual adventures and escapes are related by the dozen, in most cases in the survivors' own language. The descriptions of the scenes in and about the desolated city after the waters had subsided, the organization of relief for the homeless thousands, the identification and burial of the dead, the golden stream of charity that poured in upon the stricken community, the contrasted pathos and humor of the incidents attendant upon Johnstown's rise from the ruins—all these are graphic and full. A complete list of the identified victims is appended to the book. The illustrations are mostly process reproductions of photographs, including many portraits, and striking views of the wreckage taken immediately after the subsidence of the flood. There are also sketches and pen-drawings by some of our best illustrators, such as De Grimm, Coultaus, Hencke, Burr and others. "The Story of Johnstown" will be a successful book on its merits; but the philanthropical sentiment of many readers will probably be flattered by the publisher's announcement that it is "sold under the auspices of the Harrisburg *Telegram* for the benefit of printers, orphan children and aged people who suffered by the flood."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

- UNSATISFIED. "Minerva Series," No. 23. 222 pp. Paper, 50c. Minerva Publishing Co., New York.
 SPEAKING OF ELLEN. By Albert Ross. "The Albatross Novels." 345 pp. Paper, 50c. G. W. Dillingham, New York.
 ROANOKE OF ROANOKE HALL. By Malcolm Bell. 232 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Co., New York.
 A LITTLE RADICAL. By Jeannette H. Walworth. "Belford American Novel Series," No. 9. 235 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Co., New York.

POETRY.

- POEMS. By Edward Octavius Flagg, D.D. 161 pp. Cloth. Thomas Whittaker, New York.
 FANCIES. By Ardennes Jones-Foster. Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

HISTORY.

- THE STORY OF JOHNSTOWN. By J. J. McLaurin. 400 pp. Illustrated. Morocco, \$3.75; cloth, \$2.25. James M. Place, Harrisburg, Pa.

BIOGRAPHY AND RELIGION.

- FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D.D. 340 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. E. B. Treat, New York.
 TUBS WITH BOTTOMS AND TUBS WITHOUT. Being a Rambling Letter from a Cooper's Apprentice to a Swedish Clergyman. 345 pp. Cloth \$1.00. Printed for the Author. For sale at 20 Cooper Union, New York.



VOLKERA NICOLAI KNOBERT.—ENGRAVED BY BAUDE FROM REMBRANDT'S PAINTING, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



THE CHOCOLATE-PLANT AND SOME OF ITS PRODUCTS.

Of the beverages which we infuse, two are derived from plants native to America. One of these, namely, Maté, or Paraguayan Tea, is very local in its distribution and employment, and probably will always remain so. The other, the Chocolate-plant, has become more and more widely distributed in cultivation and use, and commands year by year a more extensive application.

After its introduction into Europe from America, it was used at first only as a luxury, but it has steadily advanced in popular esteem, until it is now recognized as one of the necessities of life.

all been used from time immemorial, and that all three are welcome gifts from a rude state of civilization to the highest which exists to-day. By the savages and the Aztecs of America, by the roving tribes of Arabia, and by the dwellers in the farther East, the virtues of these three plants were recognized long before any one of them was introduced into Europe. Chocolate was the first of these to attract the attention of Europeans. This beverage rapidly made its way throughout Europe, beginning from Spain and Portugal, whither its discoverers had brought it. The other beverages, Tea and Coffee, soon followed,



TRACTATUS
NOVI
DE POTU CAPHE,
DE
CHINENSIVM THE;
ET
DE CHOCOLATA,



PARISIIS,
Apud PETRUM MUGUET.
M.DC.LXXXV.

Moreover, it is now widely cultivated in countries far from its original home.

It would be interesting to speculate as to the accidents which led to the original use of such beverages as Coffee, Tea and Chocolate. The earliest employment of the two former is veiled in as deep a mystery as that which surrounds the Chocolate-plant. All were used at the outset by what we have been accustomed to call the uncultivated races of mankind, but we cannot surmise what first attracted their attention to these plants. One can only say that by the natives of lands where the plants grow naturally they have

and after a short time became associated together in popular regard.

In a duodecimo work, published in 1685, and now very rare, the beverages derived from these three plants are described in a clear and forcible manner. The reproduction of the title-page and frontispiece of this book, given above, shows how intimate the association of these beverages was regarded even two centuries ago. It is interesting to observe the distinction made by the artist in the receptacles and cups for holding these three different drinks. Perhaps the only article shown in the engraving which does not explain

itself is the mallet-like stirrer on the floor, near the chocolate-vase. This stirrer, of which several forms are shown in the copy from an old engraving, was employed to beat the Chocolate, mixed with water and certain spices, into a froth or foam. It has been thought by some authorities that the name Chocolate has reference in part to the noise made by these stirrers as they are rapidly whirled in beating up the foam.

Starting from this point, it may be instructive to trace some of the changes which have taken place in the preparation of Chocolate since the publication of the earliest records of its use.

The seeds of the Chocolate-plant are borne in pods, well represented in the accompanying illustration taken from one of the early works on the subject. No. 1 exhibits the ripened pod, 5 and 6 the fruits in different stages of growth. No. 2 shows the pod cut open, and displays some of the seeds, while 3 and 4 are the seeds themselves, the former in its natural state, the latter with the seed-coats removed. One of the striking peculiarities of the mode of growth is well shown in the old engraving, namely: the development of the flowers and fruit on the old branches and even on the trunk itself.

In the preparation of the seeds for market, there has been apparently very little change since the earliest times. The seeds are first of



all allowed to ferment, and by this process they lose the slight bitterness which they possess when fresh. After fermentation, they are carefully dried, in which condition they bear transportation very well.

The first stage of manufacture to-day does not differ in its essential principles from that which was earliest employed: the seeds—or, as they are technically known, the “beans”—are roasted, by which process the shell of the seed becomes easily detachable from the kernel, the part used. The roasted kernels are next ground.

In the early process employed by the Mexicans and other inhabitants of warmer America, the same flat stones on which their maize was ground were used for the grinding of the roasted seeds of Chocolate. The curious engraving of one of these simple mills, taken from the same work which contained the pictures of the stirrers, will show the method of use. It represents, doubtless, one of the early forms of the aboriginal mills as slightly modified for use in Spain and Portugal.

The machines which have replaced these simplest possible mills are now exceedingly complex. One of the most complicated and successful of these is shown in the large engraving on page 645.



Chocolate consists of the roasted, shelled and ground seeds. Sweet Chocolate and Vanilla Chocolate are the same as this, with the addition of sugar and flavoring substances.

What is called Cocoa consists of the roasted and ground seeds, from which a certain portion of the oil has been removed.



It may be of some interest to know that there is not to-day a dissentient voice relative to the use of a properly prepared Chocolate. Experiments have shown beyond controversy that if the seeds are rightly treated from the first period of their ripening up to the last stage of their manufacture, no objection can be urged against the beverages produced therefrom. But it is of the highest importance that these seeds should be grown and selected with the greatest care, and should, after their safe landing in the factory, receive the most delicate and skillful treatment. Differences in these respects make all the difference in the world between trustworthy and untrustworthy products.

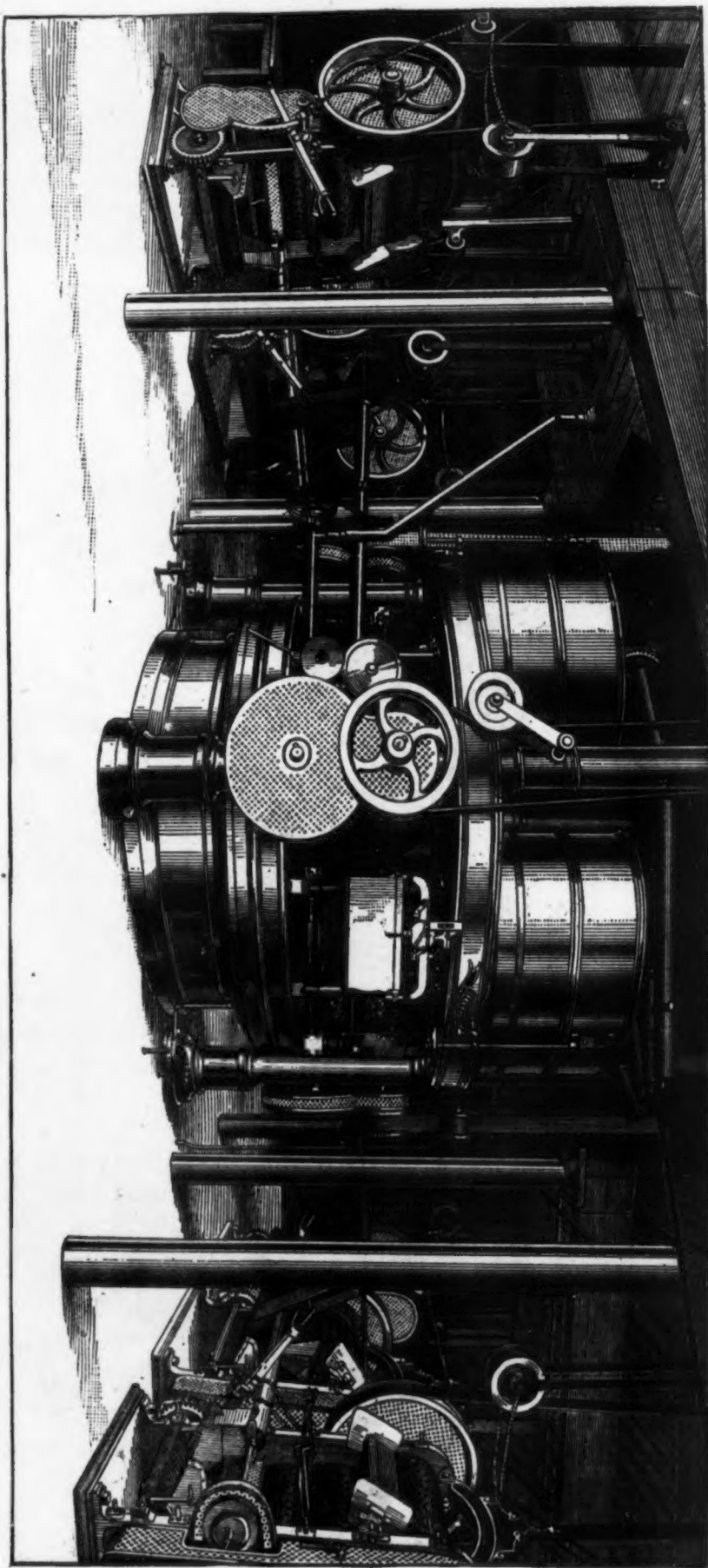
To show how much care can be well laid out in a single important industry like this, it may be worth while to trace the course of the product from the tropics to the breakfast-table, in the case of the oldest firm in America engaged in the manufacture.

It is of no slight importance to Americans, and it is certainly a source of great pride to them, that a firm established in 1780, in the native land of the Chocolate-plant, should still maintain its supremacy as regards the excellence of its numerous products.

In the instance of their Chocolate, the prepared seeds, selected with scrupulous care as to quality, are roasted, cracked, freed from their shells, and ground by apparatus of the most elaborate construction. The oldest product of the firm is known as Baker's No. 1, the purest plain Chocolate which art can possibly make. It is generally known that certain substitutes for the flavor of vanilla are widely employed, on account of cheapness, in the manufacture of Chocolate; but the firm of Walter Baker & Co. has held aloof from all of these, and confines itself to-day, as it did in 1780, to the pure flavor of the choicest vanilla-beans. It is rightly held that for a product which has so long been recognized as being without a rival the best of everything should be used. Owing to the care exercised in keeping to the old landmarks, Baker's No. 1 Chocolate has to-day the same incomparable keeping qualities and exquisite flavor which it had a century ago.

Chocolate-seeds contain a certain percentage of a pure oil, free from rancidity, and grateful as an article of food. But there are many persons who find that the normal Chocolates possess too large a quantity of this oil, and to meet their preference there have been prepared the articles variously known as Cacao, or Cocoa. These, when well made, consist of the finest seeds properly roasted, ground, and freed from a definite proportion of the oil. The pressed cake is ground again, sifted, and is then ready for use. In what is known as the Dutch Process for preparing Cocoa, the seeds are acted upon by some alkali or alkaline salt.

Walter Baker & Co. have taken a decided stand against the employment of the alkalis, potash, soda, or ammonia, believing that the ingenious mechanical process peculiar to their Cocoa is far superior to any violent chemical process. By their method of manufacture, the tissues of the Cocoa are as perfectly unlocked, and as ready for infusion, as any of the dark and perfumed Cocoas thrust upon the market. In Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa the purchaser is sure of finding the good qualities of the purest cocoa uninjured by any chemical torturing. By their process is made a fine, pure cocoa, which, on the addition of boiling water, is fragrant of cocoa, and not of foreign flavors of any kind. It is not excelled in solubility, and it is not approached in purity, by any product in the market. It represents the highest point of perfection which modern science has yet reached in the preparation of a soluble Cocoa, and has the great advantage over all others of being made of the best blends of choicest seeds. The marvelous growth of this industry indicates that our people appreciate a pure and perfect product.



ONE OF THE CHOCOLATE MACHINES, AT THE MANUFACTORY OF WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

CAPACITY: TEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF CHOCOLATE DAILY.

*"SILENT SYMPATHY."*

